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THE LANTERN

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

VOL. V

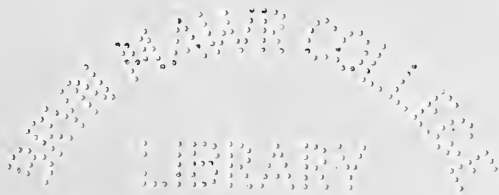
NOVEMBER, 1924

No. 1



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“It’s an Unjust World!”

“What do you mean?”

“Why, I wear these ugly shoes and still my feet ache, while you wear those dainty pumps in perfect ease!”

“Surely, that’s ’cause I always wear Ped-e-modes—they’re smart but they’re correctly designed. I’ll take you to the Ped-e-mode shop, if you like—you’ll never wear any other shoes!”



The strap of this sandal-cut Ped-e-mode buttons on the side of the pump. In wanted leathers and shades.

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THE PEDEMODE SHOP
1708 Euclid Ave., Cleveland

JULIUS GROSSMAN, INC.
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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NOVEMBER, 1924

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NOTICES

The LANTERN is very glad to announce that Helen Rodgers, Florence Green and Marian Pilton will be the new members of the Business Board.

Joseph Conrad: An Impression

SAMUEL C. CHEW

TO SET down one's impressions of a man so modest, so retiring, so anxious to screen his personality from the glare of publicity as was Mr. Conrad may seem indiscreet and undesirable; but many of his close friends have already published their pen-portraits of the author of *Nostromo*, and in any case to print a few paragraphs in a magazine limited in its circulation to students and alumnae of Bryn Mawr is but a shade less private than is a chat with a group of such students or alumnae over the tea-cups at my cottage. When, therefore, the courteous request came to me from the Editors of the LANTERN to "write something about Joseph Conrad," I felt not only that a refusal would be ungracious but that my readers would welcome a personal impression of the man rather than an "appreciation" of his books.

It was at tea at the house of a friend at Hampstead that we first met him; and then quite by accident, for he was not expected that afternoon but had motored up from Canterbury and stopped for a brief call. There were several other people present and though I sat next to him I remember little of his conversation with the important exception of his graciously expressed hope that we should meet again before long. And several months later we received an invitation to spend the day at "Oswalds" and journeyed one foggy morning down through Kent to Canterbury, whence we were taken in twenty minutes by motor to the tiny village of Bishopsbourne, at the edge of which lie the quaint old house and lovely gardens and grounds of the Conrads' home. From the large, low ceilinged, tastefully furnished living-room a big bow window gave upon the lawns, and at right angles a French window opened into the garden. We strolled through the grounds, Mr. Conrad pointing out with animated gesture the grand old trees, elms, oaks, sycamores, and especially two splendid copper beeches. Crossing the garden was the bed, all overgrown with grass, of a "Kentish bourne," wherein,

when the Conrads came to "Oswalds," a torrent ran brimful, but which was now utterly dry. Such bournes are common in that part of Kent; they issue out of the chalk formation, drawn up as by a syphon, and then disappear as suddenly as they come, to reappear perhaps several months or even years later. (I was reminded of the eccentric "winterbournes" of Dorsetshire). The bishop who is memorialized in the first element of the name of the little village was none other than the great Richard Hooker. The little church in which he ministered during the last five years of his life and which contains his tomb is just beyond the garden wall of "Oswalds." We walked over to see the church and the tomb, Mr. Conrad talking the while of "grand old Hooker" and the associations with him that still linger in the neighborhood.

But I must try to convey some idea of the man whom we came to see. So utterly sincere a man could not but appear exactly what he was: a weather-beaten old sea-captain returned to the condition of gentility from which he sprang. His eyes, during pauses in our talk, seemed "grown dim with gazing on the pilot stars"; yet in conversation they flashed eagerly, and the monocle, now put searchingly up, now dropped casually or fingered restlessly, was worn with a naturalness in which there was no trace of affectation. It is difficult to recall his talk, for his quick mobile mind played around many subjects, glancing from one to the next in a manner very different from the quiet urbane conversation one hears in Ebury Street. When at a momentary loss for a word Mr. Conrad would break impatiently into French, a language which he used from boyhood, whereas English was acquired much later in life. The foreign accent was strong upon his tongue; he said "odder" for "other," and "dereeve" for "derive," and always "I come" for "I came"; and the final syllable in such words as "walked" was clearly pronounced. It was an experience to cherish when we heard of two adventures at sea which he never employed as "material" for stories, though (as he said) he always planned to do so. One was of a submarine earthquake off the coast of Africa, and the other was of the damage wrought by a huge five-ton steel girder which broke loose in the hold of his ship during a storm. As

he told of how he and two volunteers went down into the hold to make fast the grinding and pounding monster I was of course reminded of Hugo's romance.

With no atom of self-absorption, he seemed anxious to talk of other writers of prose narrative. He was generous and eloquent in his praise of Mr. Hardy, but interested, too, in Mr. Lewis and not unconcerned to probe the problem of the amazing success of "If Winter Comes." To Henry James he returned again and again, apparently proudly conscious of that discipleship which is evident to attentive readers. He showed me the famous "New York" edition of James's novels and tales, a presentation set from the author. But of all he said of James there rest in my memory but two trifling anecdotes, not unpleasant in their way. James, as is well known, stammered somewhat; and Mr. Conrad's little boy stammered also. Once when he corrected his son for this fault the boy said: "Father, when I'm as old as Mr. James, will you call my stammering 'hesitating' the way you do his?" The same youngster had been reading "The Owl and the Pussy-cat" one day, and that afternoon Mr. James (who always dressed very carefully) came to see the Conrads. Spying him, the child called out: "Father, here comes an elegant fowl!"

Mr. Conrad was willing to be "drawn out" about his own books, though never leading the conversation in that direction in the manner of some distinguished authors. He spoke of the financial struggles of his earlier career and smiled at the present value of those manuscripts which years ago he disposed of to publishers for so little. With delightful frankness he told of the "frost" which greeted *Nostromo*, when week by week the circulation of the periodical in which it was appearing serially, declined and the faces in the editorial room grew longer and longer. Faint, unrelated bits of talk remain in my memory concerning William Ernest Henley and Edward Garnett, the men who helped him so much at the beginning of his literary life; concerning Stephen Crane, whose fame he was desirous of broadening (as, indeed, he has broadened it by writing the introduction which has appeared posthumously in Professor Beers' biography of Crane); concerning Mr. Heuffer and their collaboration in "Romance" and "The

Inheritors." He told me quite definitely what portions of the former tale he wrote; but Mr. Heuffer has now revealed this secret still more definitely to the world. Alas! from impressions so vivid and so pleasant I find it impossible to recall much in detail; and I have had to set down these jottings at random with no attempt to do justice to the ease and graciousness of his talk. After luncheon I suggested that he leave us for a little siesta, but "No indeed," he said, "I find you very sympathetic; I want to talk." The Conrads pressed us to remain to tea; and when we left he gave us a beautiful great bunch of flowers from the garden. Against their fading, I took next day a photograph of them with a "close-up" portrait attachment; and the print I value still in memory of the day at "Oswalds." And when a few weeks later Mrs. Chew was lying in a London hospital recovering from appendicitis, there came to her the fine photograph of Mr. Conrad, autographed in so friendly a fashion, which many Bryn Mawr friends have seen upon the wall of our living-room.

We had hoped to see him again this past summer. His visit to this country last year was so crowded with engagements that he could find time only for a delightful letter of greeting to us, in which he wrote that he was returning home from America with memories of "much that is great and everything that is kind." The generous yet so subtly guarded statement was characteristic of the generous, subtle, and reserved man.

“And Then—No More of Thee and Me”

ELIZABETH NELSON, '27

If we, as disembodied souls, should go
Past the delusions Death, and Time, and Space—
Past memory of all outward forms men know,
To some remote, eternal meeting place;

And, spirit-like, should wander strangely there,
Having no longer our familiar guise—
These cumbrous mortal masks we earthlings wear,
To guard our inner mystery from men's eyes—

Then, we who think to read each other's hearts,
Should we know one another there at last?
Or, like the actors of discarded parts,
Go, silent and unrecognizing, past,

Perhaps with troubled, fleeting sense—no more—
Of having met, somehow . . . somewhere . . . before?

A Tale of the Early World

EDITH TWEDDELL, '26

THE World was new, and young and shiny. The newly-created animals trotted wonderingly through the sunny fields, and gathered in shy little groups by the River, where they gravely discussed the New World, and themselves as its first inhabitants.

Truly they looked clean and happy, thought the Master. But the question was how to keep them so. Carefully he counted the instincts he had allotted to each animal; but to none had he given cleanliness. As a trial therefore, Black Snake, who was the jolliest, sweetest-tempered animal alive, was imbued with a passion for cleanliness, and a thorough knowledge of the Soap Tree, its whereabouts, and how to pluck the fruit from its knotty boughs.

Now the Snake in those far-off times was not the slim and hairless creature of today. He had a round, little figure somewhat like a bear's, with short, fat arms and legs, two round ears, and soft, black fur. A long, shiny tail like a monkey's completed his natural outfit.

Finally finished and approved by the Master, he ran down to the River Bank to join his companions, who sat in a stiff row along the shore, catching bugs, and politely discussing what nice weather it was for the First Day. All were enjoying the meal but the Bug Family. "It's your turn to be breakfast now," they sobbed to Greedy Pelican, but he only winked at them and continued the meal.

Black Snake became frankly bored with the hectic repast, so that a whole family of beetles ran shouting over his tail while he looked to see if his paws were quite, quite clean. And the sight of the beautiful Soap Tree, spreading its cake-laden branches over the still river, made him actually forget whether one ate Grasshopper and threw away his legs, or one ate his legs and disposed of Grasshopper.

"Indeed breakfast is a bore," said Black Snake rudely to Greedy Pelican, "just you wait till I climb that Soap Tree!"

* * *

For one happy year all creatures gamboled and grew, sang, and ate each other according to the appointed order of things. In the cool of the evening the Master strolled idly to the River Bank to watch the celebrations of the First Anniversary. But the hour was late, and he arrived only in time to see the last act on the program, which had been advertised as a "Grand Surprise, Never Before Seen in Public."

The shore was lined with silent figures, eagerly gazing toward the river. Even Elephant was there, absent-mindedly jumping on Lion's tail in his excitement. Consumed by curiosity the Master stepped to the water's edge.

There on a flat stone was a small figure swathed in soap-suds. From the ruffle of stiff-beaten foam under his chin to the tip of his tail, on which he was twirling, he was like a white-blanketed Dervish. Faster and faster he spun, till the bubbles flew off him and floated airily upward like sparks from a whirling fire. The low-sinking sun tinted the snowy figure on the flat rock with colors of cream and coral, from which the bubbles rose in the gilded air like glowing fire opals. Through a rift in the hills a warning finger of light turned the froth to crimson foam; then the sun sank and left it grey.

With a bubbling squeak the strange figure dove into the curling blue waters of the river, and popped up black and shiny among the swinging cat-tails. Slowly he swam to shore, his black eyes glittering with pleasure, his flat, wide mouth agape in a happy grin. He hopped upon the back with a triumphant bow, and tripped daintily along on his tail. Only then did the master realize who it was—Black Snake! but changed beyond recognition. His head seemed to be perched on top of the long tail on which he stood. As for the little round body, the arms, legs, and ears with which the Master had presented him—they alas! were completely soaped away.

Sternly the Creator summoned the monster to him. "What have you done to yourself?" he demanded, "*I* never made you like that!"

The creature oscillated thoughtfully on its tail, and answered with his mouth full of soap, "I scrubbed myself, Great Master, with the fruit of the Soap Tree I scrubbed, as You commanded."

Then the Master cursed the curse of cleanliness that had changed a creature of his making to a monster. Severely He commanded Black Snake to crawl on the ground forever, that he might hide his shame from the World. And Black Snake quivered like the snap of a whip into the long grass away from the Master's sight. He never played with the Fruit of the Soap Tree again; but to this day, if you touch him you can feel that it was never *quite* washed off.

La Providence

EDITH WALTON, '25

THE low buildings of the inn enfolded us tranquilly with soft pink walls reminiscent of Italy. The bright noon sun beat upon the tidy court, upon the green trellises blurred with roses, upon the green tables where we were finishing our wine. A French girl tripped across the hot white stones with pails of milk from the dairy. They were destined, we knew, for the kitchen in all its clean lustrous splendor of copper and pewter. I felt that the graciousness of the place was unequalled, that it was a picture to be laid aside carefully and completely.

Through an archway close by, I glimpsed the gay colors of the garden, and slipped quietly off to revisit it before the road claimed us and we should pass on. From the cool of the arch, it seemed to blaze in warmth and brilliance. In no other country, I thought, could flowers be at once so delicate yet so radiant in their tones of rose and gold and misty blue. Peaches, flushed by the sun, were climbing the pink plaster wall. The pebbled walk which made the tiny circuit of the garden was flawlessly trim. I wondered what hand—more scrupulous, perhaps, than the French hand wontedly is—had planted and tended this formal fragrant spot. Then I remembered a bent old man, a cane in each hand, whose sabots had clumped briskly across the courtyard.

I found him in the sunshine without the inn door, beneath a swinging sign which bore the name, *La Providence*. He was seated on a high stool, his hands clasped on one of the canes, his eyes bent with apparent gravity on the dusty road. But when he raised his head, they twinkled invitingly beneath his soft, broad-brimmed hat. He was a very plump old man, whose comfortable girth was scarcely contained by a velveteen waistcoat. His face was smooth and pink and round, handsomely decorated by a white moustache. He gave one the impression of being content—now that a full life was closing—to think sly, merry thoughts in the sun.

Yes—he had planted the garden which Mademoiselle was

kind enough to admire. And tended it too, though stooping was so difficult. One must be busy with something now that cooking was no longer possible. Ah! Perhaps Mademoiselle had not seen the diploma preserved on the kitchen wall. It came when he was chef to the Prince of Wales, to him that was Edward Seventh, you understand. The shooting box in Scotland—that was living! And after some dozen years in England, he had started this little inn—humble to be sure, but oh, of unrivaled cookery. His daughter kept the place now, and often helped her husband, who was chef. “*Nous sommes tous,*” he said with magnificence, “*des bons cuisiniers.*”

The old man paused, and his cane dug pleasant little holes in the dust. No doubt he was thinking of a succulent and honorable past, brimming with just such sauces and soufflés as we had lingered over at lunch. For my part, I was thinking that a prince of convivial disposition could have found no more fitting servant, none with a riper and more genial charm.

But there remained the garden, which I felt I had not praised sufficiently. My comments were accepted with child-like pleasure. So many people hasten away with no eyes, no sense for that little touch of beauty which means so much. But then the Americans are always “*très sympathiques.*” The old man twinkled deliciously and observed, “*Les gens qui mangent bien sont toujours très sympathiques.*”

My eyes kindled joyously, and I prepared for further conversation. But there poured through the doorway a bustling group—my friends ready to take the road, and with them, the lean black-haired daughter of Monsieur. In some brisk unfathomable way we were all shepherded into the motor, and the daughter was offering us a cool dish of cherries. In a few minutes, I knew, the pink walls and the sunlit court would be merely a memory.

“There Are More Things——”

BARBARA LING, '25

“WHAT I say is, give me England, I'm tired of all this foreign talk, foreign ideas, foreign rubbish—give me England, with its sanity and its sweetness.”

Sir John Taylor, erstwhile manufacturer, pushed back his chair and surveyed the company. They were mostly middle-aged Englishmen like himself, prosperous, able to afford the luxury of lingering a bit longer over his excellent port than was strictly courteous to their hostess. They concurred with his ideas, that was plain—even the Briton's shrinking from emotion was dispelled by ideas so orthodox. One however failed to join in the murmured chorus of assent.

“What about it, Travers—you disagree?”

David Travers smiled a slow cautious smile. He was of a different caste from the rest—thin, bronzed as a man who has lived in hot countries, his hair burnt paler by the sun, his eyes almost uncannily light in his dark countenance—the typical overseas Englishman, you would say, plus something more.

“I don't know, Sir John, I don't disagree exactly—God forbid—but I think there's something else, something inherent in old countries, old races ——”

Some of the men about the table shifted uneasily—their titles were for the most part war emergencies.

“England's old enough ——” began one.

“Yes, as new countries go, but they've got something, the old races, Chinamen, Indians, Jews, something we haven't got—a keenness, a perception, and a touch of the uncanny, if you will, that we can't approach.”

“Another one of your mad theories, Travers.”

“Perhaps, but I've seen it borne out a time or two, and once I came in contact with it myself, or pretty nearly.”

“Tell us, David.” Old Sir Peter Marston, a quieter and more venerable figure than the rest, spoke up.

“I will, sometime, but we've been rather long already.”

“Nonsense. Tell your story, Travers.”

"Well, if you want it. It was when I was a youngster, just out of Cambridge, when I first began to be restless and to want to try things. I went to America, to seek my fortune, I suppose, and I landed out in Seattle in the days when it was a good deal smaller, and, to my way of thinking, pleasanter than it is now. I made friends quickly, they were a hospitable kind of people—two especially, Crawford Brown and his wife. Brown was a young doctor, a splendid chap, but not much of a provider, and he and his wife were glad to let me have their guest room for very little. I was glad to get it, too, for it's lonely work, living in boarding houses, and that was about all I could afford in those days.

The Browns, then, lived in a very simple way, with one Chinese boy, Kun Yu, as their entire domestic staff. Kun Yu was a nice boy, intelligent and cheerful tempered, and popular with his own people, although he had recently become a Christian. And by the way, it's my experience that about the last test of a man's character is how he is regarded by his equals, his own—if they like him, he is likely to be all right, in the essentials at least; if they don't, there's something wrong, though every outsider may applaud.

Kun Yu was a good sort, and we were as friendly as possible under the circumstances. I was apt to stay up later than the rest of the family, because I was engaged to Alison, and I used to write to her the last thing every night. Kun Yu worked late, too, and we often had conversations.

On the particular night on which my story began, it was later even than usual, because Crawford had been giving a party to some young colleagues of his who had stayed as late as even unconvencion allowed. Kun Yu had served the dinner particularly well, and was now engaged in putting away the silver. I had noticed earlier in the evening that he had a cold which had grown worse to the point of occasioning him considerable suffering.

"That's a bad cold you have, Kun Yu," I said, "you've been working too hard. Let me mix you a hot toddy, and you get into bed and drink it."

He agreed, although he rarely permitted us to show sympathy with any ailment from which he might be suffering,

and I mixed him a good stiff whiskey and hot water, such as is a Godsend to a man with a chill. He thanked me, retired, and I turned to my letter, for it was almost day.

I slept late the next morning, and when I came rushing down, apprehensive as to the reception I should get at the office, Crawford had already left for the day.

I shouted to Kun Yu to bring my breakfast, but to my surprise, it was Mrs. Brown who appeared, flushed and a bit bewildered, from the kitchen.

"Kun Yu hasn't made his appearance yet," she said. "I think he must have gone down to Chinatown last night and got drunk. But I've got your breakfast quite ready—just sit down, and I'll bring it."

"Strange," I said, "that's not like Kun Yu; he's a good steady boy. Besides, I happen to know that he was feeling ill last night, and went to bed as soon as he could after the party."

"Well, he must have got up and gone out then," she rejoined, "for I called and called at his door with no reply. But I must not keep you waiting," and she dashed off into the kitchen.

Something struck me as strange, and I felt vaguely uneasy. Anyway, I did not wait for her to return, but climbed the three flights of stairs that led to Kun Yu's attic bedroom. Outside the door I knocked. There was no reply.

"Kun Yu" I called. Still silence. I knelt down and looked through the keyhole. Kun Yu lay on the bed, apparently asleep. On the table beside him stood the tumbler, still almost a quarter full of the toddy. I summoned all my force.

"Kun Yu" I shouted. Still no answer. I put my shoulder to the door. It was flimsily built, like so many American houses of a quarter-century ago. It gave easily, and I half fell into the room.

The room was exceedingly close, although good crisp September air came in through the open door. On the bed lay Kun Yu, lips parted, a little froth on them. He was quite yellow and still. I was little more than a youngster, and my heart was thumping violently, so that it was something

of an effort to go over and touch him. He was quite cold. On his bureau was a small mirror. I held it over his face: it remained perfectly clear.

I left the room and went downstairs, calling out to Mrs. Brown as I did so.

"There's something wrong, Mrs. Brown, I'm afraid. I shouldn't go upstairs if I were you."

Then I went into the passageway to telephone to the doctor. His office was only two blocks away, and I thought the sooner he got to the scene of action the better.

"Hello, Crawford," I said, "you'd better come home at once, the China boy's dead."

A whistle and a startled "at once" was all I heard as I put down the receiver and strode over to the window to watch for him. There my eyes met a sight that I shall never forget, that I can see to this day whenever I choose to close them. Coming up the path were four Chinamen. With a rhythmic swing of their pigtails, they came in single file. They walked slowly, ceremoniously, as men who have to do with portentous matters. They did not stop to ring the bell, but came straight into the room where I was. For some time they regarded me in silence. One of them, a thin, wrinkled old man, spoke.

"Where Kun Yu?"

"I'm sorry, Kun Yu is not up yet."

"You likee Kun Yu?"

"Yes, very much, he is my friend."

They spoke among themselves, in a high nasal singsong. Then: "What for you killee Kun Yu?"

It was some seconds before I could speak. Then I blurted out, trembling, I confess, "I did nothing to hurt him, he was my friend."

Again they spoke together, then another, younger and plumper than the rest, spoke.

"What you givee him?"

I told them the story of the cold and the whiskey and hot water. They were plainly unconvinced, so I added, "I will show you the glass if you like—it is up in Kun Yu's room."

They assented and followed me up the stairs. Once in the room, they did not glance at the figure on the bed, but seized

upon the tumbler and the spoon, passing it from one to another, smelling and examining it carefully. They talked some more, still in the curiously emotionless high nasal singsong. Then one by one they looked long and searchingly at the dead man's face. Finally the old Chinaman spoke again.

"Allee right," he said, and they were gone, quickly, noiselessly as they had come.

At that moment Crawford Brown came into the room, having walked the two blocks from his office as quickly as the morning traffic would permit.

His diagnosis was quickly made. The poor boy had filled a dishpan with coals from the stove and had taken it up to his room, at the same time carefully shutting the door and windows. The fumes from the coal gas had asphyxiated him in his sleep. This was quite simple, but what was not quite so simple is how those Chinamen discovered the death of their comrade in time to come all the way from Chinatown, before the only person I had informed had time to walk two blocks. Where their information came from, how they knew I was the last man to be with him, how indeed they knew that anything at all was amiss, passes explanation. It belongs, as I said, to the strange uncanny sense of old races, whose past is so long that it is mightier than the present, who have grown weary and wise through the centuries."

A hush had fallen upon the little group of men around the table. Even Sir John Taylor was silent, visibly troubled. Finally old Sir Peter spoke.

"Is that all your story, David? Does it end there?"

"Well no, there's a little more, but it's quite irrelevant, and I'm afraid of boring you."

"No, go on, tell us the rest," came from the others.

"Well, that was in September, and it was Christmas eve before the end came to my story. I was sitting in the office, fairly late at night, for my work had taken a long time, and I decided to write Alison her Christmas letter then, rather than among the festivities that were taking place at the Browns'. It was a large old-fashioned office; the two partners had their desks in the front part of the room, and I mine at the back, under a high window, through which at this moment the light

from a pale winter moon was streaming. The only other light was the low green-shaded one over my desk. I was engrossed in my task—for things looked very black for Alison and me, and I had to summon all my hopes for this Christmas message—when I felt rather than saw the door open behind me. I swung around in my chair, turning my desk lamp up as I did so. Then stepped from out the circle of shadows into the light, four Chinamen. They walked slowly, ceremoniously, as men who have to do with portentous matters. Each one carried a curious Chinese basket, high piled, which one by one they laid upon my desk. There was a scent of musk and sandalwood, curious Chinese sweets, strange, bright colored toys, rare teas and jellies, roll upon roll of silks, vermilion, saffron, and a queer luminous blue, silk pajamas such as my simplicity had never known, quaintly carved beads, and a great shimmering scarf for Allison.

Their leader, an old wrinkled Chinaman, spoke.

"From Kun Yu," he said. "We know you fliend Kun Yu—you likee Kun Yu, Kun Yu likee you—we never forget."

Then with a "Mellie Chlistmas" in their queer high nasal voices they went back into the shadows whence they had come, their pigtails swinging rhythmically, their soft sombre vestments making no sound.

Autumn

JEAN FESLER, '28

The summer is dying—
For over the land is the sadness of gentle death,
While the smoke from a thousand altars is blue and curling,
And precious with ruby and gold,
Crispness of withered leaves,
And the incense of dust and spices.
The smoke lies rosy over the glowing hills,
And cold and white in the hollows of early morning.
The eyes of the earth are blurred with tears,
And the voice of the wind is heavy with sighing.

The trees are dying—
For they are draining the wine of the sun,
Before the cup is blown from their lips and flung to the cold
horizon,
Thirstily drinking the fire of its rise and the blood of its setting,
While the leaves are showered abroad like sparks from a
glowing torch,
And the trees cry aloud, "We shall drink
And shall burn ere we die!"

In Limerick Greyness

DEIRDRE O'SHEA, '26

R IOT had disturbed Limerick during the night. Hours of shouting and wrangling had culminated in a street fight between the Free State military and the republican townsmen. Now through the grey clarity of morning scores of men, each one sedulously by himself, came across the bridge over the Shannon, into the crooked lanes that wander off from O'Connell Street beyond the Black Tower. With an air of secrecy they slipped through the narrow doorways of small houses back to their own obscurity.

In one house no different from the rest, a cottage shabbily in need of whitewash, Delia Fallen waited. She kept her vigil quietly, sitting just as she had all through the night, silently waiting and trying to pray. She was not able to pray as her mother had taught her, the familiar *Our Father* caught in her throat and the comfort of the *Hail Mary* was gone. She seemed to pray, not to the Crucified Saviour or even to Our Mother of Sorrow, but alternately and desperately to the faces which, like ghostly icons, were constantly before her.

In one moment it was to her brother Tim, a brave dear lad and the leader among the younger republicans. His thin dark face, brilliant with the flaming light of idealism, seemed to invade the darkness. Her own brother was in danger and she prayed.

Tim's face did not always stay before her, but was interchanged with another. This other face was more somber but more constant. Her incoherent, almost pagan, prayer to her brother was broken off or merged into another just as intense and foreign to her faith. A prayer that wrenched her heart and burned her lips was offered to Liam Barry, in his uniform of green and in spite of his allegiance to the Free State. Her lover was in danger and she prayed.

At about nine o'clock, when things outside had apparently slipped into routine, Delia rose from her chair. With the desperate gesture of one who cannot express her pent-up emotion, she wrapped herself in a shawl, a thick black woolen

shawl that cloaked her slenderness and made her look like any one of twenty other Irish women going for the day's provision. Indeed that is what Delia was after, she planned to go to her father's green-grocery shop for the vegetables for supper that night. On reaching the street, she spoke to the three women who were talking by the steps next door. The women stopped their conversation quickly as Delia drew near and answered,

"Good-day, Delia Fallen."

Then they waited until she was past to go on with their gossip. She smiled at old John Boone, but this morning her friend only shook his white head and was silent.

"John is a bit cranky," Delia assured herself. But it was the old man's behavior that made her decide upon a visit to Mary O'Mara's.

She had been a friend of Delia's mother—now she was a garrulous old woman who told long stories of the faeries and the good people. In spite of her whimsy, Mary O'Mara knew all that happened in her section of Limerick.

It was a dark untidy little cabin which Delia entered, rubbish was all about and there was a musty smell in the air. Mary was almost too old to take care of herself and too proud to live with her son.

"God be with you, Delia," the old woman said when she caught sight of the girl in the doorway.

"And with you too, Mary. What have you heard of the night?"

"Not a bit of news have I, darlin'—or I'd be telling you of it."

"Tim's not home yet this day, Mary," Delia went on. "I'm fretting over him so I am—'twas not long he said he'd be gone. And surely those were queer sounds toward morning."

The old woman hunched herself forward in her chair and spoke to Delia.

"'Tis the donkey's breakfast I'll be giving anyone that does harm to that boy—he's that like his mother so he is! The devil's skewer to——"

At this point in her eloquence, the old woman stopped suddenly as if in recollection and sank back into her chair.

Interest deserted her so completely that she seemed like something inanimate. One might easily have mistaken her figure for a bundle of rags—and Delia would have departed satisfied with Mary's burst of affection for Tim, if it had not been for the old woman's white face defiantly relaxed and her tell-tale eyes. Delia knew by these signs that there was something to be learned. Ignoring the ruse, she set herself to question Mary. She went about her cross-examination with Celtic thoroughness. Mary responded in monosyllables, all negative.

Perhaps it was youth that defeated old age, but probably it was Delia's fierce determination that shattered Mary O'Mara's purpose. The girl felt that she must, she would, know what had happened to her brother. He was her only thought for the moment—her world centered in Tim. As if she had grown exhausted by the super-effort of holding her tongue, Mary broke her intrepid silence. As suddenly as she had stopped, the old woman began again. With her voice and her indignation rising together, she broke into loud wailing.

"'Tis to gaol they're taking him, so it is—and him after defending himself from that spalpeen of a Barry, who was by way of keeping the peace, indeed. 'Twas what he's deserving of too, in his dirty traitor's uniform, to be lying in the road as he is! Shot! and Tim was the fine brave lad to be doing of it. It's the likes of him we are needing ——"

Involuntarily Delia went out of the cottage; intuitively she understood. Her world divided before her, and she walked into the rift. The girl did not weep, but went swiftly down the street. She saw no one. No one spoke to her. She mechanically stopped at her father's six-penny grocery shop and as mechanically spoke to him.

"Dad, we'll be needing but the small cabbage this day," she said evenly, and then passed on, across the bridge over the Shannon, and on toward the green door of the barracks.

Benedictine

ANNE SHIRAS, '25

A MIDDLE-AGED man sat drinking benedictine beneath the striped awning of a Parisian café. He sat still in a kind of drowsy content, watching the morning sunlight flash and sparkle in the miniature depths of his liqueur glass. As though giving the liquid time to profit by its golden warmth, he would leave it for long intervals in the sun, then raise it to his lips with an unhurried satisfaction that proved him French, and a connoisseur of benedictine. After each sip, he noted approvingly how the liqueur left a coating of oil on the edge of the glass, returning to its level with the viscous reluctance of an old and mellow wine.

About him was the bustle of Paris, over-hurried, overheated. Footsteps thudded on the pavements, cabs rattled over the streets. But he sat unheeding, sheltered from the glare, a few golden drops in the bottom of his glass withholding him from the scurry of everyday life. When those were gone, the charm would be broken and he must resume his place in the stream of humanity flowing endlessly past. He took another sip, slowly, with eyes half closed, as though he wished it to last forever. Then he replaced the glass on the table—but still he did not go. Not yet! Not quite yet! Another moment of peace and filtering sunshine—there was one drop left in the stem of his liqueur glass.



A PASSAGE TO INDIA. E. M. Forster.

MARY LOUISA WHITE, '25.

“PASSAGE, O soul, to India!”, not only the India of Walt Whitman’s “towers of fables immortal, fashion’d from mortal dreams,” but the land of frayed nerves and hollow echoes and whispers through the bazaars; the meeting-place of Hindu and Moslem and Sikh on one side and Anglo-Indian on the other.

“‘Why can’t we be friends now?’ said the Englishman to his Brahman brother. ‘It’s what I want. It’s what you want.’”

“But the horses didn’t want it—they swerved apart; the earth didn’t want it, sending up rocks through which riders

must pass single file; the temples, the tank, the jail, the palace, the birds, the carrion, the Guest House . . . they didn't want it, they said in their hundred voices, 'No, not yet,' and the sky said, 'No, not yet.'"

Passage with Mr. Forster to Chandrapore, where the Marabar Hills lie off to the east above the level plain, and you will meet a little group of people faced with a peculiar situation, who will explain why the sky said, "No, not yet." But more than that you will live for a time, yourself, in the heat and mystery of India, you will stand in a Courtyard of Islam, and witness the birth of a god; Aziz and Professor Gadbole and the Nawab Bahadur will take you into their confidence and if the country they show you fails to cast its spell over you, that is only because the irritation of Turtons and Burtons in the civil station has cast its shadow before. For every temperament there are passages of poetic beauty and revealing irony that make *A Passage to India* one of the rarer experiences of modern literature.

ELAINE AT THE GATES. W. B. Maxwell.

MR. MAXWELL has written about a girl "whose habit it was to do a considerable amount of suffering." In spite of this effort to shift responsibility, we see that it is the author and not the habit that makes her suffer, for the story is one in which many of the roads to disaster are traveled.

When Elaine is in the midst of a lonely and confused youth, she loses all she has of family and ease. The default of her lover follows. Then a sort of self-imposed mental paralysis separates her throughout the rest of the book from reality and common sense.

Nobody in the story is happy, except perhaps Uncle William and Aunt Gertrude (who strike us as being not quite competent) and Mark Audrey, whose overpowering strength we see as Elaine does, and following her, make no attempt to understand.

The really good thing that Mr. Maxwell does is to express all the mental ramifications that these sad turnings have for Elaine. He does not bother us with subtlety, but manages to convey everything as quietly and clearly as if he were our own speechless mind. Elaine is not a complex person, but as a result of his art, she is complete—a strong, tortured thing, clinging for most of her life to the outside handle of the Gates.

THE WHITE MONKEY. John Galsworthy.

AFTER reading Mr. Galsworthy's last novel, *The White Monkey*, one pauses with pleasant recollections of old friends. Hard upon these comes the disappointed sense that we have not here a book at all, not even an epilogue. Surely the *Forsythe Saga*, as an epitome of the Victorian Era, was complete in itself and the further telling of its tale adds nothing intrinsic. *The White Monkey* was wisely a separate book, but, as one observes coldly the kaleidoscopic movements of its many characters hastening brilliantly and fitfully across the well-written pages, one has a sense of action in too narrow a space, in too short a time—of a telegram as a moral.

There was no need to create new characters; they are not important here except as pegs whereon to hang reflections, weighty, well-considered aphorisms. These dull adumbrations of real characters are brought together arbitrarily, it seems, to speak a part, to mirror a reaction and then retire. With the unconscious insistence of a man with a message, Galsworthy repeats his observations on the age from every mouth.

There are telling descriptions and witty summaries, profound criticisms of our contemporaries, but the book lacks a dramatic quality, the stir of action which will lift these judgments into our imaginations. It is an essay rather than a novel.



“I’m Magazine Shopping”

“An expensive pastime, usually. Bought anything yet?”

“No, but I’m strongly moved by a pair of stunning pumps in the Ped-e-mode advertisement.”

“Why, my dear, those were Ped-e-modes Marie was talking about yesterday. She said she had worn them right out of the shop and that they felt blissfully comfortable.”

“They were as smart as could be, too. If Marie can get fitted I certainly can—let’s drive downtown.”



A demi-oxford combining ingenious cut and smart simplicity.

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NOTICES

The LANTERN is very glad to announce that Helen Rodgers, Florence Green and Marian Pilton will be the new members of the Business Board.

The New William Blake*

ELEANOR FOLLANSBEE, '26

GORDON CRAIG has dedicated his book, *The Theatre Advancing*, to "the ever-living genius of the greatest of English artists, William Blake." During the century following Blake's death, only a few have recognized his place as poet, artist and philosopher. England's great men are often neglected; Purcell is forgotten while the foreign-born Handel fills his place. Out of the great body of his poetry Blake was remembered by a few lyrics while his pictures were never fully appreciated. The Prophetic Books which Blake considered his most important work were passed over by even the most serious scholars, who conceived of them as offsprings of an enfeebled and wandering mind. Swinburne, it is true, attempted some understanding of them but his sympathy was greater than his patience. Selections have been made but no real consideration of the books as a whole has been undertaken before Mr. Foster Damon. As he has interpreted the difficult and obscure works of Blake and rendered their essence available through his book, I shall in my turn attempt to picture Blake in the light of his long and rather technical study. Our gratitude to Mr. Damon is very great for not only has his persevering scholarship made possible for us a real appreciation of the larger Blake but through his imagination and delightful style he has made of his book, *William Blake*, a masterpiece of his own.

His attention has been directed especially to the Prophetic Books and he has succeeded in finding in them not half-mad nonsense, but a history of the spirit of man. In the **Introduction**, he says:

"This book is an attempt to give a rational explanation of Blake's obvious obscurities, and to provide a firm basis for the understanding of his philosophy. The public has been baffled so long with hints of mysteries and madnesses, that it has come to regard Blake's work as too eccentric and remote to repay personal investigation. This attitude is completely wrong. Blake's thought was of the clearest and deepest; his

* *William Blake*. A. Foster Damon.

poetry of the subtlest and strongest; his painting of the highest and most luminous. He tried to solve problems which concern us all, and his answers to them are such as to place him among the greatest thinkers of several centuries."

Blake was first and foremost a mystic and it is as such we must consider him. The word mystic has long had an unpleasant connotation for us who conceive of some babbling, ineffectual visionary, a childish and harmless nuisance to this practical world. One reason for this is that mystics live so much in the unseen realms that they never learn the language of this world, and so fail to make their meaning clear to us. They are seldom endowed with such tools as Blake had. What actual mysticism we have current in our lives is too familiar to be recognized as such. "I have no mother nor any brothers but whosoever doeth the will of God is my mother and my sister and my brother," is a mystical saying. In reality mysticism is a form of poetry, a discovery and interpretation of the world and like poetry it proceeds from fine imaginations. The poetic imagination Blake called our highest faculty, and the sum of his message is that we must trust this rather than the lower faculty of the reason. All his poetry, all his art, was developed as a means of expressing this truth and is best understood in the light of his philosophy, although his artistic work stands alone and has survived independently of its inner meaning.

Born into an age of Reason, the Reign of George III, when imitators of Pope had made poetry a nothingness and the Deists were busy excluding God from our lives, this mystic radical was forced into revolt with society. He said:

"I must create a system or be enslaved by another man's."

Out of his vivid imagination he peopled his world with angels and spiritual forms, never failing to recognize that they were visible only to the mind's eye. All his visions were within his brain. Through them he became familiar with the immaterial world and wrested from it a lifetime of truths. Though inspired by Swedenborg and Jacob Boehme, the German mystic, he did not follow them, but from his own deep experience, built an amazing structure. The question arose as to how to describe his ideas. It would have been easy

for Blake to have summed them up in startling epigrams, fearing, however, that if he expressed himself too plainly that his words would become cant and formulae, he veiled his thought in elaborate symbols which he trusted kindred spirits to comprehend. Even his earliest lyrics are parables.

In its lowest terms, Blake's idea was this—that God dwelt in man and in eternity. As a proof of this he said, Man cannot desire what he does not perceive, through his senses he perceives the unideal and the finite; yet his desire is for the ideal and the infinite. Therefore, divinity must be within him. The godhead of man is obscured by laws that harness and choke him, by trust in pure reason, by stupidity and ignorance. "Put off holiness and put on intellect" commanded Blake. Throughout the history of the world man has been enslaved by his own institutions; he worships false gods and the false Christ. The real God is the Poetic Genius, the creative and eternal spirit of the universe; the true Christ is he who revolted against the laws which warped this spirit. The crucifixion of God is the resurrection of man since "God becomes as we are that we may be as he is."

The elaboration of this is the substance of the prophetic books. Man's spiritual nature in all its variations and aspects is described from the beginning of time. Blake recognized five divisions in the life of man—the age of innocence or childhood which corresponded in history to the days before the flood. This he characterized in the *Songs of Innocence* and the *Book of Thel*. The second is the age of experience, or early manhood which in history ends with the birth of Christ. This is the age of disillusionment during which man is led astray by false lights into materialism. The life of Christ is the age of revolt when man breaks away from dead laws and traditions. In breaking away he finds himself in darkness without any grasp of reality. This black night of the soul, Blake identified with the eighteen Christian centuries. Finally man attains the sense of communion with God toward which his soul has been struggling. This is the new age which Blake prophesied in *Milton*, *Jerusalem* and the Four Zoas.

To express this conception Blake developed a new form of poetry, freer and more varied than the old. Swinburne

accused him of bad workmanship and criticized the roughness of his meters although he recognized their beauty. But it was from perfect meters and rhyme that Blake was trying to escape, feeling that the music of a line often obscured its sense. He wished to obtain a closer relationship between the meter and the line. He changed and broke the rhythms with his meaning, varying within a poem between different metrical patterns and obliterating a rhyme where he thought it too intriguing of itself. It was through his experiments that free verse in its best form was born, and because of his daring that the bondage of set meters and rhymes disappeared. "Bring out number, weight and measure in the year of dearth," wrote Blake, who wished to appeal to the mind and not to the ear. "Allegory," he said, "addressed to the intellectual powers, while it is altogether hidden from the corporeal understanding, is my definition of the most sublime poetry."

This sublization and subordination of meter does not signify neglect of a line but rather greater craftsmanship. From *Ossian* Blake took the seven-foot iambic line and changed it from its monotonous regularity into a fluid cadence which he used with magnificent skill in the Prophetic Books. The Septenary is admirably fitted to the English language being more pliable and expressive than either the pentameter or the hexameter.

Blake's unique gift to the world came by chance. Too poor to have his poems printed the young engraver made plates for his books, and besides the text he made designs. These plates were printed in colored inks and afterwards touched up with water colors. The color of a book is considered as an harmonious whole and each book has its dominant triad. The most beautiful books that we have are probably Blake's.

The designs, so intimately bound up with the poetry, are more than illustrative, they are complementary to the text, fulfilling its meaning and giving it added color and tone. In illustrations to the works of others Blake used this method even to the point of introducing his own ideas on the text. So in the *Book of Job*, Blake does not leave the problem of evil unsolved but shows that Job worshipped a false god through whom he suffered.

In his art Blake followed Michael Angelo and Durer, his creed being the determinate line, which he succeeded in using as expressively as any oriental. He was the enemy of impressionists who "see with and not through the eye."

"The golden rule of art," wrote Blake, "is this: that the more distinct, sharp and wiry the bounding line, the more perfect the work of art and the less keen and sharp, the greater is the evidence of such imitation and bungling."

His painting has been criticized as too literary and symbolic. Most painting of this kind has by its nature a narrow conception and a particular subject but Blake's could never be accused of this. It is at worst abstract. The real fault of his work lies in his designs in two dimensions which become monotonous, so often are they reducible to the same geometric figure. There is a flowing balance, directness and perfection of technique in Blake which have seldom been equalled in English art. In the mastery of his pencil he approached Michael Angelo. His ability to experiment with the human figure, characterizing it by subtle lines, his faculty for representing angels and spirits hovering palpably in the air and above all the tenderness and majesty with which he endows divine beings, affirm the greatness of his gifts. Through all his work we feel he is true to his principle that as "faith should dominate dogma, so inspiration should dominate technique."

We cannot understand the paintings fully unless we realize their content of symbolism and its nature. The "Inventions to Job," his last work, are the climax of his powers. Through these designs Blake "justifies the way of God to man." Job had lived by a moral law rather than by the inspiration of his heart and thus laid himself open to the attacks of the accuser, Satan. In the first plate we see Job reading his family prayers written by others, and "the musical instruments of spontaneous praise hang silent upon the tree." Job suffers from his own judgment and not until in the midst of catastrophe when he looks upon his own soul does he perceive divinity and become free from trouble. With the vision of truth the "morning stars sang together."

Mr. Damon finds in the person of Blake the complement to Shakespeare. "One saw individuals everywhere, the

other saw man.” Shakespeare described the world of sense, Blake the world of the spirit. It is this familiarity with the unseen, and the power of sustaining through book upon book the tale of which but fragments have reached us through other sources, that make Blake so amazing a writer. It is these too which make him so difficult to understand even in his most lucid form. So remote from our experience is his that we catch mere glimpses of his vision; yet if we think upon what he has said we shall perceive that his is a universal history and in reality very close to our own lives.

The Widow of Abner Dole

ANN CAREY THOMAS, 27

MADAM'S little high-heeled shoes clicked smartly on the flag-stone walk and tapped briskly up the steps; she fumbled for a moment in the tiny bag dangling from her wrist for her keys, unlocked the door and let herself in. It was quiet and peaceful, and she heaved a sigh of thankfulness at the warm comfort of her own lovely rooms. A fire was laid on the hearth ready for lighting, and in the dusk of the early morning she could see dimly the fine old furniture which made a part of her daily life and comfort. The gray cat slipped guiltily away from the delicious but forbidden warmth of the register, and welcomed her with much waving of a very long tail and soft rumbling purrs.

"Most treasurable one," said Madam, "you are of great value and comfort to me, even though disobedient about sleeping on hot air registers and ruining your so beautiful gray coat, whenever I am away."

The Gray One looked happily unrepentant, and continued to wave the long tail. Madam found matches, and lighted the fire, which seemed also to purr a welcome to her. She took off her long black cape, hung it away in the closet under the stairway and came back to the fire.

"I think," she said to the Gray One, "that I shall have some coffee, very strong and hot with much cream in it, and I shall sit before this fire, and drink it, and read for a very long time."

The widow of Abner Dole was dead. Madam had seen her slip quietly out of life, had folded the lame hand and the well one together, and had come home. Madam had known the widow of Abner Dole for only a little while—a time measured by months on the calendar, but stretching over many long weeks, which as Madam looked back upon them seemed years. She did not know quite how the strange friendship had become so absorbing. Madam was a newcomer in the village; she had come to spend a summer, had liked it, had

lingered on into the autumn, had loved the old house, and had decided to make it her home for at least a part—the pleasantest part—of the year; and so she became an interesting addition to the historical old street. Her slim black gowns and high-heeled shoes had appealed to the frail invalid, sitting always on the porch of the house next door and from a tentative wave of the one good hand, had sprung a word of greeting; and after a little Madam had found herself sitting often on the steps, chatting gaily with her neighbor; she was always a bit thankful to be able to walk away at will.

Slowly but surely the paralyzed fingers of the “bad hand” began to take a clawlike grasp on the soul of Madam. Death had stalked grimly into the life of Madam, snatched away her most beloved and scattered her family, but out of it she had brought a deep sympathy for all who were ailing and sad, and with much patience she could listen to the unhappy wandering tales of a mind already beginning to break under the strain of tragedy and ill health. Always, however, she could go when she pleased to the friendly shelter of her own home, to her books, and the fine friendship of the Gray One.

On sunny days the widow of Abner Dole could scuffle slowly and pathetically up and down the garden walks, leaning on the arm of the stolid little Rosina. Rosina was German, matter-of-fact, and a cripple herself. Together they made a strange appeal to Madam. After a while they found their way into Madam’s garden, and sometimes could be found sitting like two dejected birds, warming themselves in the sunshine of Madam’s terrace. From the sunny terrace it was not many shuffling steps to the sunroom door, and as the days grew short and chill, the terrace was deserted for the warmth and cheer of Madam’s open fire. When the autumn winds blew bleak across the terrace and the rain snapped sharply against the windows, the invalid came to spend many long hours on the couch before Madam’s hearth. Madam dragged her memory for entertainment; anything to direct the straying mind, and quiet the wailing voice. Even the Gray One was made to do all her pretty tricks, until at last the sound of shuffling footsteps would send her scurrying to the safe and dusty recesses of the cellar. Madam began to grow restless,

winter was coming, and she had no mind to stay and endure the chill whiteness which would soon cover her beautiful hills and fill the little valley below her garden; she could not bear to think of the time when the song of the river would be silenced by an icy covering, and all her gay green would be gone. She longed for the lights and noise of the city; she wanted to walk along crowded streets, to gaze in at bright gay windows, and to listen to laughter and song. She felt drained and very tired—Madam was not young! The paralyzed fingers seemed to take a fresh grip on her soul. They seemed never to loosen. Often now Rosina left her charge on Madam's couch, and went about her own affairs. Madam chattered gaily over her endless needlework; she brought the unwilling Gray One from her hiding place behind the furnace, and made a great pretense of teaching her new tricks. She told amusing stories of people she had known, and of places she had seen, tales of her own girlhood when there were four sisters with the joy of the open road and the far hills in their hearts. The invalid grew more rambling and more pathetic; she groped out of a miserable past many sad details, and wept apathetically over them. Madam thought of time-tables, and in her mind carefully packed the slim black dresses and smart hats in the tall trunk; but the stiff fingers never loosened, they dug more deeply into the tender soul of Madam.

Going slowly home late one windy night, the widow of Abner Dole, overwarm from Madam's great fire, fell easy prey to a heavy cold. Only once more did she come to the sunroom, which overlooked the frost-bitten valley and grim winter hills; and to the sad monotony of her voice was added a hoarse wheeze, and her tale was of strange aches and pains. She came no more, but Madam sat beside her bed for long hours, listening to the dulled voice and incoherent murmurings. She had no need to rack her mind for gay talk; she had only to sit quietly holding the good hand. Little Rosina came and went, performing many small services. The Gray One slept iniquitously on the registers at home, always ready to greet Madam, but keeping a careful ear for the shuffling steps behind her.

Then one bleak night to the tune of wailing winds, the

stiff fingers loosened from the soul of Madam. The widow of Abner Dole had gone to join him. Madam folded the good hand over the bad one, and slipped quietly away.

"Most treasurable one," said Madam, "after my coffee, and after I have read for a very long time in a book which cheers my soul, I shall bring down from the storeroom your so comfortable traveling basket, and we will then read a timetable together."

GAILLARDIAE

MADELEINE BLUMENSTOCK, '25

Gaillardiae that in a wild profusion
Mingle their gold behind their feathered green,
Soon fill the senses with a strange delusion
That, since the sight of them leaves all unseen
Save just gaillardiae—since their breath
With its faint musk can banish space and hours—
Life holds no more, no more holds death,
Than feathered stems that bend, and yellow flowers.

Jonathan Ivy

ELIZABETH LAWRENCE, '25

I WATCHED the gleam of a lantern come down the path, its light showing first one leg and then the other of the farmer who carried it and making a gigantic spider of a shadow stalking silently along in time with his steps. As he whistled, his breath curled back of him in a ghostly plume. I heard the lantern's handle creak rhythmically as he marched along. When he was about to pass me he stopped abruptly, uttering a startled grunt. My eyes followed his wide stare but I knew already why he had stopped. A human arm was stretched from the bushes to the path where almost under his feet lay the hand, clawlike, hairy, its long finger-nails shining dully in the light. But the man only glanced at the hand and bony arm. Holding the lantern well ahead of him he fearfully parted the bushes that concealed the shoulder and discovered a mass of white hair tangled and caught on the branches. As he turned the limp head toward him he exclaimed in dismay and started back shielding his eyes from the face. Then with his eyes still turned away he reached in gently and felt for the heart of the crumpled body. His quick withdrawal showed that what his hand had found was soft and still warm. This seemed to break down the man's endurance, for he seized his lantern and fled down the path by which he had come, the gigantic spider of his shadow raking the trees as if in hot pursuit.

Now all this was no surprise to me, for I had seen the murder but had felt myself unable to interfere because of my intimate knowledge of the events that led up to it. I had known Peter Hand as a doddering old lunatic with a halo of white hair and odd, peering eyes. The pupils were small, so small that when they were fixed on you they had the sharpness of a pin-point. I had often felt their prick. He also had aa habit due, no doubt, to his short-sightedness and general infirmity, of fondling people with his tremulous hands and clutching them with an unexpected, convulsive strength.

Though to me Pete seemed nothing worse than a well-meaning if blundering fool, Jonathan Ivy, whom I had known since infancy, could never abide him. I knew something of the provocations Jonathan had undergone and I saw his point of view. With remarkable restraint he had concealed his growing hatred from everyone, but he could not keep it from me. I knew him too well. He had chosen this dark night for his purpose and with infinite cunning had led the old man to this wood. After binding and gagging his enemy he took out his knife, calmly opened it, tried it on the ball of his thumb, and with deft fingers set to work on the face of his victim. I heard a curious, crisp sound as of something sharp cutting. However, since the gagged man was old and weak, he soon fainted from the pain. Jonathan, seeing that he was robbed of part of his revenge, quickly made an end of him, threw his body into the bushes, closed his knife, and disappeared. Scarcely had this happened when the farmer came in sight. Little did he know what fate would have been in store for him had he come five minutes earlier!

His disappearance and sudden retreat, however, were followed by a great stir in the wood when he returned, bringing with him along the narrow path a group of some six or seven men and youths, seemingly farm hands. No one was talking, but as they passed me, I saw their faces wide-eyed and white and I heard one man's teeth chattering. Two stepped into the bushes and lifted the corpse out while the rest stood huddled around the lantern. They laid the body on a shutter and brought the lantern near.

"It is Peter Hand," said one, "I've seen him often at the mad house when I deliver milk."

"What," gasped a boy with blood-red hair, "one of the loonies?"

"However did he escape? I thought they took care that they shouldn't."

"They do, but once in a while some smart ones get out. The one with this poor guy *must* have been smart all right."

"Say, where do you suppose the other is now? Mustn't he be somewhere near since—it—is just dead?"

"Gosh! We'd better try and catch him. He might do anything after this."

The red-haired boy did not seem eager to act on the suggestion. The others, however, set about lighting pine-torches. and one by one, started into the woods until the boy was left huddled against a tree, his eyes carefully averted from the shutter where the crumpled heap lay so very still.

I heard the searchers calling to each other as they leapt through the thick underbrush, their torches waving over their heads and peopling the woods with a thousand silent, shifting shadows. I knew how their quest would end. They would not find Jonathan Ivy. Instead they would find me. I thought of it calmly. What had an innocent man to fear? I had always known Jonathan and seeing so well what provocation he had had to torment and kill Peter Hand, I half wanted to finish the little drama. It amused me, this idea of being taken for the murderer of old Pete. So without precaution I let myself down from my seat, lighted a cigarette, and started down the path. A scream from the boy with the lantern brought the farm-hands quickly toward me.

"There he is, there he is, stop him, catch him, hold him," yelled the boy in a paroxysm of terror, as the men surrounded me and peered at me under their torches.

"Who are you, anyway?" said one.

"I'm sorry I can't tell you," I answered, "I've never had a name."

At this, meaning glances passed around the little circle.

"Don't argue with him," I heard one whisper to the leader, "it only irritates them. This must be the man. See, there's blood on his front!"

I knew it would be foolish to resist; so I went with them quietly out of the wood, two men behind me carrying the shutter which held the remains of Peter Hand. They led me on through the crisp darkness between long lines of pine-trees standing like silent, shrouded monks on each side of the road that not long ago had been washed with soapy moon-light. It was little more than a mile to our destination and so we were soon in the warm, bright entrance hall. The startled attendants took Peter's body into an office, the face covered now with a sheet, and it seemed hardly looking at me, led me to the violent ward. I knew it by its heavily barred windows.

The next morning when the doctor appeared I started to explain my situation, how I had seen the murder but could not interfere, how because I had known Jonathan I had let myself pass for him, how it was a joke. But I was met by a pitying toleration, an impenetrable disbelief.

"But, Doctor," I cried, "look at me, you know I am not Jonathan Ivy."

Again the meaningless smile as he answered, "Yes, yes, certainly, but we think you'd better stay here until we find him."

I could not keep back my tears at this, for I know, though I cannot tell how, that they will not find Jonathan Ivy.

A Paradise for Killed Time

MARY HOPKINSON, '28

MANY of the most learned people spend years of thought about the hereafter for humans. Some even wonder where the animals go, when this world is over for them. But how many people ever think of what sort of Heaven is provided for all the time that is killed each day?

Just as any one, regardless of virtue, so long as he is killed, unawares, by some dastard hand, is certain of a place in the upper regions, I feel sure that there can be no hell for all the moments, good or bad, who always meet death at the hands of others. Who ever heard of time committing suicide, or dying in its bed of old age? It is from ends such as these that Hades is filled. No, the moments of Time are always killed, and, as martyrs if nothing else, I am sure that they all meet together in a heaven of their own.

Nor is this paradise a jumbled mass of moments, fast or slow, well or ill spent, mixed unmethodically together. It is, I think, a well-ordered region, where each group of moments has a corner to itself. A moment, upon entering the gate, is carefully questioned as to the way and the place in which it was killed. If it answers, "In a railroad station, in buying an envelope of peanuts for five cents," it is kept out of the corner for aged, infirm, nervous moments, killed in fiddling about a room, or tidying up a desk, where it is obvious that it would be out of its element. Instead, it is assigned to a big, dark corner, filled with a cheerful roar and booming, and here it finds many, many companions who, it may be, met their end in various ways, but all in a railroad station.

Perhaps this corner is the largest of all. It is always filled with a motley crowd of moments, some a little worried, others despondent, some interested and observant, enjoying their surroundings, which are tastefully tinged with a suggestion of timetables, lights, shoe-polish and suitcases.

Another very respectable-sized corner is that reserved for the large numbers of eager moments who were killed while

waiting outside a shop door before lunch. Some of these are a trifle hungry and impatient, but most seem pleased and optimistic, with whimsical, amused expressions. Their corner is most attractive, filled with an atmosphere of bright flitting colors, strange effects, and the musical rhythm of tapping feet; and over all floats the aroma, once imagined but now developed to reality, of the chicken croquettes, hot coffee, and cinnamon buns of the immediate future.

The Thing-Being-Waited-For, who is the Omnipotent One of this Heaven, does well to so classify his incoming moments; for what would the elderly, dignified moment, killed quietly in a bookshop, do here in this pleasant ever-moving bustle? No, it must be quickly shown to its own tranquil corner where it can partake of the musty smell and the discourse of its companions, and can argue with them on the relative merits of meeting one's end at the poetry counter, or among the books of biography and travel.

Quite on the opposite side of the heaven from this haunt are two corners which perhaps should have been separated a little further apart. Their inmates are so opposite temperamentally, and were killed so differently, that a civil interchange of words is sometimes a little difficult. Those in the snug little warm—their neighbors term it “stuffy”—corner were killed while sitting in front of the fire, waiting for somebody's return. Some are apt to gaze reflectively at the dancing, changing glow of lights all around them, but most of these moments pride themselves on never being idle. They knit or hum to themselves, whittle or sew, and believe that some day they cannot fail to be an example to their more frivolous neighbors. For the next corner (this heaven is a polygon of unlimited angles) is assigned to the charming, reckless, but extravagant type of moment which was killed in “rubbering” in the shop windows up and down the street. The walls are suggestive of gay exotic things like silk shawls, bunched, striped material for men's shirts, heads of beautifully marcelled hair, and flimsy purple chiffon pajamas. These moments are noisy and laughing, and still retain their gayly colored wings on which they flew by so fast, which are a secret annoyance to the domestic moments next door; they had no wings, but

were killed at what they considered a most tranquil, respectable rate.

After this, oh reader, when you have ten minutes to kill before your train goes or your mother meets you, I hope that you will first cogitate well. Select with thought the corner in which *you* would prefer to live, were you a moment about to die; then, when the decision is made, dispatch them (there should be about eight left) joyously and without a qualm; for as you know now, they go to join congenial comrades in the well-ordered Paradise for Killed Time.

PROPHECY

BARBARA LING, '24

When we who are such lovers, have grown old
And sit in silence, we shall still behold
Half marvelling, the beings that we were,
Shall see again the wonder, feel the stir
Of love new found and passion tremulous.
Then, through the quiet which has come to us,
I shall remember how I swore to praise
Your loveliness, that men in unborn days
Shall find you in their glad imagining
A sweetness troubled as the winds of spring.
That you should be to them as are to me
The gracious ladies of antiquity:
Cassandra, Helen, Eloïse the wise,
And Beatrice the queen of Paradise.

Then I shall see you sitting silent there,
Grown wise and wearied, fragile, proud and rare,
In your white face your great eyes burning yet—
God grant us mercy that we may forget!

The Trivial Round

EDITH WALTON, '25

AT THE foot of the stairs, Katherine Lowndes listened stillly for her child's cough. But the house was heavy with silence, and even the shabby grandfather's clock had ceased its metallic tick. Alicia was evidently asleep at last. It was hard for the child to have a cold just now—when the snow was crisply packed for coasting and the ice on the ponds was clear and black. Hard that she should have missed such a Sunday dinner, with a turkey that had been Robert's pride and a pumpkin pie, flaky and richly flavored. Katherine smiled with dim pleasure at remembrance of the pie. Seven years had not accustomed her to the miracle of her achievements. She sighed—not in anxiety for the little girl, but because the Sunday quiet was austere with Alicia in bed and Robert working overtime in the barns.

She moved back into the parlor, and stood there contemplatively. Her eyes rested with a new detachment on the ugly but substantial furniture, characteristic of an old-fashioned farm house. In one corner stood the cheap piano which she played ever more infrequently, and next it the sofa with its hard shiny covering where guests would sit awkwardly to drink tea. In its tidy vacancy, the room actually resembled a Victorian stage set. She would not have liked Alicia to be a slovenly child—yet she wished that some of the gay toys, purchased so joyously, had not been put away in their proper cupboard, but had been strewn carelessly about the floor. Without them, the green carpet was so bare and hard. . . .

Suddenly Katherine turned away in distaste. She caught up a man's overcoat that hung in the hall and wrapped her body in its rough dragging folds. Then she slipped out upon the tiny porch, banging the front door recklessly behind her. The steps were crusted with ice and likely to spoil her Sunday dress, but she sat down on them unconcernedly. She hated the dress. It was a sober blue silk, primly cut, which made her lean, straight body look middle-aged and matronly. She was conscious, moreover, that the brown hair strained tightly back from her narrow face, heightened the impression of age.

Only a few years ago, she had been very proud of that thick lustrous hair, but now it must be tightly coiled for housework, and must preserve a staid appearance at church festivals. Her face flickered with amusement. She buried her pointed chin in her hands and stared out at the landscape.

A vast grey sky, shading into steel-blue light on the horizon, brooded over the snow-wrapped fields and hills. The white stretches were broken by occasional houses, and by the swarming figures of coasters. She had known this countryside from childhood, but during the seven years of her married life, it had become part of her very being, like her own body. Daily she had paused from cooking or preserving to stand at the door and survey those rolling fields—now ripe with grain, now hot and sweet with summer. Most beautiful now, perhaps, in their present snowy calm, made magical by the steely light which beckoned to horizons full of promise.

Katherine's eyes strayed to a little house, circled by trees, which glimmered whitely several fields away. In that familiar spot she had spent the summers of her childhood—a restless elfin creature whose hardy limbs rejoiced in the escape from city streets. Katherine could picture the wayward child that she had been—paddling muddily in the brook by the cow pasture, scaling apple trees on perilous branches, riding haywagons in midsummer, quite lost amid the prickly fragrant load. For playfellow there had always been Robert, rosy-cheeked, sturdy, and wise in country ways. The best hours had been spent at his father's farm up the hill, when they helped with the haymaking, or rollicked in the barns, or watched his mother churning in the cool dairy. Always Robert—then, as now!

Katherine's hands dropped quietly into her lap and her eyes searched the long past. They were dazzled by the glamour of later days in town, when her restless energy had turned to the gaiety of city life. Days gleaming and musical with new experiences and new possibilities—when she had sensed the power of her own vitality and loveliness, the power of her eager mind! Dream-like that strange decisive summer floated into her mind. A slight flush stained her cheeks at the recollection. After two winters close-packed with excitement, she had gone back for rest to the little old house. There she

had met Robert again, a farmer now, in his own right and proud of his calling. They had the manifold experiences of childhood to draw them together, the reaction of passionate youth, and also some strange deep bond—perhaps the gravitation of fire and intellect towards secure strength. She had realized even then that they were not suited by temperament or training—yet she had not cared. He had fineness, intelligence, and a certain rude greatness born of contact with the soil. He loved her—and when they walked together through moon-washed summer nights, her whole body shivered with the delicious knowledge.

All this was of the past. Her mind fled swiftly down the difficult years since her marriage—years which belonged to the present and held a struggle not yet ended. But it was not that bitter adjustment which clouded her grey eyes as she pondered. She had made her choice consciously, and to a woman of her temperament such an adjustment had appeared as an exciting challenge. It was the future that was haunting Katherine in this moment of retrospect and reflection.

True that she did not regret the struggle, but had it been worth the effort? Was it ever worth anything to run counter to one's tradition and, far worse, to one's nature—even for love. There was no doubt of her love for Robert. He was not the magnificent young god of wheat and corn that her imagination had once painted. His splendid frame was becoming heavy and thick-set, the rich color in his cheeks was turning to a dull brick-red, and even his bright hair was graying. He would come in sweating and dirty from the fields, smelling of livestock, and too weary for anything but a silent pipe. Yet he had a patience, a kindness, a strength that were incomparable and which surrounded her with warm peace. Out of that deep affection they understood each other singularly well—yet Katherine wondered with probing persistence if they would not both have been happier apart. It would have been better, she thought whimsically if he had been married to a real farmer's wife, and not just to a costly and clever imitation. And would there not come a time when the distaste which she could never quite conquer for narrowness and

ugliness and drudgery, above all, for the prim pleasures of a church-going community, would rise in rebellion and shake the foundations which she had built so carefully? In appearance, at least, she was growing old—though she was barely thirty—and she had heard that the terrible middle years sometimes shook one with dangerous unrest. If only her child had been gifted with imagination, with darting graces of feature or mind—! But Alicia, though sturdy and lovable, was such a phlegmatic, practical little person!

Her ears caught the sound of a heavy crunching on the snow. Robert rounded the corner of the house—a shaggy figure in brown corduroys, his breath steaming out heartily in the cold air. He waved to her with a familiar, beloved gesture and stamped up to the path, shaking the snow from his clothes. She sat motionless, and watched him with a friendly but inscrutable smile.

“Katherine,” he said, “I told the Doctor to drop in to supper. I hate to ask you—on Sunday and with the girl out—but could you make some of that gingerbread he’s so fond of?”

She nodded and rose from the steps, a grotesque figure in the bulky overcoat.

“You don’t mind, dear?”

As she went in the house, she flung him the same inscrutable and very lovely smile.

The Dickens Atmosphere

MARY LOUISE WHITE, '25

TO STEEP oneself for any appreciable length of time in the novels of Dickens is to find oneself surrounded, I think, for the time being, by the same atmosphere with which the immortal characters themselves are surrounded, to live with them in a cloud of glory which dissolves finally into the worn bindings of *David* and *Martin* and *Pickwick* and the rest. To analyze this elusive atmosphere, therefore, is to step firmly outside the world of Dickens, to seek help, if need be, from critics who dwell in the high regions which overlook the fields of literature.

Henry James, speaking of atmosphere in general, says it is a question of "the projected light of the individual strong temperament in fiction—the color of the air with which this or that or the other painter of life . . . more or less unconsciously suffuses his picture; it is something that proceeds from the contemplative mind itself . . . an emanation of the man's spirit, temper, history." This is true, I think, so far as it goes, but what of the smells that float in the atmosphere, and the sounds that it carries? And why is it, I wonder, that to James the light of Dickens seems particularly confined to "the morning, or the very earliest hours of the afternoon at most, in a vast apartment that appears to have windows, large, uncurtained, and rather unwashed windows, on all sides at once"? Surely daylight and moonlight fall equally on many a dark street and country highway, and often on the Thames; and for me that apartment is *too* vast and cold and dreary.

But as for the man's spirit—there, I believe, we have it. It is the spirit, the exuberance of spirits, with which Dickens created his scenes and characters that makes them bring their atmosphere with them. His exhilaration, Mr. Chesterton says, was "not a physical accident, but a mystical fact"; so that in giving breath to Sairey and Sam Weller and Mr. Micawber, and all the glorious train, he breathed so deep as to surround them with an atmosphere of their own. And different as that atmosphere is with the varied people and places it accompanies, always a glorious exhilaration suffuses it, exhilaration

composed in large measure of the resolute optimism which so characterizes Dickens, and of that certain thing "that loves babies, that fears death, that likes sunlight."

I do not feel, however, that optimism led Dickens to embody only the "better dreams of ordinary men," as Gissing asserted. Dreams of domestic beauty he had, indeed, of Christmas jollity beneath a humble roof; but some of his dreams were very, very bad, nightmares where thieving Jews bend over scanty fires, where murderers track their prey, and convicts appear terribly in lonely graveyards. Horror colors almost as much of Dickens's atmosphere as humour, and both are surpassed only by passages of universal appeal that have the same quality as Sappho's lovely invocation to evening that "bringeth the sheep, the goat, the child back to her mother." So in Dickens "the withering leaves, no longer quiet, hurried to and fro in search of shelter from its chill pursuit, the laborer unyoked his horses, and with head bent down, trudged briskly home beside them; and from the cottage windows lights began to glance and wink upon the darkening fields." So, "after tea, when the door was shut and all was made snug (the nights being cold and misty now)" Peggotty's boat seemed to David "the most delicious retreat that the imagination of man could conceive."

Moreover *David Copperfield*, for all its "homely foreground of street or wayside, and its background of tragic sea" has, in common with the other novels of Dickens, a definite time and place to recreate for us. It is the England of Victoria's time that Dickens writes about, and it is his descriptions of the life and sentiment of that time that infuse their very spirit into the atmosphere surrounding his characters. Do you remember how Martin Chuzzlewit and Mark Tapley no sooner set foot upon English ground after their unhappy journey to America than they "sought out a cheap tavern, where they regaled upon a smoking steak and certain flowing mugs of beer"? Do you remember the sigh of relief with which you watched them stir the fire, draw back the glaring curtain from the window, and gaze blissfully into the street? For me, all the weary sojourn in America is enfolded not so much in an atmosphere as in a fog—not in the kind of English fog that Scrooge awoke to, but a spiritual fog that shuts me

off from the enchanted land of Dickens. To be sure, I am still on the outskirts, but the air is not the same, and I draw deep breaths when the familiar scents of London greet my nostrils, when once more I can sit down with Martin to a leisurely English meal.

Mark that they draw back the curtains and gaze blissfully into the street. Truly, Dickens had "the key to the street," as the clerk of Mr. Perker so obligingly remarked, and away from the crowds and the city's bustle something was lacking that his brain required. No place in all Dickens's works is so real to us as London, and no spot in London is neglected. From the dark little houses with their burning braziers and rotten woodwork that seem to grow out of the slime of the river at Limehouse Hole or Mill Pond Bank, Chinks' Basin, to the great houses in Camberwell; from the Holloway region separated from London by a tract of suburban Sahara to the twisting streets and blind alleys that wind tortuously about the Monument;—every part of the great city has its particular downstairs kitchen, or its chophouse, or its coach-yard, to make it live forever. Nor are there always bright fires and puddings in the oven. Many of the windows are coated with grime, and open into cheerless workhouse wards, or pawnshops, or debtors' prisons. Here are bad dreams of poverty and crime and cruelty that only the atmosphere of Dickens' unfailing humor and sympathy make bearable—but what can one *do* with a fantastically dreadful old pawnbroker who rushes out of a dirty den to whine, "Oh, what do you want? Oh, my eyes and limbs, what do you want? Oh, my lungs and liver, what do you want? Oh, goroo, goroo!" And is there not a glamour in the very smell of the passage in M. Todgers's Commercial Boarding House "as if the concentrated essence of all the dinners that had been cooked in the kitchen since the house was built lingered at the top of the kitchen stairs, and like the Black Friar in Don Juan, wouldn't be driven away"?

Happily for our enrichment, however, Dickens did sometimes fly the streets of London, did pursue the spirit of Victorian England in wild post-chaises, in "swaggering, rakish, dissipated coaches, up all night, and lying by all day;" and

the charm of that most romantic travelling lives in his pages: "Yoho, down the pebbly dip and through the merry water-splash, and up at a canter to the level road again. Yoho, yoho!" Through winter storms and sparkling days the coaches go, or splashing through mud and mire "with one miserable outside passenger crouching down among wet straw, under a saturated umbrella." From hamlet to town they go, stopping at inns which fairly radiate homely English hospitality, waiting for your arrival with most illustrious larders, "devouring cold fowls and noble joints, and tarts wherein the raspberry jam coyly withdraws itself behind a lattice work of pastry." And was there ever such a "hurrying up and downstairs of feet, such a glancing of lights, such a whispering of voices, such a smoking and sputtering of wood newly lighted in a damp chimney, such an airing of linen, such a scorching smell of hot warming pans" as greeted you at last? With Dickens as your travelling companion, nothing escapes you; not a highway, not a lane, not a picturesque village. Especially not Yarmouth, where the old boat stands on the dark wintry sands, the flat between the town and the sea; where during the mighty storm, David went "staggering along the street, which was strewn with sand and seaweed and with flying blotches of sea-foam; afraid of falling slates and tiles," and holding by people he met at angry corners.

Surely it is England itself that Dickens enshrouds with his atmosphere of humor and sympathy and good cheer and vivid realization; atmosphere that in turn is composed of the smaller atmospheres of his characters, each one distinct, yet part of the English whole, as each character is an individual, yet, for the most part, of the lower middle class that Dickens knew so well. Miss Trotwood and her prim little cottage, Mr. Wemmick in his fortified Castle, Sairey Gamp, who lodged at the bird fancier's; who cannot recall the particular aura surrounding each of a hundred such characters? Lawyers, from Dodson and Fogg to Jorkins and Spenlow; clerks, pawnbrokers, landladies, schoolmasters, undertakers; rogues, murderers, thieves; fools and villains, heroes and heroines; think of them in Victorian England, animated with the spirit of Dickens their creator, and for a moment you will breathe that rare atmosphere that links them with you in eternity.

Book Review

THE APPLE OF THE EYE. Glenway Westcott.

ONE feels that there is little reason why Glenway Westcott's "story of southern Wisconsin" should be in any way memorable. Like so many middle-western novels of recent years, it emphasizes unduly the tragedies and indecencies which are present in the lives of ordinary farming people. The author is preoccupied with sex and with a vaguely formulated philosophy which is opposed to conventional ethics.

Despite such apparent drawbacks, *The Apple of the Eye* is a book of strange and perplexing beauty. This disconnected tale—in which people who find their peace through the satisfaction of physical instincts are pitted against people inhibited by a moral code—has a setting whose loveliness is at once piercing and terrible. The picture that remains clearly is of wide tawny marshes fetid with tangled and brilliant vegetation—endless tamarack swamps "full of sumach the color of dried blood." The changing aspects of the fields and marshes are woven into the very texture of the story in words of dreamy felicity.

It is not inexplicable, therefore, that Mr. Westcott should preach a tranquil and fearless acceptance of the physical world. David, the sensitive boy who grows up on the marshes, comes to maturity only to pass judgment upon the sins and tragedies in his family. It seems to him that they were caused by the religious people—his mother, his aunt, the betrayed girl, Rosalia—who lacked the courage and deep wisdom to accept life as it is, aspiring instead towards an impossible perfection. He learns peace and tolerance from the story of Bad Han, the silent, lustful, ignorant woman whom his uncle once loved. For all her sins, she was like life itself, neither good nor bad, but going on in unquestioning and passionate strength, timeless, mysterious.

It is an indefinite and contradictory conclusion at which the book arrives. The author is so steeped in a sense of the fearful beauty of nature and the important mission of the flesh, that his philosophy is still one-sided, nebulous. But the fact remains that against a background painted with extraordinary sympathy and skill, he has outlined a pattern of tragic events in which the figures are both moving and convincing.

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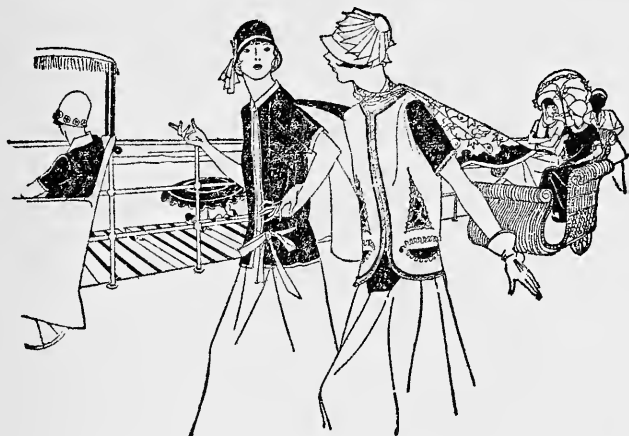
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NOTICES

The LANTERN is very glad to announce that Mary Adams and Jean Fesler will be the members of the Editorial Board from 1928.

Editorial

THE present number of the LANTERN is frankly an experimental one. In choosing the material, the Board has adopted a new policy which is merely temporary and tentative. Only unsolicited contributions have been considered, and these have been judged purely on the grounds of what they attempt, rather than by any preconceived standard. It rests with the college to decide whether this more inclusive, more experimental LANTERN contains material that is interesting and representative, or whether the more rigorous policy of the past is preferable.

Epithalamium

BARBARA LING, '25

Bend over me in your beauty, O proudly beloved,
Your face in the darkness is white as a luminous flower;
As a flower of subtle fragrance, the night-moth, flying,
Drinks from its heart a wine of passion and power.

Night has wrought us a magic of shadow and silence,
And the hour is lit with the stars of an ancient fire.
O sweeter to me than April chant of the swallow
Hear and despise not my last mad cry of desire.

What though you know not love, will not love come
swiftly?
He will not tarry, reluctant to greet you long,
O bright as the morning to eyes that are burning with
vigil,
With lips half-open for music and utterance of song.

Their Majesties

ELEANOR FOLLANSBEE, '26

CONFIDENT that no complete work exists describing the true relations of God and the Devil, I have consulted authorities and here present a full account.

There was in Heaven at one time a prince of angels called Lucifer, gifted in everything except a confident sense of humor. Nobody noticed the lack of it until finally he became so proud of himself, and talked as if it were his own fault he was such a fine fellow, that soon no crown in heaven was big enough for him. Everyone, including God, became a little bored. Nothing would have happened, however, had not Lucifer in a culmination of conceit, asked God to move over and give him a place beside Him on His throne, although he knew very well there was place for one only. God became impatient at this and He and His friends pushed Lucifer and his friends over the Edge of Heaven. As God stood looking down, He saw that Lucifer's bright skin had grown dark and that his beautiful white wings had shrunk into ugly black ones. He watched him until he was only a speck in the darkness and then it suddenly struck Him that there was a great deal of space with nothing in it between Heaven and Limbo where He had sent Lucifer. The thought made Him dizzy and He sat down on the edge and dangled His legs over. It was with the dizziness still upon Him that He conceived something to fill up the space, in short it was at this moment that God created the world. There it appeared great and round. It commenced to turn over slowly at first and then settled down to a quick, steady pace; God looked at it, saw it was good and set his mark upon it to show that it was His.

A short time afterwards, however, Satan saw that people were walking on it. "Aha," said he, "I shall be the fly in the ointment, I shall make weeds grow in the garden."

"Ah no," said God, hearing him, "for I am more powerful than you."

"But not so clever," said Satan in his old way, for his spirits were very high.

"That is not cleverness but devilment," replied God, sententiously.

"Nevertheless," said Satan, "it is I who shall introduce into your good world a mixture of evil that will not be got rid of easily."

"But the good is more lasting than the evil."

"Evil shall be the bad spot in the good apple."

"A new clean apple will grow."

"But it shall also be destroyed."

"You will make life interesting but futile."

"There will be noble men and women."

"But most of them will be stupid and unable to make head or tail of the complex issues with which I shall surround them."

"A few will love me."

"Many shall profess love for you for fear of my punishment."

"You yourself will punish those who love you."

"That is true," said Satan, slightly abashed, "but on the whole it is you who are the loser, for out of this people I shall make a race of bargainers who look for rewards, of fair speakers whose hearts are asleep, and always the best things will happen by accident, the most beautiful deeds will be done by those whom the mass will not comprehend."

"For my part," said God smiling, "I shall make a race of stout hearts and in every place some one shall bring truth, there will be a few pure spirits who will shine by their own light unto all men, and out of sin, misery, blundering and despair shall rise beauty."

And they shook hands on it.

Night

MARY ADAMS, '28

Out beyond the light-house tower
Where the great black waves are leaping,
 Are leaping,
And the silent moonbeams, slipping, creeping,
On the great, black waves are sleeping
 In golden light
A ship with silver sails is swiftly passing
 Into the night.

Over a grey and gloomy moor
Where the red-brown grass is flowing,
 Is flowing,
In wild blue waves where the wind is blowing
From the wild blue sky, where the clouds are going
 In rapid flight,
A gleaming day is swiftly passing, fading
 Into the night.

Isla

DEIRDRE O'SHEA, 1926

THE morning post had brought a bundle of books from Bertram Rota's shop in Charing Cross Road, and that was how we came to be under the spell of the sirocco. We felt no need for self-justification, yet had we, like some people, consciences which perk up at the merest glimmer of hedonism, *South Wind*, in its seductive orange wrap, would have been admirable excuse for that interlude of deliberate and indulgent idleness which came after tea today. Perhaps it was because of Anne's conscientious darning, Ruth's ridiculous skill at tatting, and Sheila's eternal laziness that I was doing the reading aloud. I found myself listening to my own voice so objectively that while it rang familiarly enough, it seemed somehow alien and detached. The first pages of the book were redolent of the fluid, brilliant south, and the sensuous charm of Nepenthe had suddenly usurped command. We had begun to bask on yellow sand banks and to watch the Mediterranean waves flash back defiance to the sun. To turn over a page was to deepen and solidify the illusion; I read on—

Cr—ack! An imperative knock came at the door. We all looked up to question this bit of sharp intrusion. The door, as if in sudden reflex to that single blow, had swung open. Isla, slim and quick, like a dusky bird, slipped into the room. She is a lovely creature, dark-skinned and dark-eyed, with hair that lies like smooth, black feathers against her head. Her oval face has a sullen look when in repose, but as she smiles her sudden encompassing smile, her whole face, her whole being, glints like a prism held to the sun. It was with this sure weapon that she now disarmed us,

"Hello, what are you doing, lazing here? I'm simply devastated! Mrs. Gregory—! What? Reading out loud again! You are insatiable. What is today's lesson? Oh yes, *South Wind*," and with a glance at the book which I held toward her, "Norman Douglas,—you don't mean it." With a slow sobering of her face, a thoughtful glance at the ceiling, a little shrug of the shoulders, which all spelled *reminiscence*,

she continued, "You know I met Norman Douglas last summer when I was in London."

She said that last with the satisfaction of a journalist who has just constructed a catch head-line for his day's scoop. Isla settled so deeply into a cretonne chair that she seemed to merge into its cushiony depths, and her eyes and voice, albeit a voice throbbing with potentiality, replaced her person.

"I was meeting—meeting Tom Nelson at Rumpelmeyer's for tea. I wasn't very late, but I hurried down the steps and tripped right across some feet! They were his, Norman Douglas's feet. I knew the minute I kicked over them that they were the feet of a celebrity—you can tell about feet. They are much more tell-tale than faces."

"Did you stop to apologize?" Ruth interrupted.

"Oh no, I didn't have to; he did, and in the nicest way. You'd have known that he'd lived out of England for years and years. He wasn't—olivy like Italians are, but just—just gallant."

"You didn't talk to him?" Anne queried in a tone that paraphrased her remark to, "I hope you did."

"Not *really*, for quite a few minutes," Isla answered, "because the waiter brought our tea so soon that we didn't have much time. You know how all men love chocolate cake; well, as we sat at that tiny round table there in Rumpelmeyer's, would you believe it, Norman Douglas, the man who wrote that book, ate five *Little Wonder Cakes*. But a girl can't construct a conversation from a gastronomic feat, and I didn't have an idea what to say, so I asked him, 'What kind of a celebrity are you?'"

"He answered, 'Celebrity, I'm not a celebrity, I am an author.' Of all things, an author. I was disappointed, but he didn't look like those pictures of writers you see around; he had one of those pointed—what do you call them, flying collars on, and a double breasted suit."

"And it is just as well that he did happen to write books, because after he'd taken me home in a cab, Miss Jerome saw us come into the hotel together,—but Norman explained everything. We had the best time those next two days before I sailed. Sightseeing, and he knows London; he was

a kind of Baedeker, but easier to read. Tea every afternoon for all that time. We went to the Savoy, and the Cecil, and to Stuarts—"

"Too bad that you had to sail in two days," I put in.

"No," Isla rejoined airily, "as a matter of fact it was just as well, though Norman did tell me right away."

"Tell you what?" the others chorused.

"Oh, it didn't make a whit of difference to me, but Miss Jerome was furious. Why, not even the autographed copy of his book placated her. Even though she has moved from Terre Haute to New York, that woman is a Victorian. But we, Norman and I, did spend Friday at Canterbury together, in spite of that old wife of his—"

"Wife," exclaimed Sheila, who, for all her somnolent appearance wasn't the mollusk she seemed.

"Yes, wife! Isn't that luck? It wasn't enough that he couldn't have been a celebrity, but he had to be married, too! Not that it mattered at all, really. But don't let's mess over it. You'll admit it had its elements! Go ahead and read. I'll listen, too. Norman was just beginning," and Isla interrupted herself with a quick glance, of something that may have been affection, at the book, *South Wind*, "when I was in London. I interrupted his work; I always seem to interrupt something."

We had all been interested in the book before Isla came in; and now with this new light on the author, we were like the fabulous "little pitchers" to hear the rest of *South Wind*. I read on for several pages. The old still warmth began to filter into the room; the sirocco seemed to blow in at the window once more.

I turned a leaf, and my eye travelled down the page in advance of my reading. I had to stifle an "oh." It was not possible! No, after what Isla had told us I couldn't read that. Such a character analysis! Douglas must be a cad to use the girl like that, yet I could not skip the page without spoiling the continuity of the story. It was a risky situation, yet perhaps the others wouldn't notice anything, for none of them knew Isla as well as I did. I decided to chance it. I faltered the passage. I was like a child reciting a piece at school with

my ears feeling large and hot and my cheeks burning so that I seemed to see their red glow reflected about me, as I heard a voice, this time inalienably mine, reading aloud.

When I had finished, as I did at last, instead of going on, I desperately concluded the thing in a way that I thought would be both graceful and enthusiastic, "Good characterization that!" It was pretty lame.

Ruth, suddenly turned by magic to a conversation monger, swiftly gleaned the fatal remark and went on, "I wonder if he did it from life. He must have—"

And Anne, who was usually so tactful, made things worse by saying sweetly, "What an awfully unpleasant woman. I hate—"

Then Sheila, who, lost in her sleepy quiet, had not seen the thread of tension that was spinning out nearer and nearer to the breaking point, annunciated in her wondering, discovering way, "Why, Isla, I declare it sounds just like you."

Sheila, the poet, was once more expressing the universal feeling for the rest of the world. Of course it was Isla, but a pretty doubtful compliment it was. No one, not even for the sake of "being put in a book" is quite ready to be transcribed:

"She possessed that most priceless of all gifts. She believed her own lies. She looked straight in the face and spoke from her heart; a falsehood, before her lips, had grown into a flaming truth. She was a florid, improvident liar. There was not classical parsimony about her misstatements. They were copious, baroque, and encrusted with pleasing and unexpected tricks of ornamentation. That tropical redundancy for which her person was renowned reflected itself likewise in her temperament—in nothing more than the exuberance of her untruths which were poured out in so torrential a flood, with such burning conviction and opulence of detail, that persons who knew her well used to stand aghast at the fertility of her constructive imagination, while the most hardened sceptic protested that, even if her facts were wrong, there could be no doubt as to her sincerity, her ingenuousness."

With her black eyes starting from one to another of us, Isla faced us equivocally. I looked at her, and like the

back-reeling of a moving picture film, my mind's eye suddenly eliminated the last twenty-four hours. Yesterday Louise, Isla, and I had discussed *The Green Hat*. I had told them of my meeting with Michael Arlen at the house of a friend. A single meeting, an autographed book, that had been all. I had encountered Isla's adaptations before this, and knew well that all was grist that came to her mill, but now I marvelled to see how cleverly she had colored that meagre skeleton of circumstance with romance and with drama. My story had been only a line scribbled in the notebook of this master-workman in pastiche. Like an expert gardener, she had transplanted the whole to new ground, and in the exchange had made it beautifully blossom; here not twenty-four hours later, the drab details of my encounter had been shaken into a brilliant and integral part of the kaleidoscopic display of her life. I wondered at this renaissance spirit of plagiarism cropping up here in the twentieth century. Isla was a modern Benvenuto Cellini in the freedom of her technique; she never faltered, but now, and I was a little sorry, it seemed to me that the denouement was at hand. No amount of bravado could open a way out of this self-constructed maze. Still, used as I was to Isla's temerity, I could hardly credit my ears when I heard,

"Why of course it is I," and with a smile disarming enough to convince Bernard Shaw of her veracity, she went on, "Norman asked if he could use me for that. I'd not heard the finished bit. We used to have such fun faerie-talking to each other. He could conjure up the most entrancing news from nowhere. But here, I must be going. Thanks ever so for letting me listen—" and she had gone out, pulling the door not quite tight shut behind her.

There was silence; then everyone unconsciously set herself to fill the emptiness which Isla had left. Aghast, half admiring, half angry with Isla, I sat trying to decide if I was right. I heard dully Anne's "Doesn't Isla always have the most interesting times"; and Sheila's "Oh, I'd never be able to talk to an author." Then through the crack of the door, I heard another voice—soft and ruminating, but distinctly Isla's voice, "I'd like to read that book. Clever! I wonder who that Norman Douglas is anyhow."

Hilarion

ANNE PETRASCH, '28

The good folk of the village came to me and said,
Ring the bell gently, Hilarion is dead.

The good folk of the village later on did say,
You may ring it louder, his soul has passed away.

When shall I stop ringing, people of the town?
When the grave is covered and the sod is down.
 I climbed up in the belfry,
 Up the creaking stair;
 Just the bell and I and—
 The dead man's soul were there.
I tolled the bell till midnight for wakers everywhere,
I tolled it very gently for Hilarion was there.
 At midnight all the tapers
 Flickered in the storm;
 The wakers nodded heavy heads—
 At once his soul was gone.
The bell and I were left there alone, alone, alone.
Ring the bell resoundingly, Hilarion is gone!
 I tolled the bell so loudly
 The wakers ceased to sleep.—
 But not for Hilarion
 Could they the vigil keep.
Good folk of the village, people of the town,
You have killed Hilarion before the sod is down.

The Able Seaman

ANNE CAREY THOMAS, '27

THE first time that I saw him, he sat hunched up on the edge of the curb, barefooted and very dirty; in one hand he clutched a long stick, in the other a half chewed doughnut. His eyes were fixed intently upon a small object floating in the muddy stream caused by the sudden heavy shower. His eyes were fixed on a small object but his attention was diverted between that and the doughnut from which he took time to take frugal bites at intervals. I said to him:

"What are you doing here? It seems to me a rather damp place for a little boy."

He took a bite out of the rapidly diminishing doughnut, and looked up at me with round blue eyes.

"I'm not a little boy," he said. "I am an able seaman, and as soon as I finish my lunch I am going on board my ship; that's it out there in the bay," pointing to the strange little floating object, which was restrained from going further down stream by the long stick.

The able seaman further volunteered the information that his grandfather was a sailor, and that he was going to be a sea captain when *he* grew up. At this point the ship almost sailed without its crew, who made a frantic dash for it, abandoning the long stick and the half a doughnut.

A voice from somewhere said: "Bobbie! you come straight in the house this minute. What have you done with your shoes and stockings?"

The able seaman successfully grasped the floating bark, salvaged his doughnut, but forgetting the long stick, walked with a rolling gait around the house and in at the back door. I heard the same voice say: "Where is your other shoe?" And the able seaman's reply: "It isn't a shoe it's a boat!"

Dedication

MARIANNA BONNELL, '25

Beauty more strong than earth, older than stars,
Fleet as the winging of a flock of birds,
Help me to weave these verses round your name
That all your moods may thus be bound in words.



The Miracle

MARIANNA BONNELL, '25

A long, dark, slowly winding, crooked stair,
A flood of light
A burst of glory beyond all compare,
God-given sight.

Windows of violet, rose, blue, golden-brown,
What words can tell
The dazzling beauty of that jeweled crown
Of Sainte Chapelle?

In the Small Hours

JOSEPHINE YOUNG, '28

THE child wakened suddenly, and lay listening, his whole soul centered in his ears. Then he heard again the sound which had roused him; a puppy's cry, half bark, half whine; it was Jerry,—Jerry who must sleep tied in the barn because Grandmother would not have him in the house. At home Jerry slept on the foot of the bed, and snored the night through, a constant source of comfort if one woke frightened in the dark. But here it was different, and Jerry had been put in the barn, and now he was crying. If it was dark here in the house, how much worse it must be out there! And Jerry had no warm blankets over him. For many minutes the child lay listening, rigid and thinking what to do; he dared not wake his grandmother. She, with eighty years' experience of dogs, would say: "He is all right there; go to sleep and forget him, dear."

Again the puppy cried, and the child could not stand it. He got up, shivering more from excitement than from cold. Yes, he must have shoes, and a coat, to go to the barn; and he must be quiet,—still as a mouse, lest Grandmother should hear. He remembered hearing that old people sleep lightly.

He stumbled against a chair, and stood rigid and listening. But nothing stirred. With his heart thundering in his ears, he slid downstairs, sitting on each step, then sliding to the next. With infinite care he turned the key of the door, his breath quickening at every creak; then at last he was out in the night with the door shut behind him.

Still Jerry cried, and the child wanted to run to him. But he picked his way carefully along the path, not now because he feared that folk in the house should wake, but lest some one of the Presences around him should be annoyed, if he rattled a pebble. The moon was high and showed his way clearly; the trees and bushes on the lawn made deep shadows—where They were. He heard some bird or insect chirp, and the brook beyond the road singing as though it were miles

away—the sound seeming to be part of the silence of the night, rather than a disturber of it. Past the trunk of the great tree that shadowed the house, past the long row of phlox that fairly made him catch his breath with sweetness, past the chicken-house where there was a faint rustle and a sleepy cluck, he came at last to the barn.

With all the strength of his small body he pushed the great door, making a crack to squeeze through, and came in by the stalls. There he stood still, amazed with the beauty before him. The moonlight fell through the window of the barn, and shone upon the great white horse standing like a statue in his stall. The child gasped at the magnificence of the white light upon those glistening flanks—it was a horse of silver; he moved, and the moonlight was like cold sparks in the great tail.

Again Jerry cried, within the carriage room; with a rush of longing the child tiptoed past the shining horse, past the brown one lying down, and slid open the door into the room. The puppy's whine stopped on the instant, and the child could almost hear his anxiety; then he spoke to him, and knew his tail was wagging, though he could not see. He felt his way to him, and hugged the warm body close, both of them quivering. They lay together on the old blanket which made Jerry's bed, the child talking quickly and comfortingly under his breath, the dog trying madly to lick his hands and face. After a little they quieted down, and Jerry went to sleep with his head on his master, and the child lay very still, lest he should disturb him. Around him the smelly dark was full of noises; Jerry's breathing, a rustle and scuffle along the wall, the horses moving, his own heart in his ears. The dark closed in upon him and lay heavy, and but for Jerry he would have cried with fear. Gradually the world receded; he forgot that he must go back, through the barn, across the moonlit terrors of the lawn, back to the house and to his bed; he forgot Grandmother and what she would say to him. The dog's body seemed to warm his very soul, both his terror and his intense joy faded, he lost touch with everything but the living thing under his hands. Then he lost that too, and dog and child lay fast asleep together.

Period Gown *

EDITH WALTON, '25

Fragile, dancing figurines
Frothy in your porcelain skirts,
Who dominate the mantlepice,
Despotic, dainty little flirts—

Ease my love of loneliness,
Divert her by your pretty glee,
Charm the sadness from her eyes,
Smile upon her roguishly.

Smile upon her where she broods
Tranquil, desolate, remote,
In a misty soft blue gown,
With corals flushing at her throat.

Tell her she is very young
For such a wistful, prim despair;
Praise her pearly-tinted face,
The warmth and color in her hair.

Whisper that the only sin
Is barren youth and love's rejection;
Breathe that there are other men,
Resolved to lighten her dejection.

Fragile, dancing figurines,
Pouting at the thought of pain,
Once she was as gay as you,
Tell her to be gay again.

*With acknowledgment to a picture by Frederick Friesecke in the Philadelphia Academy.

Dear Names

SARA WALKER, '28

“The pain, the calm, and the astonishment,
Desire illimitable, and still content,
And all dear names men use, to cheat despair,
For the perplexed and viewless streams that bear
Our hearts at random down the dark of life.”

I HAVE so few original thoughts, that I must confess that I was rather disappointed to discover Rupert Brooke mentioning so casually an idea which I had always believed to be exclusively a child of my own mind. For until I read the passage quoted above, I cherished the illusion that I alone had noticed the pretty passion we mortals have for naming our joys and sorrows, and the infinite satisfaction we derive from the practice. But, although it is sad to discover that I am not, in this, a soul apart, it is at least comforting to reflect that I have fallen into good company.

However that may be, the fact remains that we all like to straighten out, as best we can, and set in order these sadly puzzling, and sometimes discouraging lives of ours. We analyse our feelings, our motives; giving to each experience a name, and then (an easy step!) to each name a sort of glorification. It is pleasant, for example, when we have fallen short of our expectations in some particular, to be told in musical measure, that,

“—all success is but a prison,
And only those that fail are free;”

or to be reminded, in solemn tones, that,

“Not failure, but low aim is crime.”

It is wonderfully sustaining, at such moments, to be able to think of Failure in the abstract, rather than failure in the concrete, even though some unimaginative souls may take a practical view of the matter. We feel as if we had done

something almost noble, and pity them a little, so lost to all fine feeling.

Rather more discouraging is the day when we realize, for the first time, that we may not set the world on fire with our brilliance or our wit. This is a new and some-what disquieting thought, but why despair? We may take philosophic solace in,

“Ah, but a man’s reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what’s a heaven for?”

“Not everyone can shine,” we think loftily. “Everything does not lie in gaining glory. After all,

“What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me.”

How much better all this than simple plain mediocrity!

But if we rational beings are thus encouraged in our prosaic, everyday affairs, how much more is the lover carried on his way by the myriad glittering names men have given to every phase of love! What a powerful stimulus it must be to him, when the charms of his adored one begin to pale, to be told on every side that, “Love lives ever,” and is, “Lord of all.” Let him know Shakespeare, Tennyson, almost any writer of any time, and he will be prepared for whatever situation may arise. Does his lady grow cold? “Farewell” is one of the dearest of all dear names to poets. In his bitterness he may turn to the poignant sadness of,

“Since there’s no helpe,—come, let us kiss and parte.”

If he is of a lighter type,

“Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee why so pale?”

may appeal to him more.

Beauty, however, is not always unkind, and perhaps the fair one may repent of her cruelty. Then, indeed, with such sweet madness as,

“The young May moon is beaming, love,
The glow-worm’s lamp is gleaming, love,”

ringing in his ears, how can he help but be as young, and gay, and ardent as all the thousands of lovers before him? He invests his beloved with the charm of a Lesbia, the virtue of a Lucretia. The feeling within his heart is enriched and made sweetly glamorous by this shining Love which all poets and writers have conspired to create. It is not so much that he loves as that he is in love. A rose by any other name might smell as sweet, but a rose nameless would lose half its fragrance.

Billy

ALICE BRUERE, '28

With jam and bread on hands and face
He looks at you nor drops his eyes.
To him it seems no great disgrace,
And wonders at your feigned surprise,
And at your endless scolding chatter
About clean boys and things that matter.

The Chaperone

ALICE WHITING, '27

SHE was standing when I saw her for the first time, on the sidewalk, Rue des Italiens, Paris. I looked down on her from the huge Pickford bus, fairly boiling over with impatience. She wore an ample, grey tweed suit and a stiff black hat with a bristling rooster feather that would have ornamented any other woman's hat, but gave hers a cocky, ridiculous aspect. She clutched a tall, silver handled umbrella, an heirloom, I imagined, that she carried with her rain or shine. Her voice was shrill and angry and she showed poor taste, scolding a French chauffeur in a bus banked with tourists. "I ordered seats behind the driver, chauffeur," she piped, speaking in that precise New England way. "The seats are all behind the chauffeur, Madame," answered the irate Frenchman. "I meant the seats directly behind—one of my young ladies is hard of hearing." Then I noticed the girls, three of them, mortified and crimson under their conventional hats. They were conventional girls too, and loathed the publicity the chaperone's harangue occasioned.

By this time we were all leaning out of the bus and several annoyed passengers were murmuring "Forget it," "Climb in," "Take a back seat." But most of all I felt sorry for the girls whose embarrassment had turned to agony. Finally one of them made a move, seemed to defy the chaperone and climbed in the only empty seat, the very back one. The other girls followed her lead, but the chaperone biting her lip refused to budge and in another minute was squeezed in beside a disgruntled chauffeur. She was determined to sit "up front" and not to miss a word of the guide's information.

When we stopped at Rheims for lunch I happened to stand near them looking up at the ruined cathedral. The chaperone was saying "Girls, it reminds me of a beautiful woman with a broken arm or some limb missing . . . You don't appreciate it enough. I'm disappointed in your reactions and will write your families about it." One of the girls moved off with a

smothered ejaculation, praying for control. I moved away too for I feared I should be tempted to take her by the rooster feather and shake the plume until it waved on high no more. But at the postal-card stand we met again. Her "girls" were asking for francs. She stooped quickly, raised her ample tweed skirt, exposing a black lisle stocking and an underpetticoat with a travelling bag hung over it. She fumbled in it and stood up quickly, holding out the money. It was a perfected series of movements, plainly showing she had done it many times in all sorts of places. I pictured them, stores, theatres, street corners. Poor girls, they were still blushing when I went out.

A few days later, back at Paris in the Louvre, I turned away from looking at a picture to see striding down the long, re echoing corridor the well remembered chaperone with her victims in her wake. Brandishing her lorgnette she approached the Mona Lisa and began to describe that subtle smile. "You see, girls, there are three angles to her smile. On the right here it's sad, in front it has no meaning, and on the left there is a suggestion of satire." And as I looked back on the rooster feather, only slightly waving, I felt as if I had come upon a scene as grotesquely unhappy as any in "David Copperfield."

The Pre-historic Hunt

NANCY MITCHELL, '28

Out in Merrie England in the days of long ago,
There lived a race of Britons of whom we little know;
But being Britons, sportsmen were,—they killed with weapons
 blunt
And chased the three-toed dingbat in the pre-historic hunt.

The Master was a mighty man; he shook his heavy locks
And combed the ancient forest for a pre-historic fox.
He cracked his grape-vine whip, and with a brawny tug and
 pull
Restrained his restive steed, which was an elephant with wool.

No terrier hunted with the pack, and yet they had no losses
For the Master's hunter had a most convenient proboscis.
The Master's daughter,—sporting lass,—liked riding more
 and more,
And oft outstripped the quarry on her Irish dinosaur.

The Whip was quite the dandy, entirely painted blue,
As histories say the Neolithic Britons used to do.
His hunter,—best one in the Club,—could leap the Thames,
 they say,
A blooded pterodactyl, he, a stunning chestnut bay.

They held the meets at Stonehenge, and they ran the Kentish
 vales,
And if the fox a stayer was, they killed somewhere in Wales.
The Mesozoic huntsman then quite often came a cropper
And knocked the tops off oak-trees with his dragon timber-
 topper.

The horn was of a mammoth's tusk,—efficient horn and large,—
And Wayland shod the hunters in his Neolithic forge.
Lines of oaks were hedges, and a mountain was a hill,
While it took a team of Rhino's to drag home a single kill.

Their foot-prints leave us ponds, as with a Paleolithic rush
They ploughed the fields a-racing for the disappearing brush.
They skinned the mammoth fox for fur, with Early-Stone-Age
grunt;
It must have been a lot of fun, that pre-historic hunt!

The Boy From Olympus

ELEANOR FOLLANSBEE, '26

MY TREASURED pomegranate wine and delicate Brazilian pears were not wasted on my guest. As he rose from the table he smiled. "That was indeed nectar and ambrosia. I feel like a god."

"If gods are that easily created—"

"Godhead such as this, is, I fear, but a passing exhilaration."

"As I remember, the sacrifices were the most important food of the Olympians, and very naturally. The gods exact our praise not for its own sake but that they may through its power answer our prayers."

"But you are making god like man a social creature dependent for his full expression upon those who will appreciate him."

"Why not? As Walt Whitman said. 'To have a great poet you must have great audiences too.' Where is your general without his army, your conductor without his orchestra? Do any of us really amount to a great deal without the recognition and respect of our special virtues?"

"No, I agree with you there, but what about the nectar and ambrosia—was there any special use in that or was it a luxury?"

"Man is what he eats, you know, the more delicate the food, the more refined the body. The heavenly food, let us suppose, is responsible for that grace and perfection of form which of themselves beget worship. The Olympians themselves with only their nectar and ambrosia are faded idols, receiving as they do but the occasional homage of literary allusion, but possibly some minor deity has persisted in an out of the way village through superstitious worship? You know peasants rarely lose their inherent paganism. We might some day have the opportunity to test our theory."

"It would be too impossible, for we with our modern standards of efficiency would not recognize a god, and a real divinity would elude our scrutiny by returning to more sympathetic shores. No, please don't think of making any such experiment."

"But, joking aside, I believe in what I have said."

"And oddly enough you have reminded me of an adventure of mine. I don't think I ever told you about my protégé, the only one I ever had?"

"I heard vague rumours of a youth. Tell me about him."

"I found him on the East side. It was the year I came back from my war-correspondence in Greece. He was trying to shine my shoes and doing it so badly that I was about to lay a complaint before the padrone. But suddenly I saw his face, and changed my mind. It was the most beautiful I have ever seen, radiant and composed, perfect features beneath a crown of yellow hyacinthine curls, amazing intense eyes and a Meleager mouth.

"'Where did you find him?' I asked in my poor Greek.

"'He came from Olympus, sir, where he sold little statues,' replied the padrone, respectful of my language.

"'Then why is he trying to black boots?'

"'Ah, it is his choice, sir, he does it willingly, he must earn his living and I am helping him. He will learn soon, he has been here but a few days. But, sir, if you would care to help him?'

"'You seem ready enough to let him go,' I remarked suspecting that the padrone was not sure of his rights over the boy.

"'He is not, sir, a good boot-black, he is slower than the others, he is not made for the work.'

"'Ask him whether he will come with me?'

"'But yes, he will come with you,' insisted the padrone, and eagerly whispering a word in the boy's ear he led him to me.

"He seemed ready enough to follow and after wiping his hands free from polish he said good-bye to the padrone. As we walked away I felt the shock of my rashness. How was I, a poor reporter, to give the boy a chance? But he fascinated me, I stared at him. He seemed used to such stares. The

people in the street car turned around to look twice, then desisted with an uneasy baffled expression.

"By some process of association, I took him without hesitation to the art school and explained my case to the instructor who ceased smiling in his superior way as soon as he saw the boy, and agreed to take him. When I came back that evening to take the lad home the instructor said, 'I am hoping to find what kind of work he can do, nothing seems to interest him. He stands quietly, follows instructions but shows no gift, no mind, no intention. Perhaps he does not understand what he is to do.'

"When we reached home the boy showed no curiosity or reaction beyond the lighting up of his eye when he saw my Hermes model. He answered my questions in few and quiet words but he would not speak of himself or reveal his own mind. There was nothing but this complete grace and beauty to explain the deep love that one felt for him.

"The next day, however, when still he was able to do nothing with the clay I began to think myself a simpleton. I had had no real reason for my belief in him. I felt that I had been fooled, 'fooled by a beautiful face' and that soon people would begin to laugh at me. The art students could not understand their new comrade. Failing to help him with his work they made sketches of him in their spare moments. I was overwhelmed with questions about him. 'Who was he? What did he do? Why was he so utterly beautiful? He was not a fool but why could he accomplish nothing? Why was he forever roaming among the plaster casts?'

"I saw their sketches, they failed to catch the spirit of his beauty, all but one which startled me by its inspired fidelity. It was by a young Greek sculptor who had been pointed out to me as one who showed promise. He had attached himself at once to my protégé and this companionship delighted me—for through it the boy seemed to bloom and brighten. Soon it became known that the artist was planning a statue of him and the boy went to lodge with the artist while the work was going on. Sometimes I went to see the two in the studio. The lad would stand on a small platform and his friend keeping his eyes on him chiselled the stone, as

if by magic, rarely looking at it. I could see that he worshipped the boy and indeed as I looked at him during these hours he seemed to have assumed a new power and dignity.

"When at last the finished work was ready to be seen there was great excitement. All agreed that the sculptor had achieved a masterpiece for into that stone had been breathed the quality of the old Greek statues: and its proper place would have been beside the altar of a temple.

"In the midst of the praise of the artist, someone asked for the original. He was nowhere to be found. For over a month I continued to expect the boy's return but I never saw him again. Although one felt sure the sculptor knew what had happened no one had the heart to reproach him, so plain was his own grief at the loss.

"What I have been slow to understand is the fact that the sculptor refused to tell what he himself knew of the disappearance and that no amount of money could induce him to part from the statue."

The Nymph

MARY OKIE, '28

Deep in a forest, where the dark trees rise
Above strange, shadowy aisles of moss, there lies
A tiny pool set in a space of green,
Emerald-bright beneath the sun. The clean,
Cool water gleams and shines.
Its surface mirrors, like a silvery glass,
Soft wisps of cloud, and ferns, and bending grass.

The leaves hang listless, drooping, every tree
Burns in the windless heat. But suddenly
A white shape flashes from the mossy shade
And springs into the sunlight of the glade—
A wandering woodland nymph
And youth is in her body's supple grace,
And all the joy of summer, in her face.

There, in the noonday languor of the dell,
Some strange, wild impulse seizes her, a spell
Urges her feet to dance. And there she weaves
A charm among the shadows of the leaves,
A charm of youth, and love,
Of gay defiance of years, and careless mirth,
And rapture in the beauty of the earth.

Wearied, she stops her play, and kneeling by
The grassy margin, leans above to spy
Her image in the pool. Sweet vanity!
The fairest vision eye could hope to see
Smiles from its golden depths—
Red lips, and laughing eyes reflected there,
With flecks of sunlight dancing on her hair.

Ariel (M. DU MAUROIS)

JEAN FESLER, '28

IN THE modest and disarming little preface of *Ariel*, his much discussed biography of Shelley, M. Du Maurois explains frankly that he is relating the life of the poet with the attitude of a romancer, rather than that of an historian or critic. As the book advances, it becomes evident that the author is completely disregarding Shelly's literary development and influence on his period, and is confining himself to the poet's own personality and the character of his intimate circle of friends. The charm and the romance of that ethereal nature, symbolized in the very title of the book, are eminently fitted to this fascinating, if rather dangerous mode of treatment; and Maurois has related a beautiful life with the dramatic harmony of a great novel, catching the essence of an exquisite spirit with delicacy and beauty of perception and style.

Shelley is not of this world. "What is terrifying in him," says Trelawney, "is that he has no instinct of self-preservation." No one ever lived with a more dense and pathetic ignorance of things mundane, just as no one ever had a more delicate and sure perception of the spiritual. This essential truth is a unifying, pervading influence throughout the book, which gives beautiful and complete harmony to the account of Shelley's life, and a clear and delicate picture of his character.

"An unquenchable will, in a body too frail to sustain its decrees, predestined him to rebellion." Shelley was an angel, but a defiant, rebellious angel, fighting against both the narrow conservatism of his time and the permanent, just and wise institutions which ages of experimentation have proved to be necessary for the welfare of the race. His dangerous combination of brilliant, fairylike charm, generosity, unworldliness, courage, and fanaticism, "the soul of a benedictine monk with the ideas of a sans-culotte," turned his brief

life into a febrile tumult which brought untold suffering upon himself and others. But it brought also the gift of a soaring lyric poetry, and the inspiration of a brave and beautiful soul. It is the mingling of these elements of beauty and tragedy which form the powerful theme of M. Maurois' symphony of character.

Shelley's nature is constantly emphasized and clarified by contrast; he stands out brilliantly from the background of baser or more worldly soul around him. First he faces defiantly his comrades at Eton, and his pompous and complacent father, who "loved letters with the irritating unskillfulness of the unlettered," and reasoned with "his young man" out of Paley's arguments against atheism. Shelley stands in contrast to the ironical and conservative Hogg, poor, shallow Harriet, those overwhelming females, Eliza Westbrook and Miss Hitchener, the ungracious sycophant, Godwin, sensible, sturdy Trelawney, even dignified, austere Mary Shelley—like a spirit from another world blundering into this one. Especially the cynical, sinister Don Juan, Lord Byron, fares badly in his dramatic encounter with Ariel's sweet generousness. Byron's resounding boasts, Satanic affections and gloomy egotism shrivel to what they really are—mere tinsel and trumpery.

In addition to these contrasting characters, M. Maurois has grouped around his beloved hero an endless cycle of those trivial yet delightful and revealing incidents which, far more than definite facts give us a warm, personal, sympathetic knowledge of Shelley. We see him with the intimate eyes of friends as he balefully describes to his terrified little sister (half believing the legend himself), the Great Serpent who haunts the garden, or Cornelius Agrippa, the aged alchemist with the long beard, who inhabits the family garret.

"Demons of air and fire—" mutters the youthful magician.

"What are you doing, boy?"

"Please, sir, I'm conjuring up the devil!"

We love him when he presides over an adoring circle of girls as "Oberon, king of the fairies," or when he shakes hands shyly with his new friend, Trelawney, secretly admiring the sailor's bronzed, matter-of-fact sturdiness.

Since Maurois is writing a novel, differing from other novels only in being quite true, he does not consider it necessary to assume a "detached view" of his hero, or to obscure him with learned critical and historical jargon. His admiration is frank and tender; his style is as clear, simple, spontaneous, and sweet as the song of a thrush. It is particularly beautiful in moments of sadness. In one of the early chapters, after Shelley has been pummeled and torn by a mob of small boys, "He picked up his mud-stained books, and, thoughtful and solitary, wandered slowly toward the beautiful plains which bordered the Thames. Sitting on the sunny grass, he watched the river glide by. Running water, like music, has the gracious power of changing sadness into melancholy. Both, by their continual liquid flow, insinuate into men's souls the certainty of forgetfulness. The massive towers of Windsor and Eton raised a hostile and unchangeable universe around the rebellious child, but the trembling images of the willows soothed him by their fragility."

From such gracious melancholy Maurois can pass to humor, too, of a certain shrewd, piquant, epigrammatic quality peculiar to French writers. It rears its mischievous head particularly in the earlier part of the book, in such incidents as Shelley's plan for a union on the most advanced and liberal principles, between Hogg and his sister Elizabeth.

"He sent Hogg Elizabeth's verses, filled with good intentions, with hatred of intolerance and with mistakes of prosody. 'All are brothers,' sang Elizabeth, a dutiful pupil, 'all are brothers, even the African bent beneath blows, and the hard-hearted Englishman.' She wrote an entire elegy in this style."

Still more delightful is the scene in which he bursts in on Hogg after a year's absence, and in one breath asks a hundred questions, tells him what he has been reading, invites him to dinner, and warns him against the horrible creature, Miss Hitchener.

"What, Miss Hitchener, the sister of your soul?" remarks Hogg, with a twinkle, remembering, if he mistakes not, a time when Shelley's feelings were more cordial.

"She? A rampant and contemptible worm! We call her the Brown Demon."

On the day of the dinner, Hogg, who is given the supreme happiness of a walk in the park, with the Brown Demon on one arm, and the languishing prude, Eliza Westbrook, on the other, remarks dryly, "I might say with Cornelia, 'These are my jewels'!"

Since Maurois possesses to such a degree this knowing, tolerant vein of humor, it is strange indeed that he should be susceptible to the one fault into which he occasionally falls—a slight tendency to melodramatic sentimentality. At moments he makes Shelley a shade too picturesque, too noble, too charmingly romantic; he seems to heighten his usual delicate portrait with the cheap, pretty colors of a stereotyped popular poster. Like Shelley himself, when he turns from Mr. Newton to play with his youthful son, the author occasionally abandons discussion to indulge in fireworks. In his emphasis upon the curly hair and nobility (at that moment apparently synonymous) of the young bridegroom protecting his bride against the insults of drunken revellers, the author suggests unpleasantly a fond father pointing proudly to his son and crying, "Isn't he cunning?" There is an element of jarring coquettishness, a manner almost coy, in his description of the two dear children, Shelley and Harriet, pamphleteering innocently for Irish freedom, while the authorities looked on with mild and tolerant amusement.

But even into this, his principal sin, the author falls but seldom, only at intervals during the first part of the book, and never during the second. Toward the last, both the humor and the sentimentality of the earlier chapters are excluded by an atmosphere of sweet solemnity, of grave portent and dramatic climax. More than ever we feel that Maurois is moulding a fine, a sweeping and inevitable, novel; he no longer dallies by the wayside, but with stern intent sharpens and intensifies his incidents until they move irresistibly toward a tragic yet triumphant goal.

The melancholy note is struck at the very beginning in that fatalistic quotation from Blake;

"So I turned to the Garden of Love
That so many sweet flowers bore,
And I saw it was filled with graves."

Later, the tone appears with a lingering sadness after the death of Shelley's son, and from that point dominates the book: "They buried him in the English cemetery, which his father, as he passed through Rome, had found so charming for its quiet loneliness. The wind still sang among the leaves. Near an ancient tomb, in the midst of flowers and sun-soaked grass, Shelley saw his dead child vanish. Fanny—Harriet—little Clara—William—it seemed to him that a pestilent atmosphere surrounded him and infected one after the other all those whom he loved."

Shelley recovers from this blow, and seems to dissipate the pestilent atmosphere; but it reappears in the sinister shadow of Lord Byron, bringing with him more suffering and death. After the death of Byron's daughter, Allegra, Shelley, relieved from the strain of interceding for Jane Claremont, again like a blithe spirit, hovers around his charming, congenial group of friends. But just as he and Mary are enjoying one of the happiest, most peaceful periods of their lives, the ominous, insistent tolling sounds again, this time in that beautiful, terrible episode in which Shelley takes Mrs. Williams and her children out to sea in a frail rowboat, and suddenly cries with an unearthly sparkle in his eyes, "Let us solve the great mystery!"

But the mystery was not to be solved that day; he guided the boat safely back to shore, and "Jane felt that the angel of death had refolded its wings."

It was not long before the angel unfolded them once more, and cast a sombre and threatening shadow. When he and Williams at length set out on their wild voyage in the "Ariel," a graceful but unseaworthy craft, the tension grows unbearable. We watch the storm clouds with Trelawney, and scan the empty sea; we wait in agonizing doubt with Jane Williams and Mary; when everything is over, we stand with Bryon and Hood on the seashore, and watch the flames of Shelley's funeral pyre. It is a moment of deep yet not un-

mitigated, sadness; we feel, with Maurois, that for Ariel death was a release from bondage and suffering, and an opening into another world—a world of which he, more than ordinary mortals, had seen glimpses during his life. We feel, with Maurois, the eternity of Shelley's idealism and triumphant youth, "that despairingly optimistic faith which no misfortune could crush," which found utterance in his "Ode to the West Wind":

"Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is;
What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies
Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,
My spirit! be thou me, impetuous one!
Drive my dead thoughts over the universe,
Like wither'd leaves, to quicken a new birth;
And, by the incantation of this verse,
Scatter, as from an unextinguish'd hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind;
Be through my lips to unawaken'd earth
The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?"

Shelley was too ethereal a spirit to be chained within the limits of conventional history of his life and works; to understand him and realize his beauty it was necessary to violate all the rules for scholarly lives of great men, to discard the musty airs of research and erudition, and with an open mind and poetic insight see him as a man. If Shelley had never lived, Maurois would have written a great novel; since Ariel did live, and still lives, he has written a great biography.

At the Window

BARBARA LING, '25

Even when you are dead
The earth will still be lovely sometimes:
At night, when wind blows through a field of
 white poppies,
Or when merchants gather in old bazaars
To finger crimson silks and turquoises,
And I—I who have been so long your lover,
Must my songs always be silent
Because the lamp behind your window is not lit
And your small hands lie folded forever?

Book Review

JOHN DONNE. Hugh d'Arson Fausset. Jonathan Cape, London.

Mr. Hugh Fausset's book, *John Donne*, is one to be reread, for a single reading, however careful, will not suffice to absorb its gifts. We have in it not only a penetrating study of the poet but a keen insight into the essence of the forces which surrounded him. The analysis of religious experience which comprises the prologue has the completeness and breadth which stamp it as authentic. Indeed Mr. Fausset speaks not as the scribes. We have thus a book moving in polyphonic tempos, the one which follows rapidly the course of Donne's life, the other which meditates upon the fruit of the black ink, the closely-woven, heavily charged phrases. The adjectives are too abundant to be appreciated all at once, each is too well chosen and telling to be passed over, while the history moves ahead under the veil of the running commentary.

The theme of the book is nothing less than of "a little world made cunningly—" "Since life's verities are most luminous when its form is no longer congealed by conventions and its elements are for the moment resolved, the rebel whom passion animates and who is self-conscious enough to record and analyse the phrases of his experience is a history in miniature . . . such a man was John Donne." Because of the undeviating honesty of this man whose "mind craved candour no less than his body" Fausset has found an admirable subject and we are made to trust his interpretation, for he appears to have in himself some of the passionate intensity, of the rich draught of life which he would have us recognize in Donne.

Because of this sense of sympathy with Donne Mr. Fausset

succeeds in carrying us away with him into the ferment and turmoil of his life. The youth of precocious intellect and honest sensuality, the young man with his growing Platonism, and finally the cadaverous mystic of St. Paul's preaching tormented sermons of self-accusation stand before us a terrible reality. We feel the struggle between the flesh and the spirit which deprived Donne's poetry of pure beauty and harmony and the intense individualism which intruded upon the rhythmic current of perfect metrics, we see the "baffled centaur" warring with himself.

So fully does Mr. Fausset understand the mind of the Preacher, preoccupied with the sense of sin and the fear of death never separated from the fear of corruption and hell fire that the book becomes at the end a rhapsody of pungent metaphors. The flames of the under-world cast their lurid reflection and we feel the ghastly breath of the grave which haunted the dying man.

THOSE BARREN LEAVES.

Aldous Huxley—George H. Doran, New York

ONE is confronted, in *Those Barren Leaves*, with a new Aldous Huxley whose subtle divergences from the old are difficult of explanation. His manner has lost none of that brilliancy which surprises one with its almost incredible felicities. His people are, as ever, cultured, wordly, richly individual—pursuing literature and illicit love with a slightly decadent fervor. In exposing their delicious shams, Mr. Huxley displays his accustomed blend of penetration and merciless humor. In short, his novel has the flavor of wit and sophistication which one has learned to expect—but it is saner, mellower, and far more significant than any of his previous books.

The houseparty of *Crome Yellow* has afforded entertainment to many, but the group of moderns whom Mrs.

Lillian Aldwinkle assembles in her Italian castle are a source of really exquisite delight. From the predatory and passionate hostess, rapidly aging, who always dreads to go to bed at night for fear of missing "the one supremely important, revealing, apocalyptic thing that she had been waiting all her life to hear—" from Mrs. Aldwinkle to the over-adaptable Miss Thriplow, that clever young novelist who at one moment is "one of Nature's Guardswomen" and at another is childishly simple and full of "nice feelings," the members of this unique houseparty hold one's breathless attention. In the course of the book there is a great deal of brilliant conversation, sometimes profound, much superb comedy and a sprinkling of intrigue. But despite this glittering surface, there is much that is solid and sincere. Unlike most of Mr. Huxley's characters, these people are human and genuinely likable. He does not spare one their triviality, their vanity, their ridiculous hypocrisies—but at the same time he indicates with a new tolerance the conflict and unrest within them, the obscure goal towards which they are striving.

The change seems to be in Mr. Huxley himself. Formerly he was content to squander his gifts on creating a world peopled with clever cads, a mocking hollow world which fills its habitues with jaded distaste. But now his vision has altered. He has sacrificed none of the wit and irony which are his distinction, but his humor is less cheap, less mordant. His characters have a new dignity that underlies their tawdry shams, and they inhabit a world which contains much that is fine. One feels that Mr. Huxley has revealed something of his own personality in the poet, Chelifer, who derides art as "the ultimate and sweetest of the inebriants—" yet who pursues beauty with a steadfastness curiously at variance with his cynicism. In Chelifer's haunting evocation of his boyhood at Oxford—when there was morris dancing in the still old gardens and picnics in lush meadows by the Cherwill—one senses a note of the autobiographical. Of the change in Mr. Huxley's outlook, there is more, perhaps, in the very attractive figure of Calamy, whose honest aspirations towards a more reflective life are thwarted by his inability to resist any

“little ravishment” who may cross his path. Questioned as to what he really likes, he says:

“I suppose I should say reading, and satisfying my curiosity about things, and thinking. But what about I don’t feel perfectly certain. I don’t like running after women, I don’t like wasting my time in futile social intercourse, or in the pursuit of what is technically known as pleasure. And yet for some reason and quite against my will I find myself passing the greater part of my time immersed in precisely these occupations. It’s an obscure kind of insanity.”

This seems to be the creed and problem of many in the social group which Mr. Huxley has made his province. Until this book, however, they have never been conscious of any possibility of escape from the barrenness and futility of their life. It is significant that Calamy, in the end, makes a definite break with the old artificial order and retreats to a hut in the mountains to attain a just balance in reflective solitude. It is more significant that Mr. Huxley does not mock at this latter-day hermit, but gives him a certain unfeigned sanction.

“At the head of the valley, like an immense precious stone, glowing with its own inward fire, the limestone crags reached up through the clouds into the pale sky. Perhaps he had been a fool, thought Calamy. But looking at that shining peak, he was somehow reassured.”

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“Et Ego in Arcady——”

EDITH WALTON, '25

MY CHILDHOOD was in no sense remarkable. The fairy tales I read, the adventure stories, the intense school life of winter, the long sandy days at the seashore—all these have become for me a pleasant confusion from which I have saved one luminous memory. When childhood was nearly over, there came one-week end which is lifted high and fine forever, in which I was conscious of breathing an exquisite air.

The motor, grinding its brakes, slipped down the steep, twisted lane past a cluster of little white houses. At the very bottom, it stopped before a house built on the hillside, whose porch was raised on slender poles. Mounting the white wooden steps, we stood silently by the rail and watched the Hudson as it lapped the grass not twenty yards away. The river breeze was fresh, the indescribable scent of a country April flooded over me. The city seemed remote and the week-end immeasurably long. I wanted never to leave the small white house by the river and the people whom I liked.

That evening, unaccountably, it stormed. We sat round an oil lamp in the sitting-room and listened to the tumult without. The wind shook the thin walls, black rain beat upon the windows, and we could distinguish the river thudding against the shore. The yellow glow of the lamp gave a sort of wildness to Helen's white face and loose black hair. Suddenly an imperious rapping startled us. Helen's mother, tall and restful, rose and moved toward the door. As she opened it to the accompaniment of swirling wind, Betty and Anne tumbled into the room. Their waterproofs were dripping and glistening, their cheeks pink from the stinging rain. They were exuberant after a slippery dash from the narrow white house at the head of the lane. Imperceptibly, the atmosphere of the room altered. I no longer felt a slight touch of eerie, a sense of frailty before the storm. We gathered 'round the table and played cards by lamplight while Helen's mother rocked in a low chair, her head bent over a book.

Toward midnight, the weather cleared. I lay wakeful in the high room with white woodwork which occupied half of the upper floor. In the dark, it seemed larger and more severely empty than I had imagined. The double bed was cool and hard and spacious. Through the window, I could see a huddle of lights stabbing the blackness across the river. Now and again, I heard the prolonged plaintive whistle of a train. After the storm, the night air was cold and inspiring, making me wish to be in wind-blown places.

I was waked by a soft creaking of boards, and my eyelids lifted drowsily. Betty and Anne, dressed in bright-colored smocks, were staring at me from the middle of the floor. Thick braids of hair swung down their backs. It was very early, they explained, scarcely six, and the best possible time for a walk. In silence, I dressed rapidly. Then we crept down the crooked stairs and clambered through a pantry window, snatching a few apples from one of the shelves. The world outside was green and golden, pure, and drenched with dew. We tossed back our heads to meet the morning wind and drew long quivering breaths.

Still silently, we wandered along the shore, rocky heights looming above us. Passing through an old gate which led to the river path, we stumbled upon half a dozen goats nibbling grass in the stony field. They appeared to be quite tame and unafraid. In single file, we wound along the leafy path until, turning sharply, it ended and we saw the waterfall.

The sight was beyond exclamations of wonder. Cliffs towered far, far above, cleft at the top and fringed with pines. The waterfall tumbled down the sleek black rock in creaming foamy splendor. Cascade after cascade it thundered on, cooling the air with damp spray. At the bottom, the water ran down toward the river in a turbulent stream, cutting a broad stretch of green lawn. Approached by the lawn and framed by this wild background, a white marble pergola, austere and Grecian, stood at the river's edge. Anne told us that one night, years ago, the place had been the scene of a Venetian fete. Spurred by her description, I could fancy the boats approaching across the water, colored lights bobbing at their bows. The guests, she said, had landed at the pergola

to find a fairyland of Japanese lanterns which cast quivering jewelled rays upon the waterfall. It occurred to me that the beauty must have been unbearable.

We were flushed and hungry when we returned. I tasted the full savor of fresh bread, cut in firm slabs and spread thickly with sweet butter. From the window, the river danced and sparkled and the whole world was infinitely enticing. The walk had filled me, however, with delicious languor and a desire to read. Curiously, I examined the solitary shelf in the sitting room. There were only about twelve books, among them *Adventures in Contentment* and a shabby, paper-bound copy of *The Inn of Tranquillity*. They suited my mood to perfection. I can never read the essay, *Riding in Mist*, without thinking of sunshine and the faint lapping of water.

Most of the morning I spent on the hillside behind the house. Sitting cross-legged in the long grass, the sun beating down upon me, I made idle attempts at sketching. The back of the house was square and quaint. It was built of faintly tinted stones, and vines crept upward toward the green shutters of its windows. The roof, like that of any thatched cottage, sloped sharply from its ridge pole. The house seemed to stand on the edge of the world, for directly beyond it lay the shimmering river and the far green shore. My inexperienced fingers strove to catch beauty, and I was still trying when a snake, gliding through the grass, frightened me away.

Scientific ambition stirred in us that afternoon, and we chased tadpoles in a nearby cow pond. At first we skirted the edges timorously, dabbing at the water with our nets, but gradually our feet slipped and sunk in the oozy ground until we abandoned caution. There was a fierce joy in wading, bare-legged, into the pond and curling one's toes luxuriously in the cold soft mud, careless of splashing the dress which had been rolled so neatly. But such pleasure was bound to be fleeting. When we had collected in glass jars a number of squirming little creatures and had dried our feet in the warm grass, we climbed the fence sedately and turned toward home. As we sauntered down a road shaded by interlacing

trees, we discussed all the abstractions which were of enormous importance at the moment, free will, atheism, and a personal god. Helen's paganism, so fearful and disturbing at ordinary times, seemed a lawful part of that breathless afternoon, full of the enchantment of Pan.

I think that the following day, the last, was the only strictly religious Sunday I have ever spent. With Herbert I could have said, "Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright!" Helen and I spent the morning curled in a niche of rock that overlooked the water. Behind us arched a small tree, twisted and distorted, which appeared to have sprung miraculously from sheer rock. The mist had not yet risen from the other side of the river, and the shore was shrouded in silvery obscurity. We could hear dimly the roar and whistle of trains, though our eyes could not penetrate the veil. They were phantoms, known to exist but graced with strangeness. In some perverse but illuminating way, this typified for me my spiritual state, my blind and trusting beliefs.

The afternoon held a sharpened ecstasy. I was aware, now, that the week-end was not immeasurable and that something was slipping from me which could not again be captured. We ventured out on the water in a large row boat fitted with a sail. The mist had quite vanished and the very air was golden. The river was an unending sheet of luminous blue exposed to the vast sky. We did not want to talk, but we lifted our voices and sang. By instinctive agreement, we chose an old interminable nursery song, "Noah he built himself an ark." I shall never be able to hear, unmoved, the simple melody of the chorus:

"There's one wide river,
And that wide river is Jordan.
There's one wide river,
There's one wide river to cross."

The Styx and the sacred Ganges, the Tiber and the dark waters of Acheron may be to me, forever, nothing but dusty names. Yet all my life, the name of Jordan will create anew width and shining space, the cadence of clear voices, the memory of an hour that was part of the Golden Age.

The Nun

JEAN LOUISE FESLER, '28

In the silence of holiness she moved
And slowly mused on cloistered dreams.
Caressing fingers on the rosary,
The murmur of Latin hymn and evening prayer,
By the crimson altar a silver cup
And tapers with aspiring flames,
These pierced her soul with the burning light of
God.

She listened, and believed, and prayed.
She prayed that her brimming cup might flow
To the parching lips of the anguished souls in Hell.
Dreaming of fragrant treasure of good deeds,
The sweet abundance of the saints,
That filled the measure of the faltering one,
She wept and longed to give one small deed more.

The echoing temple of her soul was filled
With the mellow tolling of innumerable bells.
From a thousand lilies' alabaster springs
Bubbled a fragrance; and the peering sun,
Flowing through arched cathedral panes,
Through glistening robes, and folded wings,
Was hushed to the jeweled twilight of her soul.

Revolution

JEAN LEONARD, '27

MARTHA CARLTON sat in an uncomfortable porch rocker, swinging her foot as she had been swinging it for the past hour. She felt ill at ease as if she were under some great nervous strain. This was a strange time to be restless when the pleasant heat of the afternoon was acting like a drug on the whole of nature. The chickens, resting under the porch in the cool dirt, gave only an occasional squawk; even the flies had ceased to buzz around her head.

Her foot swung mechanically. She would start supper soon, but it was only four o'clock, an hour too early. Why didn't she do something? What was she sitting here for? The new magazines were on the hall table. She gazed abstractedly at a wakeful rooster scratching in the gravel walk, and came to herself with a start.

Again she questioned herself, and the questioning voice seemed to take the form and tone of her brother's words, "What are you waiting for? Always standing around." She was always waiting—waiting for time to start supper; waiting through Edward's slow, silent meal; waiting for bed time—even the night was one long wait for daylight.

She walked across the yard toward the bee-hives. Again sneering echoes of Edward's voice assailed her: "What's the matter with you anyway? You look discontented. Don't you get enough to eat?"

What was the matter with her? Discontent was no new malady; she could not remember ever having been contented. All the countryside seemed to have been breeding for centuries a gnawing dissatisfaction. She recalled the early Carltons, pioneers, who had crossed the mountains, cut through the forests, and settled in what was then a veritable wilderness; of their descendants, held captive by these hills and by unimpeachable tradition. Had none of them felt discontent? Obviously the men had not. She thought

of them all as burly, blasphemous, high-tempered farmers like her father, too obstinate to return upon themselves and their own blood; or like Edward, in whom the steady glow of ill-temper burned unseen, fostering the growth of qualities, less forgivable than anger,—conscious egotism and wilful tyranny. The women she imagined patient, self-sacrificing, like her mother, devoting themselves to unappreciative husbands and thankless children—or waiting for time to pass. She was not one of them; she had enough of her father's temper to know it for what it was. She was sister, not wife to the tyrant.

The milking was over. The “niggers” had opened the gate for the cows and were driving the slow-moving animals to the barn. Little black Philopina was toiling up the path with a pail of milk for supper. She wore as her one garment the top portion of one of Martha's discarded dresses, the gathered waist-line hitting her far below the middle, leaving only a two-inch ruffle by way of skirt. Peeny's small brother, following at a safe distance, wore the lower half of the green dress tied about him like a potato-sack.

“New dress, Peeny?”

“Yas'm. It's yourn, Miss Marthy. Jimson's got one too.”

“Leave the milk on the doorstep, Peeny. . . . Go on home, Peeny. What do you want?”

“Piece o' cake, Miss Marthy.”

Martha cut a slice for Peeny and a slice for Jimson, and dismissed them,—bothersome brats.

At least the dining-room was cool on these fearful days. She chased the flies out the door and removed the cheese-cloth covering from the table. How everything smelled of food and of the kitchen, as if every curtain, every square of linen, had been steeped for centuries in the fumes of frying ham and the smoke of burning cedar! The oil-lamp hanging from the ceiling swayed as Edward walked about upstairs. She wished that he would step harder and shake it down; then he would have to buy a new one. It would rejoice her heart to see the red and yellow fluted glass dashed to bits, to hear Edward raging at the destruction of “a piece our

great-grandfather bought up at Franklin in the forties." She wanted to see Edward angry at something he had done, as she was so often angry. She slammed down a dish of cold chicken just as her brother came in the door.

"Time for another show of your native fire?" Martha contained herself until the meal was half over.

"What are you waiting for? Why don't you start washing the dishes?"

"All the dishes are washed, but yours." Edward pushed back his chair.

"See here, can't I eat my supper in peace without you standing over me waiting for the dishes? Open the blinds over there. I don't like reading in the dark."

"You'd never have to read in the dark if you'd get proper lighting for the house."

"House isn't worth it."

"Then build a new one. We aren't poor. Or sell the whole mildewed old farm and buy a respectable house in town."

"Are you crazy?" said Edward looking up from his paper.

"I want what I've got a right to. I've served my term to you, Edward. You've got to sell my share of the land. You've got to. You can't always keep me bound to this decaying barn. I'll go away—anywhere! And then you'll have to marry that ugly, freckled little Ella Watson that's getting older and uglier waiting for you. You won't have any trouble keeping her here. She'll be glad of any sort of a home. But I'm no fool! I'll not stay here another hour, not another minute——"

"If you don't need me any longer, I think I'll go upstairs where it's a little quieter." Assuming a bored expression, Edward left his sister standing speechless in her rage, and ascended the stair. This was nothing new. Martha was frequently possessed of the devil. Her anger would wear itself out of its own force. She would not go away; she had nowhere to go; and she was not a brave woman. He turned on the stair.

"Yes, go away. It will doubtless be good for your temper."

She did not know what had got into her; she had never

been so angry before; she felt the blood of the Carltons surging in her veins, and found in herself a small inheritance of their courage. Her brain was like a spring wound tight; she felt herself capable of many things. With scarcely a thought of where she was going, with only two ideas in her mind—that through the wood was the shortest way to town, that the wood was cold after sundown—she took a horse-blanket from the hall closet and went out the door.

Peeny, in whom the happy consciousness of the new green dress had created eagerness for service, was swinging on the gate to the cow-pasture when Martha reached it.

"Y'aint goin' to town this time o' ev'nin', is ya, Miss Marthy?"

If y' is, I'll ast Pa to git the surrey hitched up fur ya."

Martha did not turn aside for the gate. Stooping beneath the lowest bar of the fence, she crawled under and left Peeny with her big mouth open.

The path through the wood wound incessantly; she had not remembered so many rocks, so many rambling roots and vines to trip one's feet. The upward climb was steeper than it had been when she wandered aimlessly along it gathering nuts and persimmons. She was too intent upon the obstacles in her path to notice that the sun had disappeared earlier than was its custom, and that the oak-leaves were quivering in an ill-boding wind. The storm broke full and unexpectedly upon her. The blanket afforded her little protection from that first fury, hail, breath-taking wind, torrents of rain like the flood from a broken dam. It did not occur to her to turn back, or even to stop. Once the wind tore the streaming blanket from her, and she was forced to go back several yards to retrieve it. She struggled on. It was getting darker; intermittent flashes showed tall oaks and lindens bending like saplings. There was only one more hill before she must cross the creek. Drenched and exhausted she reached the top; and, kneeling and holding to a tree-trunk, she saw through the dimness of the storm the widening stream below. A sudden streak illumined the little valley; a beautiful sycamore which had watched its image in clear waters for many a year fell prone across the creek; and the

sound of splintering wood accompanied the thunder. Now she could cross. Sometimes climbing, sometimes sliding, she got to the bottom and stopped. What was she thinking of? She could never reach the town in this storm. Very wearily she crawled under an overhanging boulder and lay down.

With the unremitting voice of the storm in her ears she fell into a half-slumber, though such of her mental faculties as anger had not temporarily destroyed continued unquieted, and articulate invectives against Edward mingled with the rushing of the creek. Finally, even anger grew tired, and she slept.

The trees in the cold dawn were beautiful. All except the stricken sycamore stood upright as before the storm, and their leaves hung now limp and exhausted, now rustling with a new strength. Martha watched them from her little cave, motionless. She could not endure to disturb a single leaf, to shatter a single drop. She too had a new tranquillity, the strength of a still mind, of a passionless eye. There was no question of going on; she had lost her zest for the journey; anger, the spur to action, had left her. But anger had left her many times before, and she had felt only its pettiness and futility, never this certainty of mind. Then she knew. It would never happen again; she would never escape; she shared her mother's cowardice as well as the Carlton spirit. Last night was the high-tide of her restlessness, her grand moment, and it had passed fruitless. She saw her life stretching before her, as bare and uneventful as it had been hitherto, filled with anger toward Edward, contempt for Ella, love perhaps for their children, but no escape from the land of her fathers' pride. It was strange that she could see it so calmly; all she had left of the night's courage was the strength to bear this knowledge.

When she reached the fallen sycamore she found Edward sitting beside it, his hair and clothes drenched; he had been there most of the night.

"Decided to go home?"

"Where else can I go—like this?"

Thoughts of the farm disturbed her. The windows had

probably been left open; the water had risen in the spring-house and there would be no milk for breakfast.

They walked on. At the edge of the wood was Peeny, looking for hailstones and muttering to herself, "Wha they gone? Birds musta et 'em." She addressed Martha:

"Me an' Jimson put the milk up on the shelves.—Jimson, he spilt one bucket." She did not reflect that all traces of her guilt had long ago been washed away.

Martha patted the black head. They emerged from their shelter. Behind her the forest was shaking itself like a great animal after the rain. Martha stopped at the pasture gate; for a moment she forgot Edward. The pale sun was rising from behind the chastened hills; broad before her the paternal acres greeted another day.

Awakening

ANNE M. PETRASCH, '28

I chanced to look up in your eyes
One lilting autumn day,—
My jesting moment's glance stood still,
I gazed in vague dismay;
My laughter ceased, my heart was stopped:
Alone in time in space,
I saw reflected in your eyes
What lighted up my face;
What shone upon my countenance
Was quite unfound and new
Until I saw it mirrored there,—
Then suddenly it grew
To fill the utmost universe
And deepest haunts of men,
While still we gazed and knew we loved
And spoke no word, and then—

Doubts on the Modesty of the Violet

MARIANA BONNELL, '25

Maybe the violet's modest,
And maybe she is not.
Upon her flawless character
I would not cast a spot.
But duty and conscience
Now force me to mention
I've seen her twice flirting with tall,
handsome gentian.

Is the violet
Very shy?
See the
Merry twinkle
In her eye
When Sir
Periwinkle
Passes by!

The Fountain

MADELEINE BLUMENSTOCK, '25

There was a fountain in the market-place;
Two lions from their carven nostrils breathed
Jets of clear water shimmering like lace,
That shot the air with rainbows, fell and seethed
And beat the marble basin that ensheathed
The waters raging like a little sea;
Doves darted through its foam by day, and wreathed
In fluttering pairs its stone embroidery;
At night it held the stars and all infinity.

Impersonation

E. T. NELSON, '27

OF THE three men who had lunch at the table by the window, two excused themselves on pressing business immediately after dessert, but the third sat for a long time, drinking his coffee, and staring down the street. When a waitress came to remove the plates and the sum neatly placed beside the check, he addressed her with a certain awkwardness.

"May I—is there someone who wants this table? May I sit here awhile?" She was a woman of concrete mind, reckoning on a substantial tip—and besides, the rush-hour was over—so she said, "Sure; help yourself!" and bore away her tray.

Thus left to his ease, he settled more comfortably in his chair, and gave himself up to meditation. The steamship company's business which had brought him being finished, he had now nothing to do. If his glance rested more or less interestedly on the occasional person who entered, it was hardly with any idea of recognizing or of being recognized. Few people would remember him after an absence of thirty-five years. His life here had been obscure enough, an old tale of the son managed by the mother. . . . She was the daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman, a mild woman of astonishing firmness of character, which had guided the youth through the Rockport Grammar School, and established him in the Rockport Bank and Trust, at a post he loathed. Emancipated by her death, he had joyfully bound himself to the service of all his youthful desires, the sea. To veterans of that craft, who might remember young Macwilliams and his first exodus over the waters, the captain's uniform he now wore would be the badge of compromise, debarring him from their fellowship.

But the compromise, to speak plainly, in no way troubled him, save for its effect on the hypothetical acquaintances he might meet. Long years and hard years at sea, wherein he

rose to be first mate of a Newcastle fourmaster, had only sharpened in him a taste for the softer side, and proved that, for all his young fancies, he was in truth no heroic man-of-the-sea. Proved, too, perhaps, he had no wish to be. So gradually do changes in our nature make themselves felt that he did not realize this transition from aspiring boyhood to manhood, grown to a final and commonplace stature, till the transition itself had assumed hazy outlines in the past, and brought, when recalled, no sense of disappointment or disillusion. Here lies, no doubt, the completest surrender—that he accepted, as of course, his own commonplaceness. With whatever values we may endow the rational and the common-sense, when a man eats three meals a day and performs his work in contentment nearly three hundred and sixty-five times a year—with never a day of fancying himself a king, a hero, or a god—we may say that for him romance has assuredly passed away.

Yet, even in such a one, the sight of the place where he grew up and where for thirty-five years he has not walked, may arouse unusual sensations. Macwilliams, staring down the business street of a little Maine seaport town, found himself recognizing the names of shops he had forgotten existed. The shops themselves were mostly transformed, but the names largely remained. Opposite him rose a glorified version of the bank where he had first worked. Halfway down the next block hung a sign (Cuthbert & Sons, Jewellers) that, from its battered and ancient look, might have hung there in his days at the bank. He had once gone into that shop to have his mother's watch mended; and once, later, after her death, to buy a blue locket with some money acquired from selling the watch. He remembered that locket. heart-shaped, with a dove painted on one side, and a pink rose on the other. For perhaps thirty years he had not given the thing a thought, but now the memory of it roused in him a curious recollection of the girl for whom it was bought, and of that far-removed time.

Macwilliams, as has been shown, was in no way extraordinary—not even in his estimation of himself. Yet once in his life he had had an extraordinary experience, one of

those improbable affairs that always appear to have been borrowed from fiction. He was engaged, before his first voyage, to a pretty creature of seventeen, spoiled, and inclined, like himself, to dreaming, only in terms of sentimental novels, rather than sea-tales. Her father, one of the partners of Benson, Cartwright and Wheeler, Shipowners, had secured for Macwilliams his berth, a long-distance trip to Australia, estimated at thirteen months. Macwilliams, staring unseeingly down the sunny street, his elbows propped among the cruets, recalled the gray little silent spectacled man, from whom he had hardly ever heard anything more revealing than "Good-morning," or "Fine day." To no one, in fact, was ever revealed much more; Marjorie, people said, must have taken after her mother. Marjorie herself had dark eyes and a lovely voice, with sometimes a childish, pouting, bewitching air, or sometimes again, a way of staring dreamily into space, as if she moved in a world of her own. It was perhaps these quaint contradictions that made her charm; certainly Macwilliams thought her like no one on earth. She was the little girl he had stared at in school, too shy to offer to carry her books; she was the goddess on whom his rapt eyes feasted in church from his solitary corner, until one day, going out, she smiled on him, and said, "Won't you come to see us sometimes?" And that very afternoon he presented himself at her gate, fearful that, unless he grasped at once the golden chance, his courage would desert him.

The man who sat remembering these things wore an expression so strange that the passing waitress stared, and gave her colleague a nudge. For years his passion for Marjorie had been dead; for years, forgotten; yet the place that had seen its hour—the same little commonplace street, the same little dingy jewelry shop—woke in him a kind of ghostly recollection, as though the thing had turned in its grave. . . . First passion is like that, they say; it dies, and we forget; then fate, or accident, beckons a finger, and the ghost rises.

He remembered the last time he had seen her, saying good-bye the night before his ship sailed at dawn. What

mockery, he thought now, to have glimpsed the years ahead, as they stood in her dark garden and swore their love eternal—"eternal" (in their romantic saying) "as the stars," that peeped at them through the spring leaves.

"It'll be you, David, always, and you alone." Marjorie's face was a sweet blur in the darkness, and her stiff frock was crushed in his arms. He whispered back, "And for me, too, you only." As the treble tones of a clock floated out, warning them of the lateness of the hour, his voice came to her hoarsely, "But I may not come back, you know."

"David!" Her hand stopped whatever he might have added. "You *will* come back—ah, I know you will!"

And he did, when she had ceased expecting him. He came back in a broken ship, disabled on the return trip, and limping painfully home over the rough seas. As though the circumstance that had caused the hideous and inconceivable delay seemed to the grim gods hardly enough, one touch still more ironic was added. All the messages and communications forwarded on that painful passage had vanished forever into the unknown. Benson, Cartwright and Wheeler, having so long given up the ship that its loss appeared now only a regrettable incident of the past, awoke one morning to find the wreck of that ship in the harbor, and the remnant of its crew in their offices. Macwilliams remembered old Benson, his eyes behind the spectacles nearly starting out of his head. "Well, well, well! This is wonderful!" was all he could say. "Well, well! I—it's wonderful!" He must have said it a hundred times before he got Macwilliams into a corner, and stuttered forth perhaps the longest speech of his life. "I—I—you know, that is—I thought you might like to know—that is, it's a little piece of news. You used to be up at the house—you know my daughter Marjorie. I—er, that is (I thought you might like to know)—she was married last week."

Macwilliams was very tired. He had been at the pumps, and almost without food for the last twenty-four hours. But he stared steadily at Benson, and repeated, "Marjorie was married—your daughter was married, you say?" (How

extraordinarily silly the words sounded! As if they conveyed any meaning. . . .) Benson was trying to edge away, but Macwilliams caught him by the coat, and inquired (very cleverly, he thought at the time—to remember the thing to say when one has just come from the pumps), “I say—who did she marry?”

Benson, looking frightened, kept trying to escape, but he stammered, “Clifford—Arthur Clifford, you know. Come to—come to see us some time.”

Come to see them! Macwilliams stared at his silly scared face, with the starting eyes; then, “Oh, you almighty fool!” he roared, so that the whole roomful of people turned to gape.

“Excuse me; we close at four o’clock,” said a feminine voice at his shoulder, and Macwilliams looked up to meet the gaze of the waitress. He got very red, muttered “I beg your pardon,” and snatching his hat, walked out. No restaurant would close at four o’clock; they must have thought he was crazy, staring so long out of the window.

But there he was in the sunny street, with no design in the world, save of being on his ship within four days. He blinked, like a man just roused from sleep, and staring at a truck that rattled past, tried to remember what he was thinking when the waitress ejected him. Ah, yes—Clifford, that dapper little fellow he had known at the bank, and who had married Marjorie. Idly he inspected the bank building, reflecting that Clifford might now be president, or something like that. The cool marble depths offered no clue, and he cared too little really to inquire. Strolling lazily down the street, past tobacco shops and sporting-goods stores and a movie emporium, he found himself wondering, with a kind of listless, amused curiosity, what on earth to do. The movie offered no attraction; there was no one in the town he cared enough to see, to set about looking him up; only by chance a commission of the company’s had brought him here.

The street stretched away ahead of him, up a gradual long hill, trees, houses, and front-yards beginning to replace the shops. Old Benson’s house had been almost on top of

the hill, where the wide, paved street became a road running out to the country between fields and orchards. He had always liked that house—huge, rambling and white, with a spacious lawn in front, a coach-house at the side, and a garden behind. The fancy seized him now to go and look at the old place, maybe even to see if Marjorie still lived there. No romantic assumptions, of course—thirty-five years would hardly have improved her looks. And thinking this, he caught his own reflection in the mirror of a shop-window. A man of medium height, looking less than his years, with passable features and a close, carefully tended beard, between brown and grey, that gave him a certain factitious distinction—his complacency about it being perhaps the last trace of his romanticism. Nothing there to shock Marjorie, he decided, with a faint smile at the reflection. But she wouldn't recognize him, of course; even eyes, the most recognizable feature, have changes wrought in their shape by years of exposure at sea. His voice, he knew, too, had grown deeper—he could take care of that—and it might be amusing, before telling her who he was, to talk with her a while.

As he began to climb the hill, in a shade grateful after the sunnier downtown street, he thought again of their farewell, so curiously final. Remarkable, what fantastic things passion leads people to say. "You always and you alone"—the silly phrase had stuck in his head all these years, as a kind of silent and unforgettable reminder of the folly of human vows. "You alone" . . . And she had been married within two years. He alone, indeed! But then, he had said it, too, he smiled slightly to recall; and though, to be sure, he had not married, he had perhaps consoled himself.

On the way up the hill, he saw so many changes in the places he remembered that the sight of the Benson house, apparently as he had left it, brought him a feeling of pleasure. Lifting the latch, he went slowly up the gravel walk, and presently beheld a lady alone in an island of wicker furniture on the lawn. She was seated, in profile, reading a newspaper. Her hair was quite grey, she had grown stout, and looked, alack, older than he thought any woman of fifty-four had a

right to look. But it was undoubtedly Marjorie. As the sound of his footsteps reached her, she turned and gazed at him uncertainly over her spectacles (a habit he detested) and presently arose, revealing the middle-aged shapelessness of a once dainty figure.

"Mrs. Clifford—Mrs. Arthur Clifford, I believe?"

"Yes, I am Mrs. Clifford." Her smile was pleasant, a trifle timid, and she had the same lovely voice.

"I think I once knew a friend of yours, a shipmate of mine," he heard himself coolly saying, "and being in town on business, knew he'd like to have me call and give you his regards."

"A friend of mine?" She was plainly bewildered. "Won't you sit down?" She took off her spectacles, to his immense relief, for they left her a middle-aged lady, who despite an unbecoming coiffure, might once have been beautiful. A movement of hospitality, that was perhaps even a modest flourish, made her say, "You must be warm after a walk up that hill. Couldn't I give you something to drink—some tea, maybe?" Though he declined, she had already rung a small bell, answered by a maid's head at the window, having nodded to which, she settled back with a pleased little smile. (It was as though the stage had been always ready—she might have sat there for years, waiting for a stranger to walk into her yard, and be audience for the bell-ringing.)

"You said you had known a friend of mine?"

Her visitor dropped his eyes for a moment. "Yes, we were shipmates once, quite a while ago. He has his own command now—his name's Macwilliams."

Whatever he had expected, what he saw surprised him. A blush, an incredible rosy blush, mounted into her soft white cheeks. She looked at her hands, "Really, really!" she murmured, looking greatly confused. To fill the pause, he went on talking. "He often mentioned Rockport as his home town—said he'd first gone to sea in a ship owned by Benson, Cartwright and Wheeler (who owned the one we were sailing then), and that he'd known Mr. Benson's daughter."

These pointless fictions gave her time to recover her

poise, and look at him with a face that was composed, very sad, and—as he saw for the first time—shockingly worn. Her smile had dressed out with a certain gaiety the wrinkles now soberly drooping, as though, shorn of a pretty veil, she had shown him the face of an old woman.

“Yes, I knew Mr. Macwilliams—quite well,” she said clearly. “How is he now?”

Macwilliams gave her some details about his own flourishing state, to which she listened with great attention.

“I’m so very glad to see you, you know,” she told him when he had finished, “and to be hearing some news about him. It was good of you to call. I hadn’t heard now for a great many years; but before then, once or twice, I heard things—that he was doing well—that he’d never married.”

Her eyes were so frankly inquiring that he nodded. “He’s never married.”

She gave a just perceptible sigh—he might have fancied of relief; but who could tell? The maid came from the house just then, bearing a small tray, and followed by a large white cat who stationed himself by the table. Mrs. Clifford said quaintly, in the tone she might have used for a stage butler, “No tea, Anna—nothing else”; poured for the cat some cream in a saucer, and until the girl was out of sight, kept up a series of trivial remarks about pets. Then she turned to Macwilliams, earnestly.

“You can’t think how I appreciate your remembering he’d talked about me, and coming to look me up. Won’t you be persuaded, if you’ll not have tea, to stay with me for dinner? I’m a widow, but my youngest daughter lives with me, and we’d be so delighted to have you.”

Her kind, simple gaze somehow disconcerted Macwilliams. He excused himself from dinner, with a sense of compunction for his first ungracious appraisal of her. As she sat there, fixing him with the intent look of near-sighted people, she seemed almost pretty again, and certainly very good hearted.

“I suppose you know,” she said quite simply, “that Mr. Macwilliams and I were engaged.”

Like her, he could only murmur, "Really," and his own eyes fell. "Before his first voyage," she went on. "He may have told you how they broke down, and were given up for lost, and came in almost a year late. I was broken-hearted, of course, but—" staring at her from under a shading hand, he surprised a strange expression, rueful, and poignantly sad, "I let myself be persuaded I ought to try to forget. . . ."

Was she justifying herself to him? Evidently, she thought he would have had a version from Macwilliams. Or what did she mean? For an instant, faint uneasiness possessed him, but another stare at her unconscious countenance dispelled it. There was no guile, no concealment behind that mournful serenity.

"Life is very strange." The lovely voice paid no heed to his silence, and he had a feeling that he was being given one of those extraordinary confidences reserved for strangers. "When I was a girl, I used to believe beyond any doubt that it was beautiful—that it all meant something . . . *some-how*, if we could only find out. There had to be—do you understand?—things like an ideal marriage, the perfect family. And failing in the end must be your own fault."

She sat for awhile silent, stroking the cat who had jumped into her lap. "I believed—like a romantic young creature—in 'ideals,' in 'being true' to things." She smiled at him now, touchingly; but he was conscious of only astonishment and irritation, that she—of all women in the world—should be talking so.

"Then, of course, I was the first, you see, not to follow my own ideals. I was young—very young—and lonely . . . My husband had known about David, and was kind, and sympathized. . . ." A hint of that amazing blush appeared again on her cheeks. "It must sound queer, I know—my saying this to you. . . . After all, it was all a long time ago—perhaps he's forgotten me."

Some impulse prompted Macwilliams to say, "But he's never married, you know."

Her face lighted. "Ah, I know—that's it! That's what makes it so wonderful! I failed, so soon—I failed us both.

But *he* kept on, for all of my proving unworthy. . . .” Her eyes, wide and dreamy as he had seen them in her youth, were looking into space, and a slow smile replaced her sober look. “All my life, whenever people have disappointed me, and I’ve almost lost belief in human nature, I’ve remembered that. So far as I knew, he’d always kept the promise we made each other, though I myself had broken it.”

She gazed at him then, luminously, as if she had given him, in these simple words, her whole secret. Her eyes might have been a mirror, whose clear image showed him another man. . . . He stared a moment, appalled, at the fellow—this enshrined being—masquerading in his clothes. . . . In the little silence that followed, the white cat climbed on her shoulder.

Abruptly, rudely, Macwilliams dragged out his watch, and rose. “You’ve been very good to me,” he said harshly, “but I must be going.” Regretful, she rose, again with the timid smile.

“Do you know,” she murmured, embarrassed, “here I’ve been telling you these things, and haven’t even asked your name.”

“My name?” He hesitated, and gave a short laugh. “It isn’t important. My name’s—Rogers—Andrew Rogers.”

The cat curled up in her left arm blinked at the stranger.

“Thank you again, Mr. Rogers, for coming to see me.” She held out her hand, which he had to take. “And if you ever happen to see David again, tell him from me that I was glad to be hearing about him.”

She gave his hand a gentle pressure, and he was off, down the gravel path, through the gate. He felt that she was standing beside the table, watching him, but he did not turn to see.

As he went down the hill, he was asking himself why under heaven he had told the lie. For her sake? . . . For his own? . . . Not that it made any difference—not that the whole affair made any difference, he assured himself, as he turned into his hotel. Anyway, it was all right to have seen her—this time. He would never be in Rockport again.

The Prologue of the Angels

To V. W. L. and M. L. W.

ELEANOR FOLLANSBEE, '26

Before the Curtain

First Angel.

Second Angel.

They come in from opposite sides of the stage singing a hymn. The first angel closes his book and stands looking at the second angel.

F. A.: Why do you sing so much? You're too angelic.

S. A.: Why not?

F. A.: Well people expect it of us I suppose. Still—there is no excuse for putting on airs and overdoing it. You know we're only Greek victories baptised by the Church.

S. A.: I hadn't thought of that. You remind me of my beloved Anatole France.

F. A.: So?

S. A.: Yes; not much reverence you know. *He* understood us.

F. A.: How about Blake and the venerable Swedenborg who swallowed everything?

S. A.: They're nice—but it was Anatole who first made me think we are real.

F. A.: So we were in his mind. We cannot exist except in the minds of people.

S. A.: No really? You mean— Oh, pinch me. (*He is pinched.*) Yes— Why, so it is; you're quite right.

F. A.: Is that a comfort to you? You look positively beatific.

S. A.: But I am. Think of the possibilities.

F. A.: Less responsibility and no free will is what it amounts to.

S. A.: On the contrary—don't you see that if we are part of people's minds we shall grow with them. The future is before us!

- F. A.: Somehow I doubt its glory.
- S. A.: But think of what we have gained already. Fra Angelico gave us pretty dresses for feast days; Blake gave us spiritual forms; Anatole gave us intellect.
- F. A.: The Church gave us piety—was that a blessing? We have been generously endowed with stupid tasks, such as appearing to saints and watching infants while they are asleep.
- S. A.: O come; don't you remember how glad you were the day some kind friend took away our lilies?
- F. A. (*enthusiastic for a moment*): Yes, and the day I could scrap the trumpet and the sword. Perhaps some day we'll be civilized.
- S. A.: Rational beings—at last. O my halo, but we'd be different!
- F. A.: Not so fast. Evolution, you know, is not yet accepted by all scientists.
- S. A.: Don't be ridiculous.
- F. A.: But I am ridiculous, so are you; half ridiculous, half sublime.
- S. A.: Why?
- F. A.: Because it is through us that man seeks to understand divinity.
- S. A.: I see; he is ridiculous to want to and sublime to try.
- F. A.: We must contain those elements. In us the two worlds meet—we are the interpreters.
- S. A.: How can we, poor creatures, interpret divinity.
- F. A.: Because we are what man made us in his highest as well as in his stupidest moments and in our faces he sees the face of the All Compassionate tempered so that its glory will not blind him. We are the smoked glasses for his weak eyes. And all through time, as long as he will consent to recognize us, we shall keep the gateway to the two worlds wide open for him.
- F. A. finds note on pitch pipe where they left off and they go out singing as they have come.*

Sonnet

E. T. NELSON, '27

A while ago, we sat and talked together,
As friends and lovers do, of all and naught,
Of Life and Death, and how we liked the weather.
And intimately sharing thus our thought,
We built about ourselves a house for two,
Where you and I might lift the latch, and walk
Its garden-ways alone, as lovers do,
In understanding, with no need of talk.
Then, suddenly, a little wind came blowing,
And stirred the leaves—breathed on your face a
change,
And suddenly I knew there was no knowing
What mysteries, remote, forever strange,
May shroud your spirit when I think to see . . .
So that a stranger walks and talks with me.

Poem

MADELEINE BLUMENSTOCK, '25

She is a harbinger of May
As constant as the plump buds on the tree,
That old, old woman hobbling down Brougham
Way,
Piping and singing songs of Tuscany.
With every year that old, old woman comes,
As thrushes come, or green upon the sedge,
Or hawthorn clusters where the wild bee hums,
Or sound of chirping to the fresh-burst hedge.
So, when I see her hobbling down the street,
Seeming eternal as eternal spring,
I toss a few stray pennies to her feet,
Like any Pagan at his offering.

“Still Waters——”

EDITH TWEDDELL, '26

THE late July sun was setting behind the hills of a small New England village, shedding a diffused red glow upon the winding roads. Vague clouds of dust hung in the wake of the postman's brown buggy which was rocking merrily on its way to the distant farms. Among the leafy elms by the village church the birds, twittering sleepily to each other, sounded like tiny silver bells muffled in cobwebs and shaken by the rising breath of the evening. The hour was one wherein the men usually walked idly homeward from the fields and shops, and the women collected at the mailboxes to gossip after the day's housework. Today, however, the cool peace of a quiet evening, failed to settle on the village. Groups of men and women, still in their working clothes, were running toward the old dismantled grocery store which served as a courthouse. Young mothers hastily bundled the smaller children into the receptive laps of aged grandparents, and ran out on the road to join the chattering neighbors. In a short time the front stoop and worn pathway of the old store were buzzing with an excited throng eagerly awaiting some unusual event. Finally a cloud of dust whirled around the parish house, and the official wagon of the town sheriff hove in sight. The buzzing of the good village folk rose to a shrill pitch and died as suddenly when the wagon stopped before them. In a dead silence punctuated only by the creaks of the wagon, the sheriff dismounted from his seat and assisted three middle-aged ladies to alight. Three grey stuff dresses with three stiff grey bonnets and six immaculate white cuffs stepped out, and with a gentle dignity tinged with a certain grim defiance the three Misses Brinsmaid marched after the unhappy sheriff into the courthouse. The door fell to behind them, and the crowd took a deep breath and burst into excited whispers which rapidly grew to a roar. Why were the Misses Brinsmaid being arrested?

The rumor started that they had killed a tramp and would be sent to the State Prison on the morrow. Someone else said that their farm had been a refuge for thieves, and reports of their complicity ran riot among the excited farmers.

Jim Bilbonnet, the head postmaster, stood on the curbstone by the empty wagon and openly mourned the waning respectability of the town of Red Stream. He still held a bundle of undelivered newspapers in his hand, with which he pounded for emphasis on the top of the hitching post. Loudly and sadly he recounted the virtues of the three sisters; with growing pathos he enumerated their charities, their invaluable services to the church societies, their long unbroken line of respectable ancestry. Nobody, he remarked, had been arrested in Red Stream since the big fire some ten years ago—except Bill Burns, of course, and he was always drunk.

An oath from the background interrupted his words at this point. Bill Burns, sober for the moment, resented that speech and said so with unmistakable distinctness.

“And what’s more,” he shouted angrily at the old postmaster, “your three dear old lady friends are the damnedest bunch of saints I ever saw. They’ve been arrested for drunkenness and disorderly conduct!”

A roar of mirth drowned him out, and relieved the tension of the gathering. Unable to find any satisfactory explanations, the good people soon dispersed, and wandered slowly homeward.

Suspense and ill-concealed curiosity reigned in the little village for three long days, during which time the Misses Brinsmaid were sometimes seen quietly sewing in the walled garden back of the parish house. Two lawyers came all the way up from Hartford and were closeted in the sheriff’s office for a whole afternoon before they finally emerged to refresh themselves at Mrs. Cotter’s boarding house. The next day the lawyers went back to town, and the Misses Brinsmaid were discreetly driven home again in the gathering shades of evening. But why, queried the village with its customary interest in the affairs of its members, why had the Misses Brinsmaid been arrested at all?

On a hot day in early June the Misses Brinsmaid were busily engaged in baking cakes for the School Fair. Sharp arrows of sunlight pierced the holes in the kitchen shades, which had been drawn for protection against the fierce heat. Over the iron stove, Abbey's brisk hands and the wooden spoon she wielded danced in the quivering heat waves, which seemed to penetrate the farthest corners of the neat kitchen. Hatty was absent-mindedly counting jelly glasses in the pantry; while Lou was anxiously cutting fudge into pieces exactly one inch square. A locust buzzed outside the pantry window, while on the back stoop a louder insect answered him in regular cadences. It was too hot even for the birds to sing, until a low rumble of distant thunder promised the relief of a shower.

Lou broke in on the silence of the pantry with a sudden interjection:

"Abbey, where's the recipe for the jelly we used to get on our birthdays? We haven't had it since grandma died. I've a good mind to do up some jars of it for the Fair. We've done strawberry and cherry, cherry and strawberry, for every School Fair till the whole village is sick of them."

"Must be up in grandma's trunk, Sister. You can go upstairs and look if you like. I don't like meddling with her things even if she is dead, but I guess there's no objection to looking for a jelly recipe. You can take Hatty up with you, you'll need two of you to lift the top tray, and she must have counted the jelly glasses three times over since she's been in the pantry. Hatty, get the little lamp from the dining room; it'll be dark up in the attic, especially if it's going to rain."

Up in the attic, the two sisters found the old leathern trunk containing their grandmother's belongings. Lou held up the lamp while the older woman hunted in the key basket for the right key, tagged in an old-fashioned handwriting which had long since faded to a rusty brown. On the tin roof above them pattered the first heavy drops of the approaching storm, enhancing the quiet of the attic. The top tray was a mass of small boxes and bundled letters, which Hatty sorted with deft fingers, until she reached the

desired sheaf of recipes written in the same neat hand as the key tag. Both women were buried in the mood of contemplation which inevitably descends when one turns to look back at the gravestones of long dead years. Outside, the rain came down in sheets against gabled windows, through which the tossing branches of the trees could be discerned by occasional flashes of lightning.

Hatty was reverently restoring the old papers to their places, when, quite by accident, she disturbed a hitherto untouched corner in which lay a small wooden box. Something about it attracted her, hesitatingly she raised it to the lamplight where, on its lid, she read aloud the word "Rebekah." A clap of thunder burst over the house, and Hatty dropped the box like a hot coal, while her heart pounded in her chest. Lou clutched the lamp and stared at her sister with a white face until the thunder had died away. She was the first to break the silence.

"Of course, it's silly to be so scared," she quavered, "but I don't like the looks of it. Why—why it should thunder just when you said that—said that word—I—I—you'd better pick it up, Hatty."

The box lay at their feet where it had fallen; the top had broken open, scattering a number of folded papers on the floor about them. Hatty stooped and gingerly picked them up. They were so old and brittle that one paper cracked when she tried to fold it again. Fascinated, Lou put the lamp on the floor and helped to collect them.

"That's 'Old Rebekah' you know, Lou, that Granny told us about. I don't like to think about it, it gives me the shudders. She was probably just a poor old woman—" and Hatty glanced apprehensively up at the roof, as if she expected a blast from heaven to follow her words—"like anybody else."

"She was burnt, too," answered Lou, scarcely above a whisper.

Plucking up their courage, since nothing further happened, the sisters read some of the papers by the light of the lamp. Most of them were quite commonplace—recipes, directions for making a dress, simple remedies for rheumatism, sun-

strokes, etc., and two old love letters written in a dashing, although a delicately flourished, masculine hand.

At the bottom of the pile lay a little yellow paper labelled, "For Restoring Youthfulness." It was a letter in which was quoted a recipe for a rather complicated potion. The drinker thereof, said the writer, would enjoy all the freshness of youth for some hours, with the banishment of all aches and pains "whether they be of the bodye or the soule." The letter was signed "Rebekah."

"Of course, it's all nonsense!" jerked Hatty tossing her head.

"Those things never do what they say," added her sister.

"There's nothing poisonous in it," remarked Hatty, after carefully scanning the recipe.

"It doesn't look awfully hard," commented Lou. "It wouldn't hurt to try it."

"We can take it downstairs and see, Abbey needn't know."

"Nobody need know; we're just trying it for fun."

"Oh, of course, we don't think it would work!" scorned Hatty, putting back the little wooden box.

Agreeing that they might "just try it sometime, if they had nothing else to do," the sisters descended guiltily from the attic, fortunately remembering to bring the jelly recipe, while the youth potion throbbed in the pocket of Lou's blue pinafore.

The directions given by "Old Rebekah" stated that the last brewing (and there were three, to reduce the drink to its essence) was distinctly more effective if done on the night of a full moon. The old woman further remarked that she had tried it herself on a cloudy night with a half moon, and that the potion had, as usual, effected a temporary restoration of youth, but the next day she had fallen downstairs and broken two teeth. It was obviously not safe to trust the brewing to a half moon.

"Of course," declared Hatty, some days later, as she and Lou were clandestinely preparing the second brew, "this moon business is all nonsense; but I'm not one to take the risk. We can finish it as easily as not by the full moon a week from Sunday night."

"It's not very *nice* to have to do it on Sunday," commented Lou while she measured out the sugar, "but that's Abbey's night to stay with old Mrs. Calkins, and we can't let it set till July. Besides Abbey's getting suspicious; she's missed the silver strainer already."

After what seemed weeks of waiting, the Sunday of the last brewing dawned upon the impatient sisters. The day dragged to an end, and Abbey was packed off after supper to spend the night with the ever-ailing Mrs. Calkins. Scarcely was she out of the gate when her sisters donned two gingham aprons and brought to light some half-dozen little crocks and jars from the cellar. The clock droned out the hours to an almost silent kitchen, while the sisters stirred, boiled, and strained, in accordance with the old woman's directions.

At quarter to twelve Lou lifted the great cauldron from the fire and set it on the zinc-topped table. Her fingers trembled as she stirred in the final flavorings, and Hatty's pale face wore an unnatural flush, not wholly traceable to the glow from the iron stove. After a moment's hesitation the younger sister threw open the blind, and the great white moon almost sailed into the little kitchen, shedding a flood of light on the shining table and into the bubbling, black depths of the pot.

"If it's got to have moonlight," muttered Lou defensively to Hatty's gingham back, "it might as well get a good dose!"

Hatty was poring over the recipe which she held under the kitchen lamp.

"We have done everything just as it said, Sister, it *should* come out right." Taking two small tumblers from the kitchen cabinet, she brought them over to the table, and dipped one into the cooling liquid.

Neither of them heard footsteps on the gravel path without, and the patter of two small rubbers being dropped on the stoop outside the door did not penetrate the absorption of the two women.

The door opened, and as Lou held up a glass of the potion, she gazed into the face of Abbey. Her hand, bearing the glass, dropped to the table with a bang.

Abbey walked briskly into the room.

"What are you making? Mrs. Calkins didn't need me after half-past eleven, so I came back. It smells very queer indeed; tell me at once, Louise."

Lou squirmed, while Hatty falteringly explained the purpose of the aromatic mixture, now seeming so pitifully ridiculous in the presence of Abbey's practical eye and firm, uncondoning mouth.

"Give me the glass, Lou."

The elder sister sniffed inquiringly at the lukewarm liquid. She looked quizzically at its blackness lit by quivering waves and sparks of topaz where the moonlight touched it. The two cooks gasped while she drained the glass. Then Abbey put it down and gave a long, shuddering sigh. Mechanically she dipped it in the pot and drank a second time, after which she swung about on her heel and solemnly regarded her two sisters. Slowly she cocked her little grey head on one side and peered at them in increasing amusement, which expressed itself in low, immoderate chuckles. For a third time she raised the glass to her lips and poured its contents down her throat. Then, dropping a low, deliberate curtsey, she danced lightly out the open door and down the path. They heard her still laughing delightedly as she disappeared around the corner of the barn.

The two sisters looked at each other in silent horror. What had they done to Abbey? Hatty's hand shook violently as she dipped her glass into the pot.

"You mustn't take any, Lou, because you're younger; but I feel it my duty just to taste it so that I can see what has happened to Abbey."

Lou, however, had already found herself another tumbler.

* * * * *

Monday afternoon found Abbey grimly doing the week's laundry. Hatty was lying down upstairs with a slight headache. Lou was out in the yard drawing water from the well. Carrying a large pitcher, she returned to the house, followed by a man in a linen duster and a grey cap. He was touring through New England, he said, and begged for some water to quench his thirst.

While Lou was getting him a cup, the stranger approached the table, showing some interest in the demijohn which stood upon it.

"Been making some grape-juice?" he questioned, sniffing the air and giving a knowing glance to Abbey.

The woman slowly wrung out a tablecloth before she replied.

"No," she said, "it's an old-fashioned recipe; it is used as a restorative."

"I see. May I taste it?"

Lou returned with a cup and looked anxiously at her sister.

"Well," said the latter, "it's very strong. We don't quite know what to do with it, but you are welcome to try it."

The stranger liked it. He liked it so much he offered to buy the demijohnful. Abbey said he could have it for the price of the demijohn.

"It's a little too strong for our use," she explained, "if you like it you are very welcome to it."

"That's very kind of you," remarked the man, glancing from Abbey's haggard face to Lou's glazed and absent eye. He refilled his glass while he thoughtfully surveyed the room.

"Look here," he continued, "you'll pardon my noticing it, but the person who originally had this house probably had a great deal of money. You must have lost some money in the family, or you wouldn't do your own work. Now this is a very good—restorative; you could probably make a lot of money by selling it. I happen to know something about the business, and I can guarantee the stuff for you. What do you say to making the stuff yourselves, and letting me sell it for you on a commission?"

Lou looked at Abbey, and Abbey looked dismayed.

"Yes," she answered slowly, drying her hands on her apron, "we do need money. But I don't want to be concerned in any noisy business. I'd rather do my own work than run a store out here."

The stranger laughed outright.

"Oh, it won't be noisy, I promise you. In fact, I was going to ask you not to disclose the matter to any of your

neighbors, lest you start up competition and interference which would be to your disadvantage. Whether it's noisy or not, depends entirely on yourselves. I'm going to ask you to have twelve gallons of this stuff ready in two weeks, when we can make further arrangements. Good-bye, Miss Brinsmaid, I am sure you will find this undertaking to your advantage." With a bow the man was gone.

Some two weeks later, Lou sat on the kitchen stoop, neatly labelling six fragrant little demijohns. From where she sat she could just see a tiny plume of dust whirling up from the village.

"It's not time for the mail," mused Lou, "I wonder who it can be."

The brisk trot of a horse's hoofs accompanied by the shrill creaks of a new cart reached her ears, and she soon discovered old "Uncle" Syke's new patrol wagon swinging in at the distant gate. A moment later it had stopped by the hitching post, where the old man got out, secured the horse, and hesitatingly approached the kitchen stoop. "Uncle" Syke was the town clerk, the town sheriff, the head of the local school board, and a pillar of the church.

"Good-day, Uncle, won't you sit down? You haven't been up to see us for years!" She moved over on the step, and motioned to the old man to sit beside her.

"I shouldn't tell you, but you're such an old friend I know you won't repeat it." Low did not see the old man's strained expression, and continued to paste the neat labels.

"We've gone into the business, making restoratives," she beamed; "it's such a nice, quiet business, too!"

"Yes," groaned the sheriff, slowly exposing his badge, "Yes, my dear, it's much *too* quiet!"

Votive Chorus

BARBARA LING, '25

We have left you, Artemis,
With your face turned sea-ward,
And your long, heavy hair stirred by the fragrant
trade-winds,

Your slender breasts rise slowly under your tunic
For you draw deep breaths of wonder.
Your hands are still,
The hands that we held entreating,
Longing to lead you with us
O most reluctant!
Our days with you were song-filled by winds and rivers,
With beauty of the rising sun's long shadows,
We have breathed the thunder-laden air of April
And the sleep-charmed perfume of musky forest flowers.
You have filled our hearts with a love that is keen and
quickenning,
Yet we leave you, Artemis.

We leave you sadly,
For new desire is stirring,
Unwilling we go, and we pile at your white feet roses,
Garlands of roses, yellow with spiced incense,
Crimson as flame and pale as your long, cool hands,
Idle they lie there, Artemis, not one gathered,
Not one is crushed that its fragrance bleeds down,
dripping
Like milk from your breasts that are small and barren.
You have given your heart forever to star-bright spaces,
We must leave you forsaken.

The winds are warm, and spring turns subtly to
summer,
Can you not feel the madness, the cherished pain?
Do you not know the paths that our feet, gold-sanded
Must seek? The strange enchanter's music,
The spell that is woven at last?
Our votive girdles
May circle your slender waist, fillet your smooth, white
temples;
Artemis, do not forget us.
Hold us forever dear, as men hold comrades
Who have wooed dark death and lie on her bridal bed.
Oh, never fear that sometime, swift as the swallow

Circles over a violet field in spring
Our hearts will return to you,
Linger near you caressing.
Yet we leave you, Artemis,
And your love in our hearts is an herb that is bitter
and healing.

We leave you
Silent as death, with your face turned seaward,
Your slim robe blown by the wind.
(O night come kindly
Gentle as Ceres to her who is free and lovely.)

Artemis bid us farewell.
Your eyes are shining,
Yours is the wisdom none other can understand,
So we leave you lonely, your white feet covered with
roses,
Your soul untroubled, your slumbering heart unstirred.

Book Reviews

KEATS. Amy Lowell.

It is not unfitting that *The Life of Keats* should be Amy Lowell's last work—for it combines in itself nearly all those qualities which characterize her work as a whole. It has the extraordinary energy, the fervour, the moments of real insight—there is, too, much that is confused, much that is badly written, something that panders overly to popular taste.

It is to be deplored, for example, that Amy Lowell, having gathered together the unsurpassed amount of documentation concerning Keats, should have seen fit to throw it together in such a helter skelter fashion. There has been, apparently, no attempt to classify facts, none to subordination—at least one-third of the material in the text itself belongs in the footnotes, which are over scanty. A long discussion as to the justice of Abbey's attack on Mrs. Keats, and many lengthy discussions as to the exact hour of the day and the minute conditions under which Keats wrote every poem, belong, certainly, in an Appendix, where the student may turn to them, and where they will not be forced upon the casual reader. There are moments, too, of popularizing—of striving atmosphere, as in the opening paragraphs, and of sentimentalizing, as in the four-page lament that Keats had no mother, which seem to me to impair the dignity of the work. More deplorable than either of these, however, is the fact that the book is really badly written in a style which lacks distinction and even accuracy. It is as if it were written in breathless haste—as, indeed, perhaps it was, by an author with the premonition of death already upon her. The excellencies of the book, however, are more marked than its defects. The first and most obvious one is the one

arising out of that energy which I have mentioned before—and which remains Amy Lowell's greatest contribution to the history of literature—it is the completeness of the whole, the all-comprising minutiae of information. No moment is left unchronicled, no action unaccounted for.

The second merit is the sensitive interpretation of one poet by another. In this field, Amy Lowell has given us the only acceptable form of biographical criticism—that in which the author is so imbued with her subject that she sees things with his eyes and sends her thoughts into like channels. Thus she gives us an interpretation of the works on terms of the life which is no mere parallel statement of events, but almost a reproduction of the same intricate intermingling of the literary and actual impulse which existed at the time of production.

Yet perhaps the greatest service which is rendered by the *Life* is one where actual truth may be questioned. That is the way in which the author, in making Keats an imagist, places him in direct line with the poets of our age. It is a great gesture on the part of one so essentially Victorian, yet so wilfully Revolutionary as Amy Lowell.

We have in regard to the *Life of Keats* the same unsatisfied parting that we have toward the life of its author. So much has been attempted, so much accomplished, yet we are confident that many of the author's powers were still potential. Already in the prime of her life, her work had probably not reached its zenith. Hers was no glorious, sudden flowering like that of the poet she chronicles—no brief, glorious promise, as Marlowe or, in our own time, to a lesser degree, Rupert Brooke—like Byron, Amy Lowell dies with “all things unfinished before her and behind.” It is not easy to determine the exact measure of our debt to her. Modern poetry has derived from her almost all that is fiery in its spirit or indomitable in its courage. Her work was just beginning to be troubled with a strange beauty, not unlike that of the poet to whose interpretation she gave so much of her ardour.

“In the full strength of spirit and body her destiny overtook her and made an end to all her labours.”

BARBARA LING, '25.

THE CONSTANT NYMPH. Margaret Kennedy. Doubleday, Page & Company.

This book of engaging title is a curious mixture of the real and the unreal. Opening at the Tyrolese home of an English composer, Albert Sanger, whose name, almost unknown in England, is held in awe on the continent, it presents at once Sanger's amazing display of family—seven children of three mothers. Those around whom the book centers are the four daughters and small son of Sanger's second wife, the beautiful and brilliant Evelyn Churchill, who had paralyzed her English family by running away with Sanger before his first wife's death. A young fellow-composer, Lewis Dodd, likewise little known in England, visits the Sanger menage as the tale begins. Antonia, Evelyn's oldest child, has just followed in her mother's footsteps by an escapade with a young Jewish friend of Sanger's. Teresa, the second daughter, a child of fourteen, is destined to be the nymph of the story. One wonders if the title, for all its charm, is quite justified; it has a baffling air of being a quotation, one doesn't quite know from what. Shortly after the introduction of characters, Sanger dies, and Lewis endeavoring to mediate between the young barbarians his children, and the lovely English cousin who comes to take charge of them, surprises himself by falling in love with the cousin. Hastily a marriage is arranged for Antonia and her lover; Lewis married Florence Churchill, and the Dodds and the Churchill remnant of the Sangers migrate to England. Here conflict develops, between the Sanger spirit of lawlessness, with its fanatic respect for music and for nothing else, and the "orderly civilized world" represented by Florence. She soon sees Lewis on the side of the Sangers, especially of Tessa, whom he had unknowingly always loved. But Tessa, faithful to her cousin, even when persecuted by Florence's jealousy, refuses to follow Lewis, until an appalling scene leaves her no refuge but flight. In a grey dawn, Lewis and Tessa head for Brussels, where an enemy swifter than Florence's revenge overtakes them. It is one of the readiest tributes to the book to say that Tessa's death is so circumstantially contrived, so surely

worked out that it has a tone of true tragedy, beautiful and clear in the simplicity with which it is told.

The book's unreality comes partly as a matter of chronological detail. However passionate and eccentric may have been her upbringing, Tessa's love for Lewis flowers too soon. One hesitates to believe in the elopement of a man in the early thirties and a girl not yet sixteen. True, much evidence may be adduced to prove that it could have happened; it may be often recorded in the statistic of juvenile delinquencies; but the fact remains that we are artistically unconvinced. Here lies perhaps the book's gravest fault.

A certain instability of point of view presents another difficulty. For the most part, there is an omniscient insight, rather quaintly and deftly expressed. But sometimes, where we would like to know much, we are told too little. Lewis "had always loved Tessa," but just how his love for her as a child became the passion which alienated him from Florence is not very clear. Most probably it was not clear in his own mind, but the reader has a feeling of being cheated of his due.

On the other hand, sometimes a series of important conversations (as when Lewis tells Tessa that he loves her) seem to remove the book altogether from its novel-frame, and plunge it into undiluted stage dialogue. The artistic significance of dialogue need not be impugned by saying that the conversations of the *Constant Nymph* get occasionally out of hand, and one feels here an unsureness of touch marring the validity of the whole.

But aside from these, which may be merely the imperfections of inexperience, the tale seems very truly conceived. If there were only not that obtrusive improbability about Tessa's age, one might say that all of the characters seem done from life. Especially true are the minor ones, rendered with humor and understanding and good sense of detail—Trigorin, the Churchill uncles, Birnbaum, and Sebastian, and Madame Marxse. One amusing paragraph describing the English education suffered by the Sangers might be taken to heart by American college girls.

"Cleeve College was very large and very modern. It had been built up in the last quarter of the nineteenth

century, by a famous pioneer in women's education, a hard-bitten lady who apparently believed that a uniform and most desirable type can be produced by keeping eight hundred girls perpetually upon the run. The young creatures, under her rule, were kept most wonderfully busy, and in their subsequent careers they did her credit. Her traditions hung heavy upon Cleeve, long after her departure. Miss Helen Butterfield, her successor, modified the syllabus and shortened the hours of work, but the girls still ran."

ARROWSMITH. Sinclair Lewis.

In reading *Arrowsmith*, one is convinced that in this book, the author of *Main Street* has done a very much greater piece of work than in his earlier book. Like *Main Street* it deals with the small town Middle West, like it, is a satire on the American idolization of Success, and one has throughout, as in reading *Main Street*, the vaguely irritated feeling that Mr. Lewis has left a certain class of people completely out of his calculations—a class cultured but not snobbish, idealistic but not priggish. For breadth of treatment, dramatic quality and characterization, however, *Arrowsmith* far outshines its forerunner. It moves, not along the unendurably flat surface of a main street, but rises from hollows to heights, sinks and climbs again. We follow Martin Arrowsmith, the only young medical student of the University of Winnemac, who seems to have in him the divine spark of research. We follow him through medical school, with his adoration and reverence for Dr. Gottlieb, the great immunologist and scientific fanatic, and then out into the world—the world of Wheatsylvania, N. D., Nautilus, Iowa, then Chicago and finally New York. Always his idealism is brought up sharply against the wall of material gain; even genial Dr. Pickersbaugh (proud papa of the "Healthette Octette"), sacrifices his medical duty to political popularity. Martin moves through an almost completely unsympathetic world, and is

really happy only when in the depth of his laboratory, night after night, making, in the interest of pure science, bacteriological discoveries, whose description is thrilling in its very technicality.

Although, in the sequence of events, the book drags just a little in the beginning, the last part has great dramatic interest. The account of the plague epidemic in the West Indies is perhaps one of the finest parts, and the reader is swept along on the wave of its excitement. Moreover, every event and every description rings true.

Not the least triumphant part of Mr. Lewis' achievement is the characterization. All the figures are decidedly individual and convincing, and some stand out as remarkably so; among these being Martin himself, sincere, impatient, aspiring, likeable. Dr. Gottlieb, aged, intense, fiery and single-minded; Dr. Holabird, jaunty and well dressed, a scientist of society, and Leora, dependable, intelligent, brave and lovable. One quality, indeed, possessed by all the chief characters—and for which Mr. Lewis is not noted—is that which makes us sympathetic with them. They are treated more tolerantly, with more mellowness, than are the characters of *Main Street*, without diminishing the marvellously satiric effect of the whole.

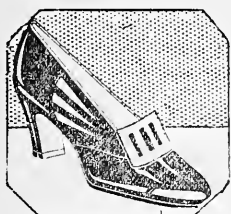
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NOTICES

The LANTERN is very glad to announce that Deirdre O'Shea has been elected to the Editorial Board, and that Gordon Schoff, Cornelia Rose, and Gail Sampson have been elected to the Business Board.

EDITORIAL

THE LANTERN has declared itself a paddock for young colts, but it is not a place in which wooden horses are encouraged to show off their paint. Bryn Mawr has been criticized as being intellectually subtle and therefore, snobbish and the LANTERN has met the same reproach. Its usual subjects of love, death and lunacy lack an attentive audience. This is inevitably our fate when we interest ourselves, not in expressing our observation and experience, but in writing for its own sake, suiting our subjects to our style and mood rather than cultivating a style to suit what we have to say.

Aristocrat

Poplar, why do you turn so pale
When the merry winds go by,
And fold your frail little branches close,
With a shiver, and withered sigh?
The maple's flaunting her fine red leaves,
And giving them gallantly.

When the oak is bronze, and the hill is bare,
And the sky is bitter clear,
And the merry winds and the reckless trees
Together make roaring cheer,
Why do you sway so ladylike,
And pretend you couldn't hear?

The maple's not grudging her gold to the winds,
And when her last leaf is gone,
She'll even give them her lusty limbs
For a harp to play upon;
And the winds will play a symphony,
While you shiver, and look on.

Ah, you may hold you straight as may be,
Aloof, and dignified,
For all of that the winds will come,
And tear away your pride.
You'll just be sorry you missed the fun
Of singing before you died.

When the timid young snow comes creeping down
 To look for a cosy fold,
You'll prick it with a dainty spire,
 Inhospitable and cold.
When the slant of the maple bough is fair,
 Your limbs will be ashen old.

But you'll never let on you might have wished
 To be broad and not quite so high.
You'll only stand the straighter still,
 And rattle a little sigh,
With aristocratic loneliness,
 And haughty symmetry.

JEAN FESLER, '28

Remember, my son, how young Heracles, having strangled two serpents in his cradle, set forth in the pride of his strength to conquer the world; so the young radical, having early overcome selfishness and fear, goes forth in the pride of his youth to perform miracles complete in a day by a revolution that toward which the patient earth has these many centuries been turning. He leaves the world much as he found it, but we remember Heracles as a strong man; and he rid the earth of a few giants.

ELEANOR FOLLANSBEE, '26

The Less Important Secret

THOUGH they had been married almost a month now, it still gave her a definite little, tingling thrill every time the telephone rang, and she recognized John's low, contented voice saying "Hello, darling?" in her ear. The way he said it was not yet matter of fact, either; there was always a tone of suppressed excitement, no matter how quiet and husbandly he tried to make his voice.

What a funny time for John to be calling her up! Even before she answered "Yes, it's I," and smiled with childish glee into the stupid black mouthpiece, she questioned herself swiftly as to what could make John call her up from the office, just before lunch time.

"Yes, it's I, dearest," she said, "where are you? Are you coming home for lunch?" John's voice sounded very close to her

"Wish I could! No, I'm still at the office—going out in a minute to get a bite. I just suddenly felt impelled to call you up and hear your sweet voice—and to tell you I've got a surprise for you!"

"A surprise for me?" Rosie echoed eagerly, "What?"

His affectionate, teasing laugh was in her ear. "No, not now," he said, "wait till I come home this evening. There are reasons why I'll be able to tell you better then. I'm going somewhere mysterious this afternoon, and tonight you'll know all about it."

"Oh, *please*, John," she pleaded, "*please* tell me—won't you?" She introduced the little coaxing tone at the end of her voice which usually gained her her way in such matters. This time, however, it only brought a low, delighted laugh.

"Give me a hint," she insisted.

"How serious you are, darling," said John's voice, a little surprised. "Hint? Well, the secret concerns, in the first place, *you*—" he paused a second for effect, and went on impressively, slowly, "—and in the second place—"

"Yes?" she wriggled, and bit the end of her tongue.

How provoking John was! Well, she was glad *he* was enjoying the conversation—he evidently was.

"I don't believe I'll tell you any more now," John answered in a tone of complacent finality. "Tell me what you've been doing this morning. Have the new books come round yet, that I ordered sent? And what shall we do this evening? I'm all for taking the car out toward Winchendon; it'll be such a warm evening, and I rather suspect the moon of being full. Let's."

"All right," said Rosie, without a great deal of enthusiasm, "let's. I'll have Michael be sure to fix the tire I punctured yesterday. John," she went on, her voice less languid, and more complaining, "John, I think you're horrid, just nothing but mean, not to tell me what the secret is."

"Can't you wait until evening, dear?" he asked, and he sounded a little provoked. "It's nothing to get so excited over, anyway."

"Tell me," she insisted. "Tell me, tell me, tell me." Her smile for the the black telephone had quite gone by now, and she sounded like a cross child.

"Darling," John's voice said seriously, "please don't——"

"Very well!" snapped Rosie, and she hung up the receiver with a bang, and pushed the telephone 'way back on the shelf, and went out of the little room. Oh-h-h! She stood in the open front door, and glared at the pebbly walk, and the silly purple heliotrope that lined each side. For several minutes she stood there on the doorstep, sullenly, slipping the high heel of one white slipper meaninglessly on and off the edge of the step. How absolutely mean John was, thought Rosie to herself, that's all he was—*mean*. Why wouldn't he tell her a simple thing she asked him?—a lot *he* cared for her! Rosie suddenly longed, angrily, for the past, and a wave of what she felt to be justifiable bitterness flooded her. How much she had given up—for John's sake! To what end? to be teased and tormented and denied secrets.

Secrets. They had always had a fascination for her, and this was the worst, certainly. Gradually all her feelings and all her thoughts fell away from her one by one, like the white petals of a fading, full-blown rose, and left nothing standing in her mind but the one enormous central question: What is the Secret?

Below the piazza steps, and beside the little path, the gaily-colored flower beds seemed to sizzle in the mid-day sunshine, which not only glared down upon the sidewalk outside the gate but appeared to bounce up again from it, and hang quivering in the air. The familiar sound of the lawn mower clacking behind the house, and of the sparrows on the roof, contentedly and continually bickering, in a key so high-pitched that it melted into the dazzling heat, came to deaf ears, as Rosie stood there. Yet when she had first come to live there, not quite a month ago, one of the things which gave her most pleasure was to stand on that very doorstep, with John, and his arm about her shoulders, with childish glee, exclaim:

"Oh John! what wonderful fun to think that this is our own little house, ours! To think that *I'm* the person who owns that garden, and that real, live bees come to it! D'you s'pose they think that those flowers are just the same as any others?" And John would laugh delightedly, and kiss her, and she would have a somehow rather comfortable feeling of being clever and quaint and charming.

But now she stood alone on the same doorstep, her eyes sullen and unappraising, and she twisted her wedding ring aimlessly round and round her well-kept finger. She was conscious, in a satisfied sort of way, that this motion was rather nicely appropriate to the bitter feelings in her mind. She even caught herself wishing that John could see her now, and she slipped the ring off, for a moment, and tossed it airy in the sunshine a few times before slipping it on again. She glanced at her wrist watch, only ten minutes of one; how in the world could she wait five hours until John came home? She meditated her attack on him—she would grab him the moment he came in, that evening, and let him speak not a single word before telling her his secret—not a single word! Her teeth clenched slightly, as she planned. But until then—five hours. Lunch with Margaret would be no pleasure, with this gnawing ache of curiosity always in her mind, neither would be the bridge game to which she was going, nor the tea. Oh-h-h! She gave one last savage look toward the street, and then, turning her back upon the heat of outdoors, walked quickly into the cool depth of the house, pausing for not more than a few seconds to admire, as she passed, her

small white reflection in the long mirror in the hall-way.

The same mid-day sunshine, from which Rosie withdrew herself, was blazing almost at the same time into the dazzled eyes of John Stanlison, as he left his office, and emerged first from the elevator, and then from the building. As he walked the few blocks to his destination, he also was thinking of the recent telephone conversation. He was thinking of his bewitching little wife, as he was apt to be thinking of her, at almost any hour of the day. Just at present he rather regretted his part in the conversation.

"Mean of me to tease her so," he thought, "hope she isn't expecting much, after all that."

Presently he arrived at his destination, was at the desk, and turning over the leaves of various circulars. The title: *Two-Week Round Trip to Bermuda* at last rewarded his search, and he entered into negotiations with the man behind the desk, who looked up and smiled, as he recognized Stanlison.

"Morning, Mr. Stanlison," he said. "What can I do for you? Vacation?"

"Good-morning," John replied in his pleasant, serious voice; then, running his eye down the paper he held, "Yes, it's my vacation. I'd be much obliged if you'd make me two reservations for the seventeenth." The two men plunged into details of the business.

As he left the Southern Steamship office, John was satisfied and pleased. He indulged himself, furthermore, by picturing several rather charming scenes of Rosie's reception of his announcement of their projected trip—Rosie opening her lovely blue eyes very wide indeed, while he told her in his best matter-of-fact voice, keeping her quiet until he had finished—Rosie meeting him at the foot of the stairs, and throwing her arms about him as he told her excitedly, and both of them behaving like children going to the circus. His thoughts were trivial, but very pleasant, so that he almost forgot the uneasiness he had felt at what had happened over the telephone. He had been a brute to tease her as he did. My, how he loved her! And then again came the thought, "Darn it, I hope she's not expecting much, after all that."

* * * * *

Rosie left the tea early, so that she should certainly be at home when John returned. Her day had been a failure since morning; a tortured, angry spirit had ruled her, and was still in command. She had been nervous at lunch with Margaret, who finally became frankly put out by her snappishness; she had been even more nervous at the bridge game and at tea, her mind continually elsewhere. Through the chatter of her friends about her, she seemed to hear like a drumbeat: "I have a secret, a secret, a secret, I have a—" She had never been so irritated and annoyed before.

No one was particularly sorry when she left.

"What on earth is the matter with Rosie, do you suppose?" Mildred asked.

Another friend took up a teacup and shrugged her shoulders slightly.

"What's ever the matter with Rose?" she answered. "Herself, Rose, Rose, all the time. Somehow she wasn't even charminly selfish today, though."

Mildred laughed. "That's what she is, isn't she?" she said. "I'd never analyzed Rosie before. Charmingly selfish. She *is* sweet at times, too; I'm often very fond of her."

Mildred looked at her teacup, meditating for a moment.

"How do you suppose, Myra," she said, "John thinks of her? He seems as happy with her as the day is long."

"That's because he's an infatuated fool about Rose," returned Myra tartly. She had been Rosie's bridge partner. "He's absolutely wrapped up in her—would drink poison in a minute if he thought it would make her happier. John is simply great." Then after a brief pause, "—and Rose *is* sweet; I'm very fond of her too, often. But that doesn't prevent me from wondering, just the same, why on earth he ever married her, and what he sees in her."

"Of course," said Mildred simply, by which she implied that the last was too obvious a remark to merit further discussion.

* * * * *

Back at home again, Rosie was making a less than half-hearted attempt to control her impatience another thirty

minutes. The first five she spent in wondering whether or not to dress for dinner. The most recent dreary conclusion to which she had goaded herself, was that John cared not in the least for her, and so why, for heaven's sake, should she bother to look nice? The next few minutes were spent in putting on the new lavender silk dress which she had never worn before, and in feeling rather notably magnanimous.

"John, of course," she said to herself, "will never notice whether it's new or not. However—" and she stood before the mirror, in the mellow, evening airiness of her bedroom, and turned first to the left and then to the right, to get the full effect. She was startled suddenly to hear the doorbell ring insistently downstairs. Who could be calling at such a ridiculous time? Rather annoyed, she stuck a final hairpin into her dark hair, and left the room.

There were confused voices in the hallway below, and she stood at the top of the stairs to listen a moment. Then a silence of almost a minute. She leaned over the banisters.

"Gladys," she called, sharply, "is there someone at the door?"

Gladys appeared quickly in the gloom at the bottom of the stairs, her face very white. In a low voice, she said:

"Mrs. Stanlison, could you come down, please, ma'am? There's a man back there—" she made a vague gesture toward the front door, beyond. "There's a man there, and—"

She did not finish, but Rosie was coming down, and went toward the door.

It was closed now, and the end of the hall was in deep shadow, so that at first she saw only two men standing motionless, and did not notice a long, dark object which lay beside them. One of them took a step toward her, as she approached. He was large, with great, red hands, equally red face, and was wearing a pair of greasy khaki overalls.

"Mrs. Stanlison," he began rather awkwardly.

"Yes," said Rosie quickly and nervously, staring at him, "I'm Mrs. Stanlison."

The man appeared to dislike his mission, and to long to get it over, which only made his manner the more awkward.

"It's your husband," he said, "he's had an accident. He's been—he was—it's—"

"He's not dead," said the second man, who had been

standing silent throughout. Rosie looked at him now. He was very short and slight, with an expressionless, pale face, and a low, monotonous voice. He continued:

"Bill didn't see it like I did, Bill was driving. But it wasn't Bill's fault, ma'am, he couldn't help himself. The man—your husband—walked right off the sidewalk, in front of our truck, and was knocked back, strikin' his head against the curb."

Rosie had given a little cry, and was on her knees beside the stretcher, looking fascinatedly at the pale face of her husband.

"Put your hand on his heart, ma'am, don't be afraid, he's alive, all right," said Bill, recovering himself a little by now. "It's just like Tim, here, said, I couldn't do nothing, once I seen him starting to cross the street. Right up your street, here, it was. Tim, here, he took a look, and he says, 'Bill, it's Mr. Stanlison,' he says, 'he's only knocked faint, you help me carry him home.' Isn't that right, Tim?"

"That's right," affirmed Tim, in his low, melancholy voice, "we've brought him here the quickest way we could." Then, as Rosie did not seem to have any suggestions, he reached a restraining hand toward Bill, who was trying to back away, and said,

"We'd be glad to do anything for you, Mrs. Stanlison, to help. Carry him upstairs, maybe?"

"Yes. No. Oh, thank you!" exclaimed Rosie. "I must get Dr. Murtland. Gladys, call up Dr. Murtland immediately, and tell him Mr. Stanlison's had a bad accident, and he must come at once—at *once*," said Rosie, speaking very fast. Then to the men,

"Would you carry him upstairs, please? I'm afraid I couldn't manage it."

As she led the way into her room, and watched the men lay her husband's inert form on his bed, she began to feel more calm. She even felt that she had been silly to allow her heart to almost stop beating as it had, that first awful moment when she had seen John's face. How ridiculous, also, it was, to have two grimy truckmen in her room, carrying John about like a trunk, almost!

"Thank you," she said, when he was laid on his bed. Presently the two men were gone, and Gladys had come up

to tell her that Dr. Murtland would be here in ten minutes, and she was alone in the room with her unconscious husband. She sat down beside the bed, and watched his scarcely perceptible breathing, and looked for his eyes to open. All the time, she had a vague feeling that she had forgotten something that John's accident had interrupted, something she had planned to do, she could not remember what. She got up, irritated, and walked about her room, stopping finally at the window, where she looked out into the warm twilight. Suddenly she noticed a grease stain on her new dress; she must have brushed against the man in the dirty overalls. How very annoying! Why had she put on her new dress, anyway? It was all for John's sake, just so that he might enjoy it. That was the sort of thing she was always doing, but sometimes it hardly seemed worth it. A spot—the *very* first day she'd worn it.

She went back to the bedside and mourned.

"Oh, why *can't* John be careful crossing streets? Here he's ruined a perfectly good evening, a perfectly good automobile ride, and a perfectly good dress. And when he comes to, tonight—"

Suddenly she remembered. She remembered what had been in the back of her mind ever since she had come upstairs, what had taken up the whole of her mind all day. She remembered—the Secret.

Instantly Rosie's thoughts were in a tumult. There were too many of them, and too many emotions, to come singly and in order. Here was John, home at last, and unable yet to tell her his secret. *Why* should she have to wait still longer? She *must* know. She cursed the fate which seemed always to thwart her, which demanded that today, today of all days when he had something to tell her, John should get himself knocked down in an accident.

"Wake up!" she whispered sharply, in the silent room, feeling a little dramatic, but feeling even more impatient at the delay.

The doctor came, and a moment later, Myra, whose chauffeur had told her the news which Tim had told the chauffeur. ("Ask her to wait downstairs, a few minutes, Gladys," Rosie said.) Dr. Murtland finished his examination and faced Rosie.

"He'll come to in a moment, won't he?" she asked eagerly. "Is there anything you can give him? I've just *got* to talk to John right off."

"Affected little fool," said Dr. Murtland to himself. He was one of John's best friends, and had never been able to abide Mrs. Stanlison. Perhaps now he could shock her into sense by telling her the truth.

"I'm very sorry to have to tell you that he has concussion of the brain." He spoke clearly and with a harshness born of his own sorrow. "I think it is rather serious. There's nothing to do now but wait. An hour, perhaps, two—"

Even before he finished his explanations and directions, Rosie was in a panic.

"You don't mean—?"

"I mean I don't *know*," returned the doctor. "I can't tell, can only hope." As he looked at her standing there, seeming so small, an expression of pure terror in her eyes, he felt a sudden pang of pity for her. For the first time in his life he warmed toward her. Was it possible that she really cared as much as that for her husband?

"No, no," he added, wishing now that he had not broken the news with such brutal frankness. "We can't be sure of anything. I'll do everything in my power to help, Mrs. Stanlison—Rose." But his voice was too gentle, too soothing, and could not deceive her.

When he had gone, regretting that he had another imperative call to make, and promising to return in an hour, Rosie had seen Myra. With Dr. Murtland she had kept a certain degree of composure, but with Myra she broke down into overwrought tears.

"He's *got* to come back!" she sobbed, "he *must*. He's got to speak to me! Tell me he won't die. Myra, tell me he won't—oh, but you can never, never, understand!"

Myra had tried to quiet her.

"He may open his eyes any moment," she said. Until this should happen, she decided that she would stay with poor Rosie, and she thought to herself:

"How glad I am I came. Poor little thing. Moments like this certainly bring out unsuspected finenesses in people. Would anyone ever have thought she cared whether he lived

or died, so long as she could be comfortable? We've been mistaken all along."

Myra sat down in a big chintz-covered chair, and watched Rosie sitting tensely beside the bed. Rosie almost forgot that Myra was in the room; she believed that she was praying. Ordinarily, she gave no credence to prayer, but now she was desperate, and anything was better than giving herself up to this blank, unallayed terror. She was saying, over and over to herself:

"God, bring him back, bring him back to me. You *must* not let him die."

She felt very stern, very angry, toward God. And while she was saying these things to herself, she was thinking—Suppose he did die? He would never have told her his secret—she would never know the secret, never, never, never. She felt her panic growing. She began to think of all the "If's". If only he had told her outright, over the telephone, if only she had not hung up. If only she had called him up again, and *forced* him to tell her. If only there were anyone else whom she could ask for the secret, but she knew of no one. If only he had taken a little care in crossing the street. If only he had cared a little for *her*, had considered *her* wishes at all. If only—! Then she would be happy now, she would know the secret. Her jaw was set so hard that it ached when she finally relaxed, and her eyes were so filled with tears of disappointment and rage that the whole room was blurred, the tiresome pale lavender wall above the bed, with the reproductions of the *Boy in a Swing*, and the head of Andrea del Sarto's *St. John*, in an "antique" carved gilt frame, and even John himself, lying, a dark mass on the bright chintz bed-cover—she could hardly see them. She could not conceive of living after John, not knowing the secret. Gradually, the intensity of her mental prayers became focussed on another point; she compromised:

"God, let him wake up for five minutes, only *five* minutes, long enough to speak to me. After that—Don't you understand *I've got to know his secret?*"

Myra, forgotten for the moment, walked from her chair across the room. She was quiet, partly so as not to disturb Rosie, and partly because she herself was in a state of great surprise, and growing comprehension. She realized that she

was beginning to love Rosie. She was beginning to love her because she saw that Rosie actually had a heart, something she never before had suspected her of possessing. "She loves him; She's forgotten me—everything—*herself* actually—in her love of John," thought Myra. "Lucky John—if he pulls through, I'll never say again he didn't make a wise and happy choice of a wife. The love she has for him makes up for all the little petty selfishnesses she's ever shown to her friends."

Rosie's hand was suddenly raised—she gave a little gasp.

"Myra!" she cried, in a low voice, subdued with wonder, "Come here! I think he's waking up!"

Myra came, and the two bent over the still face, holding their breaths. Rosie's heart began to pound. Were his eyes opening? The words, "what is the secret, John?" trembled on her lips, as she watched his eyes slowly open. His gaze, gay and untroubled, met hers instantly with a look of love, held it for a moment, and then, while she breathed short and fast, her every heartbeat hurting and almost suffocating her, his eyelids slowly drooped, and closed again. Rosie stood for a moment, unthinking, scarcely existing, it seemed to her. Then Myra put her hand over John's heart for a long moment. The hand was trembling when she rested it gently on Rosie's arm, and said,

"It's all over, dear."

And then for the next fifteen minutes she was even gladder than before, that she had come. She felt almost an awe of the burst of passionate emotion in which she could not share.

It was Myra who met Dr. Murtland when he returned. Rosie did not speak to him at all; she stood at the window, with her back to the room, looking out into the warm spring night, at the full moon which made the shadows in the rustling maple-tree ebony-black, and mysterious. Something had come into her, which she knew would never leave her, would haunt her all her days. Very calmly she hated the world; quite without passion, she knew now that it would be impossible for her ever to forgive John.

In the next room Dr. Murtland and Myra were profoundly moved.

"She is a different woman from what I had thought," said he. "I've had a glimpse tonight of what John must have known all along, and for which I doubly respect him."

“We have all been wrong,” said Myra. “None of us, I think, knew Rosie for anything but a selfish, unfeeling, hard, and rather cruel child. Never until tonight have I seen how great a capacity she has for love and sorrow. We can confess to each other at least, since we can’t to her—or to John, how shamefully we have misjudged her.”

Lines to a Cream-Colored Cat

O cream-colored kitty, it is such a pity
A sonnet could not be your share;
I need not confess it (indeed you could guess it)
My talent is quite lacking there.
I've read rhymes on canines I've read 'em on rats,
But I've never seen any on cream-colored cats.

Though your name may deserve it, I cannot preserve it
In a Pied Piper of Hamelin or such,
And since I adore you, I really can't bore you
By a sonnet that walks with a crutch.
And though you're alive, you are quite dead to me
So this ditty may turn to a sad elegy.

None can perceive it, and few can conceive it,
But I pine for your felinish wiles;
Your meow do I miss and can never dismiss
The thought of your cream-colored smiles.
Your tail all bestripèd (my eyes must be wipèd)
Methinks on my ankles I feel;
I hear your soft tread and inside of my head
All themes for the morrow congeal.

HILDA E. T. WRIGHT, '29

Heroic Couplets

Philosophy two master forces knows
Contending in the breast of man as foes;
We shall find strength when they together flow
When heaven marries with its hell below.
Man's passion will destroy him mind and soul
If intellect guides not the action's whole,
And intellect alone will starve and rob
Creation which proceeds from passion's throb.
In us one ever mightier than the first
Is victor and the victim truly curst.
Two champions valiant these two forces had—
The hunchback, Pope and Blake, that men call mad.
In Pope intelligence held all the power
And built cold reason's adamant tower,
While Blake, a servant of the heart's desire
Lived all his life a prey to tyrant fire.
Imagination passionate and fierce
Which sought the senses finite world to pierce.
Deprived of passion's seeing life Pope reared
A universe that no one loved or feared
With nice gradations he explained the whole,
His architect's fine skill left out the soul.
"The cause eternal not proud, erring man
Directs and moves the first almighty plan,
And if to our blind eyes, came clearing light
We should acknowledge that "what is—is right"
From well-thumbed book, Pope gleaned his ponderous
lore;
He added order, rhythm—nothing more.
Within the meagre couplet's slender shaft
He pressed his tonic with consummate craft.
Each telling truth bore its own message home
But from its fellows oft did widely roam,

So Pope's clear sense was by this means destroyed
 To prove quite other facts his shafts employed.
 Then Pope was named a superficial head,
 By critics leaving pages half unread.
 His comprehensive vision pierced the mist
 And saw the whole that logic bade exist.
 A fine creative force was left unmined
 In Pope by illness and his friends unkind.
 Then Blake arose with energy divine
 And round about his God described a line.
 Throughout his life bright angels came to talk
 And in his brilliant garden loved to walk.
 Can he who speaks with angels, blind remain
 Quietly to view the world as do the sane?
 Imagination quickened gave him sight
 Beyond the power of mortals born in night.
 Within the vegetation of this earth
 He saw the travail of the soul in birth.
 "Real man," he cried, "lies chained, a smould'ring spark.
 Let him be freed before his light grows dark.
 Creative life and energy are hell,
 Destroying swift the source from which they well,
 Unless cold Reason binds the impetuous flame
 And Heaven as a guide direct its aim."
 He saw and wrote and fury seized his pen.
 With strokes defined and clear he called to men:
 "Our God is man, be true to your own light;
 Desires which die within will breed a blight."
 In rhythms all unequal and unquiet
 His voice delights, disturbs—a nectar diet.
 Upon his message and his truths intent
 Perfection of his verse was accident.
 His passion soar'd aloft on wings of fire,
 His intellect too frail for his desire
 Gave form inadequate to dream divine.
 Disordered and obscure it found decline
 Both poets knew that reason errs and dies,
 That passion is the root of truth and emprise,
 Yet nature's imperfection held them bound
 And naught grew up save what was in the ground.
 The terrifying wonder of our life,

The height and depth of parent nature's strife,
The bleating of the lamb, the lion's roar,
All this sang Blake in gorgeous metaphor.
But Pope for whom pure nature was unfit
In Twichnams' quaint grotto loved to sit.
There hied he eager to philosophise
Kept cool and dull and whisked away the flies.
In stict tradition from the Greeks he thought
Loved Mistress Duty and the pious ought.
From mystics' books and Hebrew lore
Blake found his inspiration's loaded store.
With word and the engraver's needle made
A world of tow'ring light and heavy shade.
He taught that Christ broke laws not made in heaven.
Refused to taste the Pharisaic leaven.
Each erred from Aristotle's honored mean;
Too strong of intellect Pope failed to glean
The visions that enrich the learned seer,
And Blake the wit to make those visions clear.
And thus shall we continue dumb and blind
Each gifted overmuch in heart or mind
Until great Plato, with a mind and heart
Of equal vigor, find a counterpart
In this late world, who with a poet's eye
And a magician's brain will map our sky,
Who prophet-like will angels' voices bring
Upon this earth articulate to sing.

ELEANOR FOLLANSBEE, '26

From the Heights

WHEN you have grown up to things, it is possible to meet the eyes of the world's enigmatic gaze with the cool, clear eyes of a peer. This calm exchange of glances seems somehow to add cubits to one's stature. Yet so to be tall, is not altogether to be an Olympian, for the situations of the adult world, calling as they may, for laughter or tears, for meditation or action, for enthusiasm or indifference, can never have in them quite that full sweetness of the things that were in your life and in mine when we were "little."

I remember an old man who used to come to my mother's door. He was thin and tall and grey, and carried a rusty tin box under his arm. He came about once a month, always in the afternoon. When, according to my simple calculations, he was due to come, I would wait behind the parlor curtains. When I would hear the solid yet mysterious crunch of his footsteps on the gravel path, I would cling to my sanctuary just long enough to see Mamma open the heavy door, and say, "Good-day, Paul." Then I would steal softly to the yard where my fox-terrier was waiting for me. I would catch him as he bounded into my arms and quiet his delighted yelpings with "SSH! Spinoza, the Pilgrim has come." And all that afternoon we would play at quiet games.

That night Father would sit as usual at the head, Mamma at the foot of the table, Aunt at the left side, while I shared the fourth side with our guest. I took my food mechanically, for it was more important to try to figure out *who he was* than to give my attention to mere meat and vegetables. I never *asked* the question outloud, but I used to wonder about its answer, throughout the meal and afterwards when I was in bed. —I knew that his name was Paul. That name was in the big, black book from which Father read on Sunday. Paul must be very old to be written about in that book, for I knew that it had belonged to my great-grandfather. The book said that Paul had been in many different places. Paul—

Pilgrim—who was he—I must pretend to know, for Father, Mamma and Aunt all knew. And so on, until I slept.

The next day the old man would take breakfast with us, and then crunch down the path and away.

What did it matter then, that Paul was really only a match-man, who having no money and no home, lodged night and night about with this family and with that. What I was to him, did not and does not matter—to me he was the Pilgrim.

Today, were he to come to my door, I could greet him with “Good-day, Paul.” I could, in my own house, play Mamma’s whole part—but, even though I remember now, a tall, grey, old man carrying a rusty tin box under his arm would only be a match-man. It were sweeter surely, could he still be the Pilgrim.

DEIRDRE O’SHEA, ’26

Appreciation

Long, straggling line of pelicans that graze
The crests of breaking waves, your rhythmic flight
Has brought fresh beauty to a seeking heart.

OLMSTED ALLEN, ’29

Dream-House

I've a tiny little house
Set atop a hill,
Like a fetching little mouse,
Small, and gray, and still.

I've little dormer windows
To rattle in the wind,
With crooked English shutters,
Cracked and weather-lined.

On a wandering footpath
That sings a crunching tune,
There are pallid night-flowers
Worshiping the moon.

I haven't any lovers,
But I've china bright and new,
Friends to come to tea at four,
And Shakespeare bound in blue.

FRANCES HALEY, '29

Dusk

THE harvest was over, and the land lay waiting, in a sort of somnolent lull, for the final sleep of winter. The merry voices of the reapers were quiet. Long ago the corn had been carried away and cast into dusty bins, or hung in golden clusters under the stable eaves. The hard, dark-red Baldwin apples had been carefully wrapped in paper and put away to mellow in the cool cellar of the farmhouse. Everything was very still in the deserted orchard, and the faded leaves fell, one by one, from the twisted branches, not torn away by the sudden violence of the wind, but releasing their hold through sheer weariness of life.

Doctor Barton, standing in the crazy black rectangle of his barn door, was essentially a part of the picture, old and storm-worn, like one of his own apple-trees, twisted and gnarled and yet unyielding. For stooped and aged though he was, he still showed traces of the great strength and endurance which had been his in youth while from his face shone out the kind and genial understanding which had made him the best-loved figure in the town for over half a century.

He had just finished giving Lady, his old brown mare, her oats, the reward of a long day's service. He could hear her munching in the sweet, hay-smelling darkness behind him, as he stood looking down the hillside. A brownish-golden haze was creeping up between the grey trunks of the apple trees, and to his sombre fancy it seemed to bear a half-hidden prescience of death and decay. Its flavor hung about the forgotten wind-falls; its mystic, soundless voice was in the silent fall of the leaves, it moved with cat-like tread over the matted, yellow grass. It foreboded death—death to the gnarled and stooping trees, death to the fading year, death to the waning day. And without emotion of any kind the doctor realized that the message was for him too.

It was not a new thought. He had known for a long time what the gnawing, unwearied pain meant. But he had a few

more days of life, he supposed. He had seen death too often to be afraid of it, or even to regard it as other than a phase of life. And so he had as little feeling in the twilight atmosphere of decay as had the trees or the year or the fading day.

He walked slowly down the darkening lane to where an old white farmhouse brooded in the shadows. There was a light in one of the windows, and there he could see his pretty younger daughter, Jessica, as she sat sewing. It was his older daughter, Myra, who, hearing his footsteps at the door, opened it for him.

The kitchen of the Barton farmhouse was a pleasant place to which to return, after a long and dusty day spent on rough roads in a creaking buggy. The doctor had always found in it a remedy for his weariness, no matter how great. To-night, somehow, it had lost its never before-failing quality. He did not rebel at the increasing pain in his side; he accepted it with the stoical reserve with which he had always met life; but he knew that he was being borne down by it.

At sight of the weariness in his face, Jessica had risen from her rocking chair, and had come to him.

"You look very tired, father. Why don't you lie down until supper anyway."

She led the way into a smaller room opposite the kitchen. It was a stiff, ungracious apartment, embodying the stern, silent, unyielding side of the New England character, without any of its pleasanter characteristics. A black, funereal couch stood under two prints, "Peace," and "War." To Doctor Barton it looked most inviting. He lay down with a sigh of relief—an unwonted admission of weariness. Jessica sat down beside him and drew off his heavy boots.

He scarcely noticed her presence, or, a moment later, that she was gone. The sound of china on wood as Myra set the table came to him as from another world, years and years away. All his cares had fallen from him, and with them, strangely enough, the persistent, tormenting pain which had not left him, day or night, for many weeks.

He wondered why. In his brain, teeming with shadowy phantoms, newly born, he sought in an uncaring, effortless way for the answer. When it came it did not surprise him, or terrify him any more than had the foreknowledge of universal decay which had impressed him that evening. He had

long known that his days were numbered. What difference if this day were the last—

He drifted away from the world that he had known on a tide that was not of memory, or conscious thought, nor yet of Lethean oblivion. The first had passed; he had not yet reached the second. But he was far away from his body, stretched inert under the dusty prints of "Peace," and "War," when Myra came into the little room. Her light footstep on the threshold, her quiet voice, drew him back across the countless ages.

"I have brought you a glass of milk," she said, "I suppose you won't want to come to supper."

"No," he said, "not—tonight."

As he said the words his mind drifted away to form a picture of his daughters on the next night. Quiet, capable Myra, hiding her grief under the reserve that she had inherited from him, and comforting her less easily controlled sister, came vividly before him. Again his daughter's voice recalled him.

"Is Mrs. Taylor's ankle any better?"

"Yes, I think so."

Curious how trivial these people and their ills had come to seem in the last hour! And yet he had given up his life for them!

"How is Mary White's baby?"

"I am afraid there is no hope there. Poor Mary."

Far within him, as faint as the once agonizing pain, his old nature stirred with disappointment that he had not been able to save the child. The feeling had passed in a moment with all his cares and responsibilities.

Myra stood quiet for a moment, the glass of milk gleaming in her hand. She was very fond of Mary White and was troubled about her.

"I will go to see her tomorrow," she said. Then, recalling her father's unusual exhaustion, "Would you like me to send for Doctor Henry?"

"No, there is no need."

Myra expected such an answer, and left him alone again.

The words had excited his almost-sleeping memory, and now he was engulfed in a tide of reflection. He thought of Doctor Henry, of young Alec Henry, whom he had advised,

professionally and otherwise, so often. Alec, he supposed, would have the practice of Carlisle to add to his own infinitesimal one of Steepleton. It was a good thing, for he was not rich, and his children—How quickly time passed. Only a little while ago Alec had come to Steepleton, young and callow, scared to death of his patients. Myra, too, had grown unbelievably. It was hard to think of her as middle-aged; hard to think that a lonely spinster's life lay before her. Jessica was more fortunate. He seemed to see her, the mistress of a prosperous house, mother of strong, noisy children.

The doctor was lying very still on the couch in the dark little room. Above him grayish patches on the wall were all that could be seen of the two prints. In the next room the sisters were talking in low voices, so as not to disturb him, whom they thought sleeping. He did not hear them; his sense of actualities had become very faint, but his inner vision of the future was distinct. He thought of the people, of the narrow little town, for whose sake he had toiled away his life. He saw clearly their pettiness, the littleness of their view; he could think of them without bitterness, for there had never been any bitterness in his nature. He had taken life as it had come to him, and now it was over.

The door opened and Myra's tall figure stood outlined against the light from the kitchen. He was hardly conscious of her. But into that small part of his brain which still concerned itself with things of the world there came the thought of his daughters' comfort. As it had always been the first consideration of his life, so now it was the last. It would be better that Alec Henry should be with them later in the evening.

"You may send for the doctor, now," he said.

He heard, as though from a great distance, the outer door open and shut. There had been a faint whisper of voices and Myra was gone for Alec. Jessica was beside him. How or when she had come he could not tell; but he heard the rustling of her dress, felt the dusky warmth of her hair.

The darkness of the room somehow engulfed his spirit. Everything passed into unconsciousness.

How much later it was when he again realized anything he did not know. As before everything was very faint and very clear. He had the feeling that several people were in

the room. Jessica and Myra, no doubt, and Alec. Jessica was crying, he felt, for he could not hear or see anything; he would have liked to comfort her; to have told her of the complete peace of spirit that encompassed him. But he lacked the power to move any part of his body; that lay quiescent, inert, *dead*.

The word came to him as though it had been written before his eyes—closed now. This was death. He had feared it once, and thought it horrible, always he had fought it with all the energies of a fine mind and restless spirit. This peace, this rest from toil and anxiety, from all the myriad petty problems of humanity was what he had striven to keep from his friends.

The twilight, the last of his life, came before him, and the misty, golden haze with its prescience of death and decay. His spirit had identified itself with the spirit of the day, the still, misty day of late autumn. It was fading now in the great oncoming darkness.

His impression of the room, of the grieving figures, of his own inert body, grew fainter and fainter. They drew farther away from him. The darkness fell about him, a shining cloak of peace.

MARY ADAMS, '28

Sonnet

Sick with the sight of beauty, I must cry
For respite: I am weary of the spring
And faint with scent of blossoms opening
And tired of winds that hurry through the sky.

Give me no more of beauty or I die!
Only deformity relief can bring
From anguish such as did on Latmos wring
Endymion, to see Diana nigh.
Lightly above the trees wind-woven lace
Illumining the wide darkness of the skies
The moon's white bubble higher floats and higher,
The fallen winds sway not its penlous grace
And I, who cannot close my staring eyes,
With longing shake, nor know what I desire.

KATHERINE SIMONS, '27

Sonnet

I'll leave the web of tangled truths, the night
Of murky understandings, the belief
In glories smudged, and ravelled ends of grief,
With all love's tattered gauze—that dims my sight.
Cold thrusting sorrow and clean pain shall write
Again in clearer print my life's blurred leaf:
Labor's linked rhythms shall bring me relief
From masked mortality and heaven's half-light,
Till on some hill I stretch my arid frame,
Where white moth-flickers brush across my hair,
And shadows bedded in the grass-stems lie;
Where pulses lift to catch the wasp's quick flame,
And it may be—lying so quiet there—
I shall not notice when death passes by.

ELIZABETH GIBSON, '27

Old Maid

Like a small, silent chamber where the grate
Harbors a fire grown cold from want of tending—
So is her heart. She sits, early and late.
Crouched by the window in an old shawl, bending
A constant gaze on all who pass below.
(Hope in her quiet eyes is long since dead,
But still they stare, from too long staring so—)
And yet . . . perhaps . . . if but one certain tread
Sounded without, one hand were at the door,
All would be light and warmth within, re-spending,
Supremely prodigal, its hoarded store . . .
Rain falls in the street, silent and still, unending.

ELIZABETH NELSON, '27

Trivia

Where your high-piled shrine cleaves the thoroughfare
I built my altar to the ancient god,
And, heedless, took the old road, little trod,
Leading no whither. Trivia, you who were
A deity remote, unused to care
What travelers may falter as they plod
Toward unknown destinies, what staff and rod
May comfort them, how far they go, or where;

A mirrored semblance of your graciousness
Stays to enchant my pathway; cobwebs bind
The warrior as shadows led astray
His weary heart, his unresentful mind—
Have I traversed the wrong road envyless?
Or was it in a dream I lost my way.

JEAN LEONARD,' 27

On Bathtubs

IT IS often said, and wrongly, that the French make no use of their bathtubs. I, for one, should like to refute this statement since I have found it otherwise through rather trying circumstances. Perhaps Madame was an exceptional hôtelière, but when, on my arrival at the pension, I found spring bulbs soaking in the bathtub, I was rather surprised! When I had demanded of Madame an explanation, she gazed at the slender green sprouts with a maternal light in her eye and replied that very shortly they would be set out, and could I wait. The following day, interested in the progress of the bulbs, I approached the tub only to find in it fluffy waves of soap, colored here and there by a piece of Monsieur's blue shirt or Madame's gay handkerchief. The third day, towel in hand, and sure of no further obstacles, I was more horrified than surprised to see a carp happily sporting about in place of yesterday's wash. Madame explained with pride that she was fattening the fish for her next week's consumption, and when we left, more annoyed at the proceedings than unselfish about disturbing the carp's last playful hours, Madame somehow could not understand.

ELIZABETH PERKINS, '29

Immortality

(Reprinted from Summer School Bryn Mawr Light.)

Many colored butterflies
Play the game of summer.
Dainty velvet wings
On dazzling rounds of flight,
You are but a mere breath,
The season's delight.
Tomorrow your fluttering wings
Shall be stilled by death;
 And yet
You never die,
For each summer I see a butterfly
Suck the honey of the flowers
In my garden.

ROSE HECHT



Book Reviews

THE SAILOR'S RETURN. David Garnett. Chatto & Winders.

Mr. Garnett has again chosen to tell an odd story, but this time he has invaded the realm of the probable and described the vicissitudes of an English sailor and his African wife in a rural village where the intolerance of their neighbors brings their ruin. With a delicacy of touch as exquisite as in his first two books, *Lady Into Fox* and *The Man in the Zoo*, Mr. Garnett has lifted rather homely material into the world of poetry; but at the end of the book when the pathos is dissolved by the ugliness of the details, one question whether the author would not have been wiser to remain in his world of unreality.

The style, the restraint and subdued tones maintain the high mark reached by his other work. The *Sailor's Return* is not only the best telling of its story, but beautifully finished literature.

THE TRAVEL DIARY OF A PHILOSOPHER. Count Hermann Keyserling. Harcourt, Brace & Company.

Because in Germany and elsewhere Hermann Keyserling has a large following as a philosopher, his *Travel Diary* arouses especial interest. It is, he explains, a coherent work of fiction; the casual reader need not be turned away by the first few metaphysically worded pages for the rest of the book is a readable and entertaining adventure of the mind. Realizing that he is not yet ready to renounce the world, Count Keyserling travels around the world in a mood receptive to his changing environment, recording the effect of each new country and religion upon his sensitive and sophisticated mind. The Oriental traits revealed in the etching of his face, suggest that the mood of the East is not altogether foreign to his blood. Certainly it is with surprising facility that he adapts himself to Oriental conditions, physically and mentally. His readiness to believe in the practice of Yogi and his aptitude in hitting upon the complete key to each Eastern cult do not betray a Western mind.

The book leaves one with the impression of a man super-sensitive rather than super-intelligent. His rather dogmatic statements and his sudden solving of one problem after another are not persuasive, rather we are left with a sense of too great a facility, a fluidity of mind which inspires uneasiness. The Moslem religion is for instance dismissed with no mention of the position of women, but there are innumerable definitions and moments of insight such as "A god whose existence is proved scientifically is insignificant spiritually," startling to read and delightful to remember.

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After the Storm

Come, let us go, for the winds are calling,
Fresh and strong since the storm is done,
Hounding the clouds that hide the sun.
Surely the creak of the halyards is falling
Sweet on thy ear.

In the golden air the sea gulls, screaming,
Swoop with a silver flash of plumes
On the fish that arise from their cavern glooms,
In the foam of the crested surges gleaming,
Fleeing in fear.

Dear is the wind to the dark pines piping
And the thunder moaning down the gale;
Dearer the shrill wind in the sail
And the sullen roar of the surf that is leaping,
A wet white flame.

Ever the combers are lifting and lunging,—
Green hills upon whose sunlit crests
Dazzling as snow a foam-crown rests,—
Heaving and sloping and darkening and plunging,
Fiercer than flame.

Our ship like a hound on the leash is straining,
Setting a-quiver the shrieking chain.
Shall we not turn our bows to the main,
Where the flying clouds and the gulls' complaining
Weary us never
And follow forever?

AGNES ELLEN NEWHALL.

Pretense

THE vibrant clang of a Chinese gong, beaten by the unrelenting arm of Mrs. Mully herself, proclaimed another mealtime at the Mully boarding house. Immediately, and with the wistful eagerness of well-trained animals, the boarders flocked to obey the summons; for if Mrs. Mully had a boast,—“meals served promptly to selected boarders”—she had her own method of living up to it. She merely beat upon the gong with the force and insistence of one who beats carpets till the “selected boarders” in self-defence had one and all rallied to the call. So, now, she stood at the foot of the stairs, thwacking lustily with one hand, while the boarders filed past her into the dining room. There was Count Stultz, plump and dishevelled and genuinely hungry, striving, as he hastened to fasten the two remaining buttons in his waistcoat; there was Miss Leary, her fluffy hair hovering about her face as she paused to nod and smile at each fellow-sufferer; there were Mr. and Mrs. Flinn, grunting sweet nothings into each other’s ears; there were—but there they all were, all fifteen of them—all, that is, but Mr. Van Amburgh who always was late. But then perhaps he was so select that he could afford to be late. Be that as it may, at this assemblage Mrs. Mully beat a last vindictive clang and retired into the kitchen.

Martin Van Amburgh, sitting alone in his third-story bedroom, heard the din and covered his ears with his hands. Even after the clanging had died away and the thump of feet and scrape of chair-legs had subsided into a far-off clink and mutter, he deliberately loitered, staring out of the window as he smoothed his hair. There were lights out there in the city, pricking like stars through a maze of buildings. There was the jingle of a street car, shooting like a meteor down Lexington Avenue. The sidewalks were bared of the business throng; the streets of trucks and delivery wagons. Now there were only limousines and taxis darting and honking in an unceasing game of tag. The evening world was setting out on its rounds, emerging from warm interiors to be bowled

along, with the definiteness of the indefinite, to other warm interiors. The evening world—his world—the world where he belonged!

The cool, faintly oily smell of the street made Martin turn away from the window, and glare savagely at his typewriter, with its blank page. How could he be expected to write here! How could he judge life sanely, hurl at it those brilliant little darts of satire which were his ambition, when here he was sodden down in the very depths of life—life without humor, mere physical existence. To hurl successfully one must have a height to hurl from—and something to hit. . . . And even as a last resort, one could not barb darts with the lives of these pathetic people. Apart from their absurd helplessness, they seemed to need no help. Nothing subtle about them—no pretense, no concealment. So obvious! They would all be gathered down there now, eating contentedly—no, *champing* was the word.

For a moment Martin chewed his finger, undecided whether to go down. Would it not be more fittingly aloof to stay up here and work—the young author starving in an attic?

But the aroma of fried onions roused other desires in the soul of Martin which were not to be denied. Quickly arranging a handkerchief like a little flickering bird perched on his breast pocket, he bolted down the stairs.

"Good evening, Mr. Van Amburgh." The two Miss Holmeses laid down their forks with one accord, and bowed ceremoniously over their plates. At his curt "Good evening" they glowed with delight. Martin stopped and stared about the room for a place to sit. There was a place by the Count—But no, the Count must be avoided at all costs this evening. If worst came to worst—At a slight noise as of smacking lips at his elbow, Martin glanced down and realized that he was still leaning over the Miss Holmeses. Goodness! They were going to speak again!

Hurrying past in his embarrassment, he caught the glance of the French teacher, beckoning him with a we-know-don't-we smile. A stray tooth, however, jutting out over the lower lip of the smile gave the effect of an intimate walrus inviting him, as amphibian to amphibian, to come and have a swim in her tank.

Martin dodged past. There was a place at that table by the window—A hand on his arm stopped him.

"Oh, Van Amburgh." The Count's fumbling, obsequious voice in his ear. He turned. The Count rose, pulling his coat together. "I'm sorry—I shall need, I'm afraid, my typewriter this evening."

Martin said "Good evening," and hastened on to the place by the window between Miss Leary and the Flinns. Miss Leary fluttered a little to one side as he approached, patting the empty chair and bundling her knife and spoon nearer to her plate. Mrs. Flinn questioned "Good evening?" and looked at her husband for support; but he was in the midst of swallowing a large mouthful of steak, and merely grunted, so she let the matter drop.

Martin, eating his soup, could almost feel Miss Leary vibrating like a flower on which a large bee has alighted. Out of the corner of his eye he could see the gray fluffiness of her hair quiver as she chewed; he could see the crook of her little finger hover about her teacup, about her plate.

"And how is the novel coming along, Mr. Van Amburgh?"

"Rottenly."

"Oh, what a shame." He saw the little finger pause in consternation. "When do you have to have it done by, Mr. Van Amburgh?"

Done by! Did she imagine—Relenting, he turned to her, and smiled his entrancing, little-boy smile.

"Oh, they'll wait until I get it done, all right—and they'll wait some more, probably forever and a day."

"Oh, but no!" Her tone was so shocked that he felt that she knew a great deal more than she pretended. Was she soothing him? Oh, well,—he needed soothing. And she was so very clean, and quite pretty,—and one could forget the little finger. "Oh, but no, I'm sure it's very clever! We all know that, don't we, Mrs. Flinn?"

Mrs. Flinn raised turtle eyes to her husband, and said nothing.

"Yes, I'm sure we all do. What a pretty handkerchief, Mr. Van Amburgh! It looks—it looks like a little bird. The children were cutting out little birds today, for their scrap-books, you know, and one little boy—but I'm sure you're not interested in children, Mr. Van Amburgh."

"Oh, very," confessed Martin, absently, "tell me about them."

"Well, this little boy cut out the most lovely little white swan and gave it to me—it's my birthday, you know, Mr. Van Amburgh,"—with deprecating dimples. "Yes, it's my birthday, and I got a letter from home, from Canada—We have quite a large house in—

"If you lived in Canada," said Martin intensely, "with a home, and a large house, why didn't you stay there?"

Strangely, she knew just what he meant. She leaned and patted his arm a little.

"You *have* been out almost every evening this week, Mr. Van Amburgh. And we all must work some time, you know. Heaven knows *I* don't—and then we all must work some time. Why, I've known men to seek out a quiet place like this—like this—just to have time to work." But the little tendrils of her hair quivered as her head shook in sympathy. "I'll show you my letter," she said more brightly. She produced it from a pocket in her dress, and spread it out before her. The little white swan the child had made fluttered from the envelope. Martin leaned forward, genuinely expectant.

"Mr. Van!" called Mrs. Mully from the hall; then, "Mr. Van!" she screamed across the dining room, and swooped a tray of dishes precariously over the heads of the boarders. "Phone call!"

Martin leapt to his feet and was gone. In a moment he reappeared, triumphantly smiling. He threaded his way to Miss Leary's side and stooped to her ear.

"Invitation to dinner," he gloated;—and glancing at the letter open before her—"I must see that another time," he he said kindly. Then, as he passed the Count chasing an evasive stewed peach about the plate, "You may have your typewriter, Count. No, don't get up, and thank you!"

The guests were standing listlessly about Mrs. Lanier's drawing room, sipping cocktails and now and then dropping a low remark to a neighbor. They looked as though they were waiting for something; at first Martin thought it was for him.

"Ah, how do you do," he said, advancing toward his hostess. He looked very tall, and very brushed and combed,

and very young, almost like a clean-faced Eton boy who has just stepped gracefully into his heritage of dress clothes. "So sorry to be late. I wasn't expecting this little party."

"That wasn't why you were late," said a small, still woman with a deep voice at his elbow. Implying that he was always expecting? Ah, she was clever! Martin felt his geniality blossom under his shirt front.

"Well, as a matter of fact I was working."

She raised her eyebrows.

"On a novel, you know," he said hurriedly.

"Ah, on a *nuvvel*!" He might have said on a bank, the way she took it! "I do think *nuvvels* are so degrading, don't you?"

Martin shrugged. "Well," he said, "we all must work some time."

"Must we?" Ah, so that was the answer. That "Must we?" with just that raise of the eyebrow, he must remember that. And he smiled his enchanting smile, and took her in to dinner.

During the *entrées* scarcely anyone spoke. There was still that air of waiting, intensified now. Mrs. Lanier sat back in her chair, waiting for her guests to find themselves; the guests looked vaguely about, waiting for inspiration; the butlers stood alertly behind the chairs, waiting to change the plates. The small still woman at Martin's right ate nothing, but sat with her chin in her hands, her big eyes roving about the room, waiting nervously.

With the soup, however, a ring of conversation arose. Impossible to have eaten soup in that silence! The woman at Martin's left tried him on the subject of prize fights, of which he knew nothing. She turned to her other neighbor apparently with better success; for she discoursed on the welter-weight championship in intense, dreamy sentences, plucking absently at a roll with two fingers, as if she were discussing religion, or her past life. Across the table an Italian was informing a fair-haired girl as to the color of her eyes.

"Really they are—they are—words evade me!" he finished exultingly.

When the hum had risen to a sufficient degree of enthusiasm, the small still woman spoke.

"I have been trying," she emitted, in her hoarse, impera-

tive voice like an oracle. She looked about her. Everyone was hushed. "I have been trying all this day to think of a . . . word."

"What word?" asked Martin, a little uncomfortable at the silence. The company looked at him accusingly.

"It is a word," she went on, "a word that is the name of a fruit. A word for a . . . fruit."

Again that silence. The Italian spoke deferentially.

"What is it like, Madam?"

"It is resonant," she proclaimed, "It is flowing. And yet there is something tactile about it. One feels, when one says that word, as if one had the fruit itself in one's mouth." She turned to Martin for sympathy.

"I—I meant the fruit," he said, though he had meant nothing.

"The fruit is like the word," reproachfully. "Indeed it is juicy, and red, red all inside."

"Tomato!" guessed Martin. The company looked up, potential, uncertain whether to laugh, clap, or frown. The woman sighed.

"I don't believe you all understand me," she admitted

Then patiently, to Martin, "The fruit I mean is entirely abstract, there is as yet no name for it . . ."

Jouncing home in a taxi, Martin felt resentful. Not towards anyone in particular, but as if he had been sent a present and had never received it. He had left the party very early; it was barely eleven o'clock. He had left curtly, pleading work to be finished. And no one had asked him when it was to be done by . . .

Well, Mrs. Lanier would never invite him again. Pity, that, her food was delicious. But how could he have known that *she* was *the* Miss Claw, author of "Butterflies on Wheels"? She might have been anybody! And he didn't care who she was, she was plain stupid, as stupid as they come. They were all stupid, every one of them, pretending to things they didn't feel, concealing the things they did. Pretense and concealment. . . . He used to think that a person's pretenses and concealments were of the highest significance; that, as a man pretended so he was, so he showed the rule of his mind over actual circumstance. Well, so it was. And if people pretended to be fools, they were fools.

Ah, that was good. "If people pretended to be fools, they were fools." He must remember that. It straightened things out gloriously. Or perhaps, "if people pretended to be fools, fools they were." A trifle more epigrammatic?

Well, he had had a good dinner, anyway. And he could laugh at these people, could see through their pretenses and be amused. If only he could tell some one about it,—some one who could laugh with him. Miss Leary perhaps. There was a woman who could understand his humor. She—why, she had a real sense of proportion. Of course she'd be in bed by this hour, though. If only he had a family, now. . . .

Martin, with a masterful twist of his key, entered the Mully homestead, and stamped his feet in the hall, as if he expected a wife and small children to appear on the run. The stamping, however, had no effect, except to make the old chandelier rattle so querulously in its socket that almost furtively he started up the stairs. As he passed he saw that there was still a light in the parlor. He paused and looked in.

Miss Leary, comfortably dishevelled, was sitting on the sofa before the fire, her back to the door. He could see from the back of her bent head, though, that she knew that he was there. Should he go in? The room looked still and warm; the coal fire softened the stiff, worn furniture with its glow. And he could tell Miss Leary all about those idiotic people at dinner. "If people pretended to be fools, fools they were." Yes, that was it. Miss Leary would dimple and laugh, at that, her cloud-grey hair shaking as she looked up to answer him.

He strolled into the room. Miss Leary looked up suddenly as he approached. Her face was startled; hadn't she known that he was there, after all? And what was she hiding away so hastily? Only a letter, which she folded into the pocket of her dress. Now she smiled merrily, and moved over on the sofa for him to sit down.

"I was just taking a few minutes before bed time down here where it's so cosy, Mr. Van Amburgh. My room's so very chilly—"

She plumped up a cushion for him, patting it with the flat of her hand, like a child.

"You look as if you'd had a *very* good time, Mr. Van Amburgh! Was it a very grand dinner?"

Martin felt his self-respect returning wonderfully. It

was as if she plumped him back into shape, as she did the pillow.

"Here, do sit down. I'm so glad you've had a good time. You look so very well in dress clothes, Mr. Van Amburgh, as if you belonged in them, somehow. Tell me about the dinner; was it very delightful?"

He started to speak, then paused, and looked at her eager face. As he sat down, Miss Leary almost edged off the sofa in her solicitude. After all, she was years older than he, and not quite—

And Martin, stretching his legs before the fire, fixed a beatific gaze upon the mantelpiece, drew in a deep breath of contented reminiscence, and answered dreamily, "Yes, it was a delightful dinner,—utterly delightful!"

WINIFRED TRASK.

Judas From Hell

I thought the tightening rope about my throat
Would choke to silence all my frantic prayers,
But now, O God of Pity, hear the words—
The lips that kissed Him are not fit to speak.
For His sake, see my bitter agony
In these dark depths of utter loneliness;
For I am so alone that Pain herself
Would be a welcome friend in my distress.
Around me rise black walls unscaleable;
My feet tread on an unseen floor. My voice
Is smothered by the heaviness
Of smooth, black silence which is like the noise
Of wailing to my quickened, listening ears.
There is no light, no sound to comfort me.
I seem to hear, and yet I cannot hear:
I seem to see—Ah no, there is no vision
Of horror or of joy before my eyes,
Nothing but soft, impenetrable dark
And consciousness of self.

For *I* am here;

I cannot lose myself in this grim Night
That always will enfold me from the sight
Of even You.

What punishment is this?

Is this the Hell men dread and fear? This Hell?
No, only I am here. There is no pain,
No torture, fire nor thirst to torment me.
I am alone. My loneliness is Hell,
A never ending, blank monotony.

OLMSTED ALLEN.

Sonnet

If I should love you for a summer's day—
Love you with all my heart, and then—no more,
I know the ancients all would nod, and say,
"See, here's a folly we've beheld before,
This ecstasy miscalled for love, a summer flame
Kindled in moonlight, and at dawn burnt out. . . .
You child, how dare you call love's very name
Who know so little what you prate about?
True love endureth all the tests of age,
Of years of evenings by the fire. . . ." Forsooth,
I look at them, so gray . . . albeit sage,
Who dearly bought this wisdom with their youth.
Ah, though mine were not love, could "never last,"
Yet, give me ecstasy, till summer's past!

ELIZABETH T. NELSON.

Gratis

“LOOK out, Hambone! Comin’ about!” called Clarissa, and caught at the sheet-rope of the creaking boom. The tiller whirled in a half-circle; the little boat balanced upright for a moment as its bowsprit swept an arc on the horizon, and then heeled dizzily as the boom crashed to the opposite gunwale, slashing at a wave and barely grazing the head of a flurried old colored man amidships.

“Land sake, Miss ’Rissa, whyfo’ you gwine do dat all time?” gurgled Hambone.

“I can’t sail forever in one direction, stupid!” she replied.

The old man scratched his head reflectively, but said no word as he sprawled miserably in the bottom of the boat, trying to forget the giddy, jerking acres of water and the thoughts that accompanied them of unwholesome, ravenous fishes, wavering wastes of seaweed, and slimy, bloodsucking monsters, from which he was separated by the thickness of a delicate hull. Emphatically, Hambone was no seaman,—at least not beyond the sculling of a sluggish craft on a yet more sluggish lagoon, when indulging in the great negro sport of catfishing. This bucking nightmare of a boat was no safe thing to set foot in, he was certain; the swollen menace of the sails was feeding upon his peace of mind, the murderous swoop of the boom “tarrified” him, and at every lurch of the groundswell the muttering misery in his interior grew more insistent. Moreover, the old man hated and feared all water outside of a washbasin; only after long years of coercion had he become reconciled to the clumsy, flatbottomed boats in which his adored “Mistah Charlie” liked to prowls about the cypress-swamps. And now, in a vortex of fright and misgiving, he reclined limply on the floor-boards, reflecting upon all his past sins and resolving aloud to be a pillar of the next prayer-meetin’ if the Lord delivered him out of this torment.

Clarissa was of course in her element. The straining tiller was like a live thing in her hand; the lithe little boat

sprang and sidled like a nervous horse under her; and the bellying sails were her faithful henchmen. Tossed by an immense ground-swell, the boat rose over each wave, poised with bowsprit punching the sky, and crashed downward into a shimmering green valley, almost swamped, it seemed, or at least imprisoned in the sliding hills of tumbling, translucent greenness whence there was no escape. But somehow there always was an escape, and in a stately sort of dance the agile boat scaled the steep, slippery hill and posed on the top, ready for the next dip and sway, dancing on and on to the breeze singing in the rigging.

A sea of this sort nearly always demanded clever steering, reflected Clarissa, for most of the people one was forced to take sailing had innate and odd ideas about not getting wet with the pelting spray, but today there was no old gentleman or timorous spinster who insisted upon keeping within the breakwater. The spray hissed and stung sharply, fiery as diamonds thrown at the sun. The whistling buoys loomed up, lowing like cattle grazing in wide blue fields, in bovine oblivion of the fleet white ship which approached and passed, leaving them tossing on a fan of bubbling swell. About the bow circled a silver gull, now flying in close to the gunwale, now veering off sharply on some business of his own, or flapping to a safe distance at the vicious smash of keel and wave as the boat plunged regularly into the troughs.

Astern on the horizon loomed a purple "windbag," fascinatingly threatening. Thank God Uncle Charlie wasn't along,—he would take one look at the squall and have a heart attack. This uncouth wrinkled creature on the floor was getting positively grey, be it with fright or sea-sickness. Clarissa preferred the latter (it was easier to deal with), but in any case it would be good for him to sit up and be either useful or amusing.

"Hambone!"

The huddle of clothes stirred, and from it one distraught eye regarded her anxiously.

"Is we goin' home, Miss 'Rissa?"

"No!" the young lady snapped. "Are you scared?"

"Yas'm," was the unashamed answer, "I'se scairt 'most to def and I'se got a scrougin' in mah inside. Ow!"

"Humph!" thought Clarissa. This was worse than usual;

scared *and* sea-sick. Oh, Lord, and a nigger, too! Why the devil had her uncle insisted on sending him along, anyway? She detested all colored people, especially when they were toothless and withered and given to drooling endless stories and distorting her name into "Missrissa," or something that sounded even more like a college yell. Hambone spat into the water, and she writhed inwardly. Negroes revolted her; their casual, almost intimate, manners enraged her. How did Uncle Charlie managed to live surrounded,—literally surrounded,—by them and not become a mere creature himself? The visit she had paid to her South Carolina cousins had remained like a bad dream in her mind for over ten years,—the black faces, the glittering teeth, the fuzzy heads tied up in tufts. Hambone, even then falling into decay, had approached her innocently, and she had fled screaming from the shambling black man and run full against a barbed wire fence. And now he had defiled the decent ocean with tobacco juice!

A particularly big roller raced toward them, and Clarissa absent-mindedly steered straight into it. A torrent of spray fell like rain into the boat. With a panic-struck "Lordy!", Hambone began to sing "Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Had" in a quavering voice, drawing his feet out of the water as fearfully and daintily as a cat. Clarissa burst out laughing; she did not perceive they both shared the same uncanny aversion,—she of negroes, he of water. Beginning with her first terror of Hambone, she had hated the smiling blacks and shrunk from them all during the rest of that childhood visit; she misunderstood their childlike good-will, and the weird rise and fall of the spirituals eddying over moonlit fields had sent her diving under the covers, the short hairs tingling at the back of her neck.

The sobbing minor of Hambone's song reminded her of that dreadful visit. Ugh! She could see his toothless gums when he opened his mouth on "had." Since those days she had naturally outgrown her fear of the race, but their presence made her feel oddly unclean. And now, behold Uncle Charles arrived to spend the hot months with them in Canada, bringing along the very old man from whom she had fled so hysterically in her childhood. A nigger!

The thumps and rattles of the boat punctuated her thoughts. Tobacco juice in the cool shining water,—crash!

Heavens, what a roller! Did Uncle Charles perhaps chew tobacco himself?—thump, thump, thump! Strange sort of triple wave; the wind seemed to be blowing the swell into smaller surface eddies. The minuet of the boat had decidedly altered,—a waltz now. H'm; a whitecap.

A moistened forefinger held aloft told that the breeze had not shifted, but had grown far fresher; a reef, decidedly; the negro would have to help. At her word the black head popped up expectantly, and said amid a torrent of spray,

“Missrissa, is we agoin’ home now?”

“No, not yet. We must shorten sail first. Here, climb over there and grab that rope. Pull when I tell you.”

To her astonishment the old man moved not an inch.

“Hey, catch that rope! Move!”

Hambone squared his soggy shoulders. “Missrissa, I jes’ nachelly ain’t gwine fum heah. I ain’t gwine lean ovah de side o’ no boat. No’m!” But a wavering look in his eye betrayed his knowledge that in spite of his terror he was going to do that thing because the white young lady was going to make him.

Clarissa was quick-tempered, and accustomed to instant obedience from servants. She mistook his negro bluff for deliberate insolence.

“Damn! do as I say! Catch that rope,—now, pull! Oh, Lord! you haven’t strength enough! Come here; see how I’m holding this rudder? Keep it just like that.”

Poor Hambone crouched on the tiny, tilted seat, clinging to the tiller with both hands. A shower of spray flew around him, and he shrank into a formless huddle of clothing. Very old and helpless he looked, a little shrunken man hunched on a wet boat, his animal-like eyes following the businesslike young lady taking tucks in the sail. She came back, after dripping centuries, and took away the tiller jiggling in his hand. The water in the forward bilge had risen a little; when the boat heeled more than usual, it came up over the floorboards until his shabby shoes squelshed. The heaving in his stomach grew worse and worse; it seemed to have something to do with the motion of the water.

“Missrissa?”

The girl looked down at the muddle of damp clothes from which came the thin, quavering voice. In spite of her recent

temper she smiled; he did look so funny there, like a rag doll thrown in a corner.

"Well?" she essayed, almost genially.

"Ain' we gwine home soon?"

"Hambone, you're not much of a sailor, are you?"

"Missy, I jes' nachally scairt to deff o' de watah. I ain' aim to come out heah, an' Mistah Charlie he say, 'Gwan, Hambone, you doano wut sailin's like. You run 'long git in dat boat 'fore I skins you!'. So I comes, ma'am, but I wouldeen adone it ef Mistah Charlie hadn' made me. No'm!"

"Can you swim?"

"Missrissa, ain' I jus' tell you I ain' got NUFFIN to do wit de watah? No'm. I nevah aims to need to swim. Watah leave me 'lone an' I'll leave hit 'lone. Yas'm."

"But haven't you ever been in a boat at all?"

"Oh, well, yas'm. Mistah Charlie, he got a ole scow he fool 'roun' in de swamps in aftah birds, but, Lordy! dem couldn' sink nohow! Anyways, he got dem—dem—whut you call dem roun' w'ite things dat floats?"

Clarissa rocked with laughter. Uncle Charles in a flat-boat with life-preservers! And one decrepit nigger for a crew! So that was the sea-going South! In the meantime Hambone had launched into a long reminiscence of his own, much to her irritation. The breeze was now more than fresh; it was rising steadily, blowing from the scowling purple wind-bag. Better come about.

As the boom jerked rebelliously at the end of its sheet, a frantic wail rose from Hambone.

"'Fo' de Lawd's sake, wut is dis crazy boat doin'? Is we gwine sink? OW!"

"No, we're not sinking. Be quiet," snapped the girl. The boat shuddered in a huge sea, but responded gallantly to the helm. As Clarissa wrenched the rudder to "jibe," the little craft tilted at a sickening angle in the teeth of the rising wind, and began to bore sturdily ahead. The old man was grey, the peculiar grey of terrified colored people.

"Missy, ain' we agwine home yet?"

A sudden gust shook the boat from bow to stern, rolling him roughly to the other side and knocking his head smartly against the gunwale. Clarissa volunteered that if he sat up

he wouldn't be tossed about so. He rose, a small ooze of blood on his forehead. During a lull he spoke again:

"Missy, I reckon you doesn't like us cullud folks much, does you?"

She started at the bluntness of the question. As a matter of fact she had just been thinking the same thing.

"Why,—what makes you think that?"

"Huh! You think I fo'get de time you run f'um Hambone when you was little? An' we kin mos' always tell when folks doan keer fo' us, anyways. Hit's jes some way you has of lookin', or talkin' or somepin. Hambone sorry, Missy. He like you—ow! Oh, Lordy! Le's go home!"

"Shut up! We're going now."

But secretly she was a little frightened. The wind had risen to a whistling gale, bringing grey clouds from nowhere, until the sky had turned to a wrack of tumbled darkness, and the sea to the color of a dirty army blanket. Guy-wires and rigging were singing a tortured song, pierced now and then by the cry of the silver gull, which was being madly tossed about like a feather fanned by a child. Headway against the wind was impossible; a brief attempt at a tack sent a curl of eager water over the gunwale. Nothing to do for the present but try and ride out the squall, while the boat danced a frantic tarantella with the boisterous waves, the little pennon aloft cracking like a pistol and the big boom and mast creaking and yearning against the killing strain.

Strange, how oddly the noises behaved. They occurred to one, instead of being heard. The wind hustled and swept sound away, so that only the smallest tatters of it could be gotten at all. You *saw* things making noises.

There was no rain, but, in the evil greenish dusk, land was hardly discernible. The gale grew titanic, pouncing on the boat like a vicious animal. With an agonized wrench the jib tore loose, the noise of its going snapped up by the wind, while with each drunken lurch into a trough the gale caught the mainsail with such force that it cost all the girl's strength to right the boat again. The storm was letting up, though; while waves were still mountainous, the wrack was dispersing to windward. She could keep her course a while longer. She stared upward, fascinated by the masthead swaying back and forth like a walking-beam against the swollen dark sky.

It was then that the catastrophe happened. The wind died for a moment, then rallied to spend itself in a last gigantic blast. A dreadful tearing sound, and the mainsail split from top to reef, but not in time to relieve the straining mast, which splintered suddenly near its base and settled wearily into the Galley 4—Bryn Mawr Lantern—Baumann water. Leaden, water-soaked sail, tossing mast, and all the heavy tackle were fast to the boat, pulling it slowly over to one side, and the wind, seeing the havoc, departed, leaving nought but the heaving wreck and a few dancing clouds to testify to its passing.

For a long minute Clarissa was stunned by the horrible tantrum and the sudden quiet. Then a suggestive lurch of the boat whipped her senses alive. With the boom and mast threshing in the sea as they were, one or the other would certainly dash a hole in the boat. Must cut them adrift. There were big shears and a knife in the locker, but over the locker lay something squirming.

The whites of Hambone's eyes were bloodshot with terror, and he was howling frantic prayers, his lax jaw wagging independent of the words he quavered. Clarissa was acutely nauseated. Abandoning the useless tiller she kicked him deliberately in the ribs. This was a language a stampeded negro could understand, so Hambone turned his head stupidly, like an old turtle in the sun, and beheld an incarnation of wrath standing over him. Dazedly he struggled to his feet. The young lady was cursing with the choicest product of her secret childhood association with grooms, and in the curious way of the negro mind he was suddenly at ease. Here was Mistah Charlie's niece, and she was cussin' mad. Long years of experience had taught him that when Huyetts began to curse they usually mastered the situation, so he rose almost gaily to his feet.

"Whew! Dat was some little win'! Dis niggah nevah think we see de sho' agin. But whut we gwine do, Missy? Dis is like de time Mistah Charlie an' me——"

"Hush! We're going to cut those ropes and cut them quick! Move, damn it! There's a knife in the locker behind you!"

She dove after the knife and sawed furiously at the rigging. Hambone offered to help as gallantly as he knew, but her

refusal was like the conversation of a rattlesnake, and he retired, with a morose snuffle.

Hambone thought that him being a Huyett servant and her a Huyett she might speak to him like a lady. Even when the high-handed Mistah Charlie was at his maddest he was polite when you did your best, but you couldn't tell about these northerners; they jes' nachelly didn't know how to act. This was what came of Mistah Charlie's sister marryin' some no-account yankee white trash. The Huyett in Miss-rissa was his rightful mistress, but the rest of her was no lady. He was going home, he was,—alone, if Mistah Charlie wouldn't come too. Yas'm, he was goin' and wait for Mistah Charlie down home, in the old house.

Clarissa sat in the stern of the scarred hull, straining her eyes for signs of a rescue. The ocean was very smooth now, but growing icy cold in the twilight, and she was numb through and through. It would be a dreadful swim to shore,—still, if it weren't for that nigger drooling on the gunwale, she might,—almost . . .

Engrossed in self-pity, Hambone was casting about him for something to keep out the chill air. His little world was all agog; had Mistah Charlie been along, he would have shared that dry blanket out of the locker with his black worshipper, but to Clarissa the idea had never occurred. Fumbling as vaguely as a child, his hand felt a familiar shape, and with a squawk of delight he hauled forth two of the "roun' w'ite things dat floats." At the same instant he discovered why the water rose so steadily in the bilge; in the hull, close to the frame of the heavy keel, was a leering green mouth,—a crack blowing an eddy of water into the boat. And he knew that one of the life-belts was rotten, for its interior crumbled in his hand. One was bad, and the other was good, and that eddy rose and rose in the boat.

Almost faint with terror of the yawning, icy, green caverns of the sea, and the thought that flashed into his head, he bent over his find. This girl here, she had treated him like a dog or a toad. She had called him a damn black nigger. Oh, those awful fish, tearing the flesh away from his tired old bones,—and the bones, when they were picked white, away down there, lonely and cold and wet, lone till judgment day. . . But was that Mistah Charlie's voice? He could

hear someone calling, "Hambone! Hambone!" This was Mistah Charlie's niece; Mistah Charlie loved her. . . he must, must . . .

With a whispered "Jesus help me, Mistah Charlie, doan be afeered—" he stood up, shuddering.

"Missy, kin you swim wid one o' dese?"

"Ye gods, where did you find those?"

"Right in heah, honey."

"Well, put one on and I'll tow you ashore."

Hambone appeared reluctant. "You know, Missy, I jes' nachally ain' gwine git off'n dis boat. I kinda thinks I'll wait heah. You-all kin go all you wants."

"All right. I didn't think you'd chuck a chance for getting off alive. I'm going, and if you don't 'Jes' nachally' scare yourself to death I'll send a boat back right away."

"Dass right, honey. You send a boat back aftah old niggah."

"I'm ready. This is your last chance. I could tow you in your life-belt, but if this boat sinks you'll be in terrible trouble."

The water was lapping at his feet. "Missy, you go 'long. Mistah Charlie, he'll come aftah Hambone. Make has'e, honey; you is oney wastin' time, an' I'll be settin' right heah awaitin' fo' him. I ain' gwine get inter trouble; trouble doan trouble me none. Gwan, Missrissa, it's agettin' mighty cold heah."

Clarissa dove into the benumbing green water. Her limbs lost all feeling, and for a moment she was gripped by a fear colder than the water. But after a few strokes the numbness left, and she settled into the long swim, thankful for the belt. A glance back revealed Hambone, a tired, sorry little figure,—tired and very alone. Oh, well, it wouldn't hurt him to cool his heels awhile. After all, he was only a nigger. . . .

On and on, with leaden arms rising and falling in the icy water. Dusk was gathering; she could no longer see the boat bobbing behind her. Even the shore was growing dimmer, as though filmy veils were being drawn across it. Lifted high on the crest of a lazy wave, she saw how far she had yet to swim, and for a moment her tired body refused further effort. Better float here, in the life-belt; they would find her, and in the meantime the slumberous swell would rock her in its hills

and valleys . . . No! No! The cold was pricking her legs like fiery needles. Must keep moving. Mustn't get numb.

On and on, the splash of her descending arms sounding in her ears like the roar of a waterfall. Oh, where was the shore? A moment since she could see the tiny, far-off gleam of some lighted windows, but now they danced crazily, like fireflies, and in another second they were gone, along with the roaring in her ears and the stinging pain in her body. The world of sight, of hearing, of feeling, seemed smothered by a great dark blanket . . . in a moment she would be a part of this sea-dark. In a moment . . .

Suddenly her feet touched a sandy bottom, and, without the power to go forward, she was supported upright by the lifebelt, swaying like a tall sea-weed rooted in the sand. The tickle of the shifting bottom woke her half-conscious mind, and she dragged to the wide, dry beach, to lie there in a panting daze.

How long she lay there she knew not, but at length, half way home she met a half-wild body of men led by a crazed uncle. Coolly she sat upon a rock and told the story, with directions for finding the boat.

* * * * *

It was past midnight, and Uncle Charlie had not returned from the rescue. Funny, that they should be so long in a power-boat, even if the tide had carried the wrecked hull. Oh, that horrible, numb, nightmare! It seemed very remote now, with the wood fire chattering in the fireplace . . . and yet the piercing clutch of the cold, the mocking, mirage-like land, the choking salt of the water, still made tingles of horror on her scalp. That poor old black devil; she understood now. His face had been grey when he buckled on that strange-looking life-belt. Had he distrusted its power? To be sure, it had looked a bit odd, but then it was as new as hers. Silly old black thing, . . . still, she had been rather a rotter. She would make it up to him. Yes, she understood now. Not that she had lost her nerve, but . . .

Uncle Charlie loomed in the doorway. He had something to tell, but it did not take long. Good God, what was he

saying . . . ? The boat . . . ? And Hambone . . . ?
Gone . . . ?

She never knew that he had made her a present of his
life.

NANCY D. MITCHELL, '28.

Chinoiserie

The yellow leaves like blossoms on the bough
Make spring of autumn,
But the shadows hang on the oak leaves
Like blue flowers
And I know that winter is near.

ELEANOR FOLLANSBEE.

Night Song

Sing me songs; sing me songs;
For life is a song to me
And tonight, when the wind is blowing,
Life is a song of the sea,
A song of racing billows
And ships that follow free.

In the path the moon has traveled
The silver fishes play,
And phosphorus gleams in the eddies
Where the ship has churned the spray.

The sea is so black it is solid!
I could walk on the waves tonight.
I shall run abreast the white horses
And race till the East is light.

ELEANOR FOLLANSBEE.

Alice

AS SOON as he entered the living-room, she explained that her aunt and uncle, suddenly called away, had consigned her for the week-end to Parrott's care. If it was an explanation made in some embarrassment, he seemed happily unaware. They walked to the hearth where a fire had been laid for a day too spring-like to need it, and greeted each other anew in a long smiling look.

"Were you—*surprised* to get my note?" she couldn't resist asking.

He hesitated, his eyes still on her face, then smiled again. "I was pleased. And I like your handwriting. It bespeaks things."

"Ah—What things?"

"Never mind—praise is bad for the young, especially the *very* young. And remember—I'm a man of no illusions."

"Oh, I can't remember anything else!" she cried, with vehemence. "It's what I think of all the time when I remember what you said—your oh-so-depressing prophecies! It seems to me it must be because, through your profession, maybe, you've seen so much of what people call 'the sordid side' that you believe it all has—well, no meaning."

She spoke with the faith of one so sure of her world, with so touching an earnestness, that he forebore even to smile.

"My dear young lady," his protest was mild, "I don't say it all has no meaning—my presumption wouldn't carry me so far. I only say I haven't discovered the meaning, and so—whatever it may be—it does me no good in illuminating my outlook. Besides, remember—I warned you not to listen to me; I'm sometimes a corrupting influence, and shouldn't wish to corrupt *you*."

Even a ghost of mockery in his tone somehow only intensified the effect. As he faced her, looking down into eyes troubled by what she thought to read in his own, they might

have been master and distressed disciple, arguing despite some unspoken appeal for him *not* to convince. . . .

"But I must ask you—it sounds childish, I know," apologized the disciple, "but do you never find comfort, or meaning, in Beauty—in interpretations of life, like poetry and—and things like that?"

"Of course I do." His smile teased her now, but so sweetly that she was unruffled. "Often I enjoy poetry, and——'things like that.' But remember—you mustn't worry about what I believe—*your* best gesture lies, you know, in being happy. That's one way of doing the world a great deal of good."

Perhaps it was her stare at his suggestion that made him laugh, and conclude,

"What is it they call you—Alice? They didn't betray the incog., but I recognize you—Alice in Wonderland!" His tone gave the words a poignancy hardly deserved. "Never mind my teasing you, my dear—it's a fine place to be."

"I like it!" she cried suddenly, in a small voice so gay that it cleared the air for the time of all rambling metaphysics.

"Meanwhile," he observed having walked to a window, "outdoors there's the joyous spring; likewise, my car. Shall we venture forth?"

And when instantly there was no question of her delight, he added,

"Let's take—a volume of poems!"

Her precious store of "experience" had never included anything like that ride, along country lanes, through woods still gaunt in their winter weeds, over little hills above valleys already alive with green. Dirk's low red car bore her onward as through a dream, for Dirk apparently chose to be his most charming self. If she had forgotten afterwards what he said, she remembered his fashion of saying it—his smile and his laughter, the light on his blonde head, and his eyes, dark blue, always touched—as it seemed to her—with a faint mockery belying the tenderest voice. And if she did live (thought Alice) in Wonderland, surely no more wonderful moment had been granted her. In such irony, too—an enchantment emanating from, of all men she had met, the most disenchanted. . . . Looking back, she saw it always as a kind of magic excursion, in which she herself, and Dirk and even the countryside had been touched with some ineffable wand.

They stopped, bye and bye, under an arch of naked trees, almost growing into a brook, and there Dirk read to her, in a voice so beautiful that she could have listened forever. He read his favorites, some Browning, and a few sonnets of Shakespeare; ever afterwards when she saw them, she heard his deep tones, and saw the little brook under the trees. . . . The morning passed, dream-like, until—even as such things happen—they abandoned the arts in quest of dinner, and found for themselves a haven modestly named by its sign-board, "The Roadside Inn." Certainly Dirk and even Alice, for all her recent emergence, were both too blasé about tea-rooms not to feel genuine surprise when the little nineteenth-century parlor where they dined betrayed them as horridly modern and out-of-tone. A white-aproned old lady ushered them in, and received their order. Her bright eyes travelled constantly from one to the other, to the accompaniment of a shrewd little smile, as if in her own opinion she shared with them some secret. Then, leaving, "My dear, he's very handsome," she whispered to Alice behind the door. "You're certainly fortunate!" And closing the door on the little passage, she trotted away.

Alice, blushing and aware of it, turned back to meet Dirk's eyes in a mirror, and suddenly together they laughed.

Dirk: "The romantic old soul! We mustn't spoil her picture," and so, for the old lady's benefit, they enjoyed throughout the meal a sense of drawing-room comedy.

After dinner, their audience asked if they wouldn't like to see "a bit of garden that's coming on with the sun," and they found it, in truth, a sunny spot of clipped hedges and rustic arbors and great carpets of violets. An old horse came and gave them a solemn and god-like stare over the top of the hedge. The old lady implored them to pick the violets—would not be content till they had gathered huge handfuls, and held them up for her inspection, while she beamed from a window. It was in all a little hour so simple, so utterly happy and undistressed by "ideas" or "beliefs," that Alice knew, as it passed, she would cherish it. She had a feeling she had known at the theater in Paris, where by special dispensation she was often brought. . . . "Oh, if the play would only last *always*," and she would never have to go back to the daylight greyness of school. . . . No more school now, she

thought happily, and Dirk, seeing her smile, offered a penny.

"Not worth it, but I'll tell you. I was just thinking how marvellous, how incredible it is that at last I'm out of school, in the World—free, at last, with this good World to play in!"

"At last?" Dirk's eyes narrowed. "At present, you're—?"

"Seventeen."

"Ah. . . . Well, you have quite some time to play, but then I'd advise you not to lose any—it won't always be as much fun."

"There we are again! I *tell* you it *will* be always fun—for *me*!" She jumped from their bench, and stood glaring at him desperately. Dirk moved not at all, staring at her through his lashes, with a smile that caressed and taunted her, and (could she have learned) might have taught her many things. But she saw only its insolence, and stamped her foot, and hurled at him, "Cynic!"

"God forbid," he answered, raising his long limbs from the bench. "That is, of course, if there be God. There's one name anyway that I refuse to be called, seeing especially that I merely see Things as They Are, without (alas) the consolations of philosophy."

"How do you know how they are!" she cried with the same desperation, but he only laughed, and stood looking at her. "Here, child, we're spoiling our day. Let's pick some more of these violets."

Before the red car drove away, when the old lady had been thanked for the flowers, her faded blue eyes dwelt on Alice, and suddenly she leaned and whispered to her, "My dear, you're *so* young—I do hope you'll be happy."

For no reason at all, Alice felt her own eyes fill with tears; perhaps it was to hide them that she kissed the old lady good-bye.

Then they drove and drove, and once, after a deep silence, she found the long-sought courage to say, with an air of being casual, "Dirk, by the way, who is that pretty person they call Mrs. Barbour—the one you were with when I met you?"

He laughed in a way she disliked, and made her sorry for asking.

"Mrs. Barbour? Oh, she's a lady who's not understood by her husband—no uncommon fate, you may find."

It was a dreadful moment, but, for all his mocking voice, poor Alice could not desist.

"Does—does *anyone* understand her?"

He waited; she dared not even steal a glance at his face. Then, "Let's not even discuss her. She isn't worth it," he said.

By the time they said good-bye, once more in the living-room, her courage had returned; she was even grown bold, and could say,

"You remember, Dirk, telling me that even you once lived in a kind of Wonderland? I've been thinking—wanting to ask you if,—say, in your observations of the disenchanted, you believe they ever—" (it was bold indeed, as she knew, long after she spoke it)—"ever find, as it were, a door open back to the Wonderland? Through any sort of experience?"

He started, stared, and something curiously like a flush crept over his face. Then—for her candid eyes were upon him—he seemed to travel to the farthest end of her meaning, and to reject in searching and final irony what he found there. Across Alice's vague and happy theories, came a sudden chill foreboding of what would happen. Abruptly, his manner changed. "No," he answered very sharply, "never, I'm sure. *By any sort of experience.*"

A door slammed in her face. All her earnestness died in a sudden pallor, but she held out her hand, coolly as she could.

"Good-bye," she said in a clear little voice, "and thank you for—the delightful day."

He wore the look of a man in some bitter distress, but it was long, long after that she realized it. At the time, she heard only his voice, saying, "Good-bye," and the door closing after him.

* * *

It was more than a year later when Parrott laid on her mistress's dressing-table a letter addressed in an unknown hand. Alice, coming in from the chill outdoors, stood a moment before the fire on her white hearth, and looked at the envelope. The writing she had never seen, but the distant postmark recalled to her something she had heard. Who had gone there . . .? Who . . .? Then she remembered, and stared, while a great color rose in her cheeks.

"No! It couldn't be," she whispered, and the sound of her

own voice seemed to break some spell holding her motionless. Tearing open the envelope, she read:

"Dear Alice—I wonder if I may still say,

Dear Alice in Wonderland? It's, at any rate, an older one—almost a year older, and perhaps—probably—wiser. Who knows what a year may have brought? I see you still vividly, the evening we met, and our day together. Do you remember the old lady? And the old horse? And the violets?

Alice, do you still believe? Do you cherish the precious 'ideas' (I'm glad you never said 'your philosophy of life!'), and cry 'Cynic!' at each unbeliever? I wonder—I wonder, too, if I can make you realize how many times you are in my thoughts—I even dream of you (does not that touch you, my dear?)—and how much I wish you would write to me. After all these months, I can see you as clearly as if it were yesterday. Write to me, Alice! Tell me what you think—whether you are changed—and, most of all, if you ever remember

DIRK."

She read it once, then, as if strength had suddenly left her, sank into a chair, and shut her eyes. Called forth, all strangely fresh and whole from the dark corner where she had buried him Dirk came before her, Dirk as she had first seen him—shining with laughter. She saw him with his blonde head bent to her; she remembered his hands, and the deep voice in which he read . . . "But do not let us quarrel any more—No, my Lucrezia! bear with me once more" Above all, she saw him in the sunlit arbor of the old lady's garden, laughing again, both hands filled with a hoard of violets.

Then she saw three things she liked less to remember—the smile veiling his eyes when she called him "Cynic!", veiling, too, an ironic and perpetual disbelief; then, the man who had laughed—unpleasantly—at her scared question about "the pretty person"—the misunderstood; then, last, the grim face he had turned to her final question, so undisguised in its naïveté.

It was this Dirk who remained. She saw him with that same look as he bowed at the door and went away—with a face of one who has just taken some harsh dose, self-admin-

istered. She had not understood it then. If she understood now, it was because—as he said—she was older, even a little wiser. . . . How quaintly open-hearted she had been. How he had started, and stared at her, flushed. . . . She turned to the letter, read it again. Almost she could hear the voice in which he would have cried, "Write to me, Alice!" She gazed a long time into the fire. Ah, she still had her precious "ideas," modified no doubt by the added year, but still her own. . . . "Do not let us quarrel any more. . . . Write to me. . . ."

* * *

The new log needed encouragement. She crumpled the letter gently, and laid it in the flame.

ELIZABETH THOMAS NELSON, '27.

Sonnet

For one who labored profitless to till
The soil of his endeavor, without care
And without purpose, was content to fare
Furrow to furrow, barren hill to hill,
Earth will bring timely recompense until
His eyes, unseeking then, are unaware
Of what they sought, his shoulders bent to bear
The truth they were unconscious of, are still

Though he should go, still inarticulate,
I cannot think that earth will let him die
Without some memory, however dim,
That we who are the heirs of his defeat,
Knowing so little that is real of him,
Yet may know this, his immortality.

JEAN LEONARD.

The Chance Singer

I, a caroller, shall pass
Through diamond-pane and leaded glass
The holly-fires of Michaelmas.
I, a caroller, shall go
Singing—the stars are on the snow.

I, with star-stung eyes shall greet
The lanthorns of the soundless street,
Glimmering their weak, crooked heat.
I, a caroller, shall go
Singing—there's light upon the snow.

I shall raise my face and see
The rafts of shops spread over me,
In burgher-carved stolidity.
I, a caroller, shall go
Singing—the moon will melt the snow.

FRANCES B. HALEY.

Imperfection

There is a weakness in my flesh
That lets me pass perfection by.
I leave the truth half told and trust
That halfness is no lie.

I seek a medicine to cure
The want of courage in my soul,
To make this reaching hand of mine
Unsatisfied without the whole.

What is this myth perfection then?
My reason reasons it away;
My lazy limbs bid me retire
From chasing phantoms night and day.

'Tis not I doubt its worthiness,
Devout, I worship from afar,
But there's no prompting in my blood
To make my goal a star.

And yet I know that dreams will come
To stir the fire within my breast,
Then stronger than my dear repose
Will be the soaring without rest.

ELEANOR FOLLANSBEE.

Echo From Theocritus

Where is Simaethea's passion
In the world today?
Who like wax within the furnace
Loving melts away?

O river running underground
Into Sicily,
Will ever Arethusa
Spring less secretly?

Or will this ancient madness
Run ever out of sight
And leave the world in soberness
To counterfeit delight?

ELEANOR FOLLANSBEE.

ASPIRATIONS

I'm very tired of looking for
A new and happy metaphor.
A poet told me if I should
Find such a metaphor, I could
Hope to become as great as he,
A "promising young writer" be.
I want to write, but is the urge
Divine, or just a mental splurge,
That vainly strives to prove that I
Have that in me that need not die?
. . . Nothing to offer, nothing there,
To stir a human soul, or bare
A single undiscovered truth.
To follow up unthinking youth
With matronhood, is this my lot?
To potter in my garden plot,
With stolid gaze and placid face,
Perpetuator of the race?
Oh, maybe if I pray and pray,
And then forget it, some bright day
When I have taught my eyes to see,
My metaphor will come to me.

ELIZABETH LINN, '29.

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The Lantern takes pleasure in announcing that WINIFRED TRASK and HILDA WRIGHT will be the new members of the editorial board.

The Campus Dig

BETTINA LINN, '26.

DEDICATION

*To Carrie, The Careful Girl, and Susanna of the Squeaking Shoes,
this story and a Big Ben now lost forever.*

“MEET me at the Inn at four o'clock,” said Miranda, “I have a quest for you.”

I turned from the haggard watchers under Juno, transacting the more secular business of the Christian Association, making rendezvous for Badminton, and assignations with celebrities for supper. Miranda was smiling at me sideways round the corner of her cheek, as she always smiles now for the proposal of a “quest,” after the magnificent failures of three years. I only nodded and slid under the arm of the professor closing the door on his eleven o'clock class. But during the five minutes of recapitulation of yesterday's lecture, I considered. Long training as laboratory assistant in the researches of Miranda had taught me to shake the test tube carefully before using, I sniffed and tasted the possible flavor of the new idea. A Faculty-Student poker-party in the Rockefeller mausoleum, a new edition of the Mythology presenting the lives of our friends in the scandals of the better Greek families—“Now in today's lecture,”—I uncorked my fountain pen for the casting of the daily pearls. But taking notes is one of Pillsbury's “automatic actions”; my pen followed the professor, and my thoughts Miranda.

“Is the fudge cake fresh today? No, I won't do anything at night, Miranda. This week the houses shut at 10.30, and I have three reports.” Thus firmly would I speak to her at tea in the afternoon. Nights with Miranda, cowering under a desk in the Lib. behind a set of Berenson and three quite inadequate Books of Oxford Verse, while the heavy, inevitable tread of the janitor approached on a midnight round! Ten dollars that night cost me, including fines for my presence, for being locked out, and Wallace's bill for the mocha cakes which failed to appease either janitor or warden; and one informal carefully-written reprimand for being unchaperoned,

as if those portraits by Sargent weren't chaperones enough! And that night in May in the Midsummer Night's Dream Hollow when all Miranda's information about Cassiopeia and the Big Dipper and scientific ways of making blanket beds among the wild-flowers, did not compensate for the cold sweat of terror that broke out on me as the late home-goers to Low Buildings paused to study the stars, and both engaged Seniors with escort and both campus dogs wandered in the underbrush! "I'm on my way to the Infirmary," I said to Miranda while I dragged a quilt I was too tired to conceal, up the steps at dawn; "you may like the moon, but I notice you slept all night. There's moon madness in my family. I had an uncle who went balmy from moonlight."

"You mean moonshine," said Miranda, "why don't you admit you're afraid of caterpillars?"

My neighbor nudged me, squinting at my note-book. "The date was 1897," I said peevishly, "why don't you pay attention to the lecture?" I began to read a note handed from the row in front.

"That's not for you," hissed the author of it. "I'm not a Rural Free Delivery," I hissed back, "and if I am, country postmistresses always read the mail." I did.

Janufa says she'll play bridge at ten tonight. Don't forget. (signed)—Cuckoo.

I flipped the note behind me. So Cuckoo was rushing Janufa! I knew enough sociology to wish the upper classes wouldn't corrupt the lower. Miranda loved the young and innocent, all helpless creatures: I should speak to Miranda.

But she was bent on a quest. "Nothing at night," I should repeat stolidly. "You wouldn't deign to remember those adventures of Freshman year; but what about the first of June in the Deanery fountain, and the roof garden of begonias tended at midnight on Pembroke? Walspurgisnacht indeed! A thousand and one nights, get thee behind me, Scheherazade!

I'm done with scandal. Sowing little seeds of lies in Radnor to blossom into a full-bloom scarlet rumor from Denbigh and wreath itself about the corridors of Pembroke—that was scientifically amusing once. I know now that the

last thing people believe is the truth—especially of my innocence. Our police records are on the books; I have three reports this week.”

Miranda would be gravely intent on extra-illustrating the Inn’s menu, with scenes from the daily life of Hellenistic Tours and portraits of Medea brewing a dish of baked beans, Neptune deviling the life out of a crab because the day was Friday. Perhaps Miranda should have taken all her Required Subjects the first two years; then she would have had to major in History and Economics. Archaeology, they say, is for the materially minded; but it stimulates the imagination beyond things of this world.

“Is that the bell? Tomorrow I’ll take up with you——”

Stumbling out I saw Janufa, Charlestoning cheerfully in front of Socrates. I took her down to the Bookshop and bought her Dairymaid Chocolate. She asked me if extensions for Freshman English papers were hard to get; so I knew she was wasting her time, being misled. I bought her peanuts and told her the Encyclopaedia helped if you couldn’t get the history books. She rubbed the shaved part at the back of her neck ruefully, then she Charlestoned off.

“Don’t rattle the Chocolate paper in class,” I shouted. But I know she would. She does all the conventional things in a process of evolution. Ontogeny repeats phylogeny. Six years ago she would have developed into an unusually cheerful Sunny Jim; but evolution has a back kick now. Once the fashion was to have a future; now it is to have a past.

“Shall you put your handkerchief under the table leg, or must I? Or shall we let it rock?” said Miranda. “I’m glad you were willing to come, though you don’t look happy.”

“I’ve just discovered my bulbs are going to bloom in the mid-year vacation. Damn Nature! She always arranges things for the wrong time.”

“Consider the lilies of the field—the time you plant them. Keep them by the open window at night and retard their growth. Have you ever read this?” With a crippled hairpin Miranda was cutting the pages of a book.

“*Survival After Death*”—No I haven’t. And you oughtn’t to mention it. The subjects ‘Love, Death and Lunacy’ are taboo; they’ve been publicly proscribed in THE LANTERN.”

"Sappho, I do not use Ouija Boards. I am examining the personality of mummies."

"I thought only the sarcophagi were exposed in the dark room of Taylor."

"Sappho, what were you doing at eight o'clock yesterday morning in the Lib.?"


"Ten pages by a Harvard professor on Japanese exclusion, the 'fecundity of immigrant women'."

"What do Harvard professors know about that, please? You never remember the past. All you can really know in this world is yourself and the past."

"Or why I take Archaeology and the Cultural Courses."

"The Cultural Courses are merely superficial. Culture takes at least two generations, one to sink in thoroughly and a second to come out gracefully."

"Three generations between shirt sleeves, or my father was a forty-niner! There isn't much chance for culture. I learnt today that professors only have 2.5 children, all the true laborers are having 6.5. Of course the establishment of night-schools is increasing in the United States. Last year—"

"Thank you for the ray of hope, Sappho. Do you know what that is?" Over the words "College Inn" Miranda had drawn a symbol—.

"Yes, it's the can-opener you bought after the fire-axe was worn out. No, it's the handle of a Mavbasket carelessly decorated by a sleepy Sophomore."

"It is the symbol of life, the ankh of Egypt, as in Tut-ankh-amen."

"The *i* is silent as in 'Ohludgud.' It's the sort of thing paranoiacs draw. I wish you'd go down to the Infirmary and be examined."

"Last Saturday I took advanced standing in hygiene. I signed my paper with a curious little device, a quartered shield with three sleeping owls, a sphinx, and a stork rampant. I put 'Time' underneath as a motto. I think now I should have passed if I'd made the stork couchant instead of rampant."

"You might go to the professor and explain it was just a bit of carelessness. Really you'd be surprised how considerate they are about those things. I once got passed in an

English quiz on Campaspe in which I referred to 'Campaspe himself.' "

"You have heard of excavation, Sappho? Splendid! Do you suppose we could borrow a pick and shovel or would we have to buy them?

*Per me si va nella città dolente
Per me si va nella perduta gente?"*

"Thanks, if you are being Vergil, I want a reliable Beatrice. Janufa, will you let Janufa be Beatrice? That's a bargain. no 'quest' without Janufa!"

"Are you bribing her for Charleston lessons? Janufa won't be interested in us. We are neither fast nor great."

"Excuse me, I am enough of a celebrity: I was asked to Sophomore Dance, even if I didn't go, and I'm on the *News*."

"On Sunday I took tea at Low Buildings. (You take tea there: it's a ritual not a party). There was a pause. I thought I'd be conventional and not say 'the smoking-rooms are called the Blue Rooms'; so I said it was too bad about the *News*, wasn't it?"

"I hope the 'Nos' called for a division."

"There was discussion. Sir Oracle, the hostess, declared an editorial last week was 'yellow journalism.' I think you wrote it. It was analytical."

"Which was it? There are only three kinds of editorials, informative, humorous, and subversive. Nobody reads the informative, and Alumnae answer the subversive. It must have been humorous."

"Undoubtedly. But that doesn't prove Janufa's interest."

"Maybe not in you, Miranda."

"Don't you believe I'm on a committee? A girl has to serve on at least one committee to keep her good name on Campus; unless, of course, she is obviously preoccupied with a private life here or outside."

"Celebrity and official are no longer synonymous, Miranda. This is 1926, not 1921."

"Janufa will come if we ask her. Is it a bargain?"

"I shall be flattered to see her. Now explain, Wotan, why you've adopted the erring Brunnhilde? Are you joining that set of night-riding Valkyries she follows?"

"Thanks, I put myself to bed. No one hears my prayers or smooths my pillow. I merely want to divert her attention from the Valkyries. Tonight she plays bridge with Cuckoo."

"Oh I remember, a tea to meet an aunt, far away in Radnor. Who was it said 'Silent upon a peak in Radnor'? Meet me at five in the smoking room tomorrow, with your little playmate. We shall dig for the grave of Tutankhamena, the 'Unknown Graduate Student.'"

* * *

At 5.15 I was sitting in the Pem. smoking-room. Grads, emerging from their burrows after dark scuttled in and out, digging among copies of the *Sportswoman* for their mail. A grunting Sophomore at the book-case sought *The King's English*. Some one was encouraging the fire with pages of the *Times* (not her own). A Freshman crept in at the door.

"Excuse me," she said, "but would you tell me which is better, Wyatt or Surrey?"

"It puzzles me," I murmured. "Dryden was a very versatile man."

Miranda was leaning on a shovel in the doorway.

"Of course, we suffer from over-organization; but I wish you'd be on time at your trysts. Are you going to plant the class tree with that shovel? I hope it's an evergreen, with this blizzard. Hemlocks in memory of General Philos."

"Where's Janufa?"

"She went to the Lib., hoping to be allowed to stay. Last week she got the hiccoughs after the Baked Bean Lunch. They told her she couldn't come back for a week; and the week before that she was asked to leave because her cough disturbed the serious students. The motto of the Library is, 'Quiet is requested for the benefit of those who have retired.'"

"I hope she remembered her lantern," said Miranda.

Under the Arch, driving snow hid all the sudden familiar vista. Miranda shouldered the spade and ran up the drive. The Lib. door clanged heavily behind us. In the cloak-room I exchanged my coat for an ample gown that hung there and made ready for the catacombs, wearing also my best smile version of a Christian martyr.

At the umbrella stand Janufa was resting her chewing-gum.

"I'll find the umbrella by it," she said gleefully, "I don't

know it very well; I just took it from Merion. Cuckoo said it would be all right. How's the adventure? I'll be so disappointed if we don't smell the corpse in five minutes. I brought my lantern; be careful not to lose the card in it. I haven't taken my lantern-girl out to dinner yet."

"Freshman year," murmured Miranda, "my card said, 'Come to breakfast on Sunday and the best of luck.' The muffins were so good that I went to two teas in the afternoon. The hostesses fed the first freshman who appeared, and I took care to go early. Come on."

Miranda's shovel was rather remarkable; so I forgave the curious faces in the doorway of the New Book Room. Cuckoo's wondering smile and a hand lifted in derisive salute—Janufa then had told a good story last night at her bridge.

Janufa's high heels rattled down the winding stairs.

"We must try every room," she assured us. "Every room—you never can tell!"

A tutoring-lesson and an intelligence test repelled our inquiring faces from two doors. We took refuge among the Ph.d. theses. Janufa sniffed, dug, and scurried from corner to corner, like a very thorough puppy.

"Were you at the Priene dig?" asked Miranda, "you're quite scientific."

Next door we helped ourselves solemnly to the stationery of the Christian Association.

"The black box on the floor," said Miranda, "contains the lamp of True Learning, still burning undimmed. As a respectful vestal, you should not be sitting on it."

Janufa rose hastily. Her footsteps echoed down the corridor.

"Here," she shouted, diving into a black opening. In a long, low cavernous recess she waved the lantern. There was a sofa which had been sat on too long, newspapers, and a good deal of material for the Junk Committee. The cobwebs and the musty fragrance were in the best tradition; but there was no Tutankhamena on the sofa.

"Those sacks look like the scenery of Players" said Janufa critically. "I don't see any hieroglyphics, Miranda."

"This is the place where they store the college baked potatoes," I said, "let's try the South wing."

"Don't douse the glim. Here! Sappho!"

Miranda was crouching over a bundle in the corner. A bridge score. "We agree not to play for more than a tenth of a cent, March 1, 1898," Janufa read aloud. "A clue! A clue!"

She seized me by the arm. With joy we did the first figure of Peascod and turned single on to the sofa. Miranda frowned slightly. She held up a dark blue hockey skirt.

"Athlete, and a good one; the shorter skirt, the more first teams they're on," I deduced.

"Cripers!" cried Janufa, "here's a toga." She draped it over the sofa like an antimacassar. "That really is quite classic, isn't it?"

"They wore them to classes in '89," muttered Miranda.

"We've found her! All their things have been here since 1898. Do you think it was suicide after bridge? Only a tenth—'Carrie was a careful girl.' Let's take them upstairs. We'll have them photographed and put in the trophy case."

Janufa began to Charleston.

"There's another corridor left," said Miranda.

"But we've found—"

"Come on," Miranda was firm, "We must finish. Don't you know anything about research? Foot-notes and bibliography are still missing."

She flitted out of the Black Hole of Calcutta, and disappeared down the alley to the right. I picked up toga, hockey-skirt, and bridge score, and took Janufa's arm. She was singing cheerfully, "You can easily see she's not my mother," swinging her lantern in time.

"Look! The switchboard! We could put out all the lights in the Lib."

"And be electrocuted, thank you!" But I saw Miranda glancing back, and knew she noted the idea for the science in the future.

The wide, curving passage grew darker as we strode along. The whitewashed walls shone strangely in the flickering red light of the lantern. On and on, round many corners, foot-steps clamoring on the pavement—I left go Janufa's arm and stooped to gather up the trailing toga. The candle in the lantern died with a little hissing noise of wax.

"Sappho"—Miranda's voice was a distant whisper in the darkness. I groped forward by the rough plastery touch of

the wall. We must be underneath the Cloisters by now, so still under the falling snow. Surely in a moment I should hear the flakes touching on the ground above me. Should I, Orpheus, find the Kingdom of the Underworld, and my Eurydice?

"Damn that lantern! Wait for me," Janufa cried behind me in the darkness. There was a little, sad echo before I answered,

"Straight ahead! Hold on to the wall." Of course, I had left my matches in the smoking-room; surely Miranda had a box. Janufa was quavering some stirring athlete song of her school-days.

"Shut up," a distant whisper to the right, then a match scratched. Miranda's face shone suddenly out of a tiny alcove beside me. Janufa stopped in the middle of a "Fight, team, fight," automatically I noted the plagal cadence. She leaned against the wall and grinned.

"Tutankhamena," muttered Miranda. She held up a brown jacket, full of holes. A spider ran away from his broken web, in a cloud of unpleasantly fragrant dust. A second match—there was a wide stiff collar covered with dirt, a pencil, a little sheaf of papers, yellow papers with tiny writing on them. I bent over them, expecting to read "No more twist," in a mouse's handwriting—the Tailor of Gloucester! The notes were in Greek.

"Keep lighting the matches," said Miranda. She gazed at the jacket. "Look at the sleeves, rather leg of mutton. There are sleeves like that in the old pictures in Pem., and the collar."

"Is there a date on the papers? I can't read Greek."

"Something about Zeus and Olympus. I wonder if she was a pagan. The leg-of-mutton sleeve was worn by Jane Austen's heroines, wasn't it, and then it had a renaissance about 1890."

"But what about the other things, the bridge score?" Janufa spoke at last anxiously.

"The matches are giving out; and we've got to find our way back," I said sternly. "Come on, Miranda."

"If she were a pagan, would it be useless to pray for her soul?"

"It's winter. Proserpine is in the Underworld with the Shades. She will be kind. Anyway they can talk Greek!

"I'm glad she left the coat behind," Miranda sighed, "how unattractive to enter Hades in leg-of-mutton sleeves."

"Perhaps she was a Bacchante, torn to pieces down here in a Bacchic orgy, Agave and Peneus in Thrace."

"No, Sappho, not a Bacchante, merely a Vestal, I'm afraid."

"Only three matches left! Hurry up, Miranda. We're full fathom five underground, and it's dark enough for Caliban's mother. What are you looking for in your pockets?"

"Righto, I'm coming." There was a clinking sound. Miranda stumbled after us in the darkness. She took my arm, "Good old Prospero," she murmured.

Upstairs I fell at the feet of Athene. Janufa, more energetic, took the toga and hockey skirt.

"I'm going to leave these in the cloak-room," she said firmly, marching off.

"Supper at the Inn," said Miranda, "I'm very hungry. We can just get there before seven."

The Inn was pleasantly familiar with all the usual features. Women wondered about an exhibition of sports dresses. Four people played bridge in one corner; opposite them a celebrity was being kept in chicken-patties and fudge cake, her Sophomore hostess blushing a little with pride and embarrassment, the celebrity looking about the room for someone to speak to or something to talk about. Two quiet, fervent officials were discussing a policy; two others were munching triscuit and Shirred eggs with the determination of habitual diners-out. Some one was making a speech about the future of Varsity Dramatics. I noticed that Janufa slunk past Cuckoo and her cohorts in the exhibition. An idea came to me: I rushed into the office and telephoned the village. Ruthlessly interrupting our tradesmen at their evening meal, I ordered a corsage of Ward roses to be sent to Miranda (she hates them). With difficulty and a great deal of spelling I described the card, "*Avec beaucoup de l'amour platonique*, signed Janufa."

As I poured out my second cup of coffee, with the usual comments, Janufa turned to Miranda.

"I want to tell you," she said blushing curiously—

"Never mind," said Miranda, "Cuckoo will get her hockey-skirt and her bridge-score all right. I'll return them tomorrow.

Kind of her to lend them. The ways of the heathen are dark but soon brought to light."

"Excuse me, is that an epigram?" asked a voice at the next table. "May I have it?"

A member of the Rhetoric class looked hopefully at us. "A double chin does not necessarily"—I began.

"That's been reserved. May I have yours, Miranda?"

"It's not an epigram," said Miranda, "but you may have it in exchange for a good epitaph."

At midnight I stumbled into the smoking-room for a lucky. A cigarette revealed Miranda sitting over the embers.

"Oh it's you, is it?" I said angrily. "What do you think you've got me into? Janufa just put me to bed, tucked me in with the most accomplished methods. Now I shan't have a night to myself."

"You brought her this afternoon, please remember. You know, Sappho, I've just burnt those Greek notes; I don't want them in my room. If we had not left the coat, I think Tutankhamena would have come back for it."

"All the way from Hades to the campus?"

"Perhaps, I think she will be safe now. Just to be sure I left a coin to pay her way across the Styx. It was a quarter not an obol; but it ought to do. Charon would hardly take a franc or a mark in these days, but anybody will take American money, you know. And it's silver, after all."

"Shall we search the records? But it would be impossible to find anything."

"And I'd rather not," said Miranda softly.

At the third cigarette, she smiled at me round the corner of her cheek.

"I have a new idea, Sappho: for Little May Day—strange music, pipes of Pan, under the windows at dawn; a flock of white pigeons loosed from Rock tower at seven! We'll drive a goat-cart down Senior Row pursuing the hoops; and a band of Puritans will interrupt the Maypole dancing. After chapel we shall mount the platform and sing the modern English madrigal, 'Susannah's Squeaking Shoes.'"

I inhaled a long drag of smoke and blew it around me in a shielding cloud.

"Nothing at night, Miranda. No, nothing after dark."

Sonnet

JEAN LEONARD, '27.

Death will not give your haughty spirit peace
Sooner than mine who have deserved it less;
I shall have found my way to nothingness
When you, still sure, nor hoping for release,
Thread labyrinthine courses. I shall cease
To hoard fine rapture; I shall cease to press
Hope into joy; leave others to possess
Time's revenue and my estate's increase.

I shall be happy, I who long have sought,
Never to find such happiness, dear-bought.
I shall be happy for I shall not see
Your disenchantment, shall not even care
That you, who envied Mélisande her hair,
Eos, her deathless lover, envy me.

Old

FRANCES BURKE HALEY, '29.

I'll go to a hill—a pasture-hill,
Where breezes nibble at the grass,
And the grass ails, and is very thin,
Is worn and thin where the goatlings pass.
When the snow comes—it will come at last—
It will say, "He is old, and his hands are lined,"
And it will be soft as the trip of the kids,
Smiling their little goat-smiles in the wind.

None So Blind

WINIFRED TRASK, '29.

THE day he left us, I gave a tea-party to the Ladies' Sewing Circle, in honor of my convictions. I polished up the kettle with my own hands, because Mary was busy airing out his room. It was a ridiculous day, anyway, to give a tea-party, Mary told me—what with the trunk carriers' muddy tracks still on the stairs, and Master Toby so upset and all. But I told Mary firmly that I would give a tea-party and for whomever I chose. Goodness knows I needed something in honor of my convictions.

It had all been very trying for me. The Ladies' Sewing Circle, sniffing over their cups of weak tea—my best old Wedgewood cups in honor of my convictions—agreed that it had indeed been very trying for me. And I, expanding to my convictions under their approving sniffs, gave them all the details.

Old George had been with us nearly two years when he left that day. Old George, let me explain, was my late husband's nephew, an orphan, and was not old at all; in fact very young, only twenty-three when he left us. But on his very first visit to us, as an all-important college man, my husband had clapped him on the back and cheerily called him "old George." And Toby, at the age of two, accepting with equal delighted wonder, a new friend and new words, clung to the name "Old George" till no one thought of using any other. Toby and Old George were great friends from the very first.

At the end of a not-too-successful college career, Old George found himself without any very definite plans for the future. As my husband had been so fond of the boy, I wrote and asked him to stay with me until he should find some position. I remember saying kindly that with us he would have a chance to look around him for awhile. My husband had always believed that boys should have a chance to look around them before settling down. The boy answered, in a letter, charming in its youthful dignity, that he could not

think of accepting such hospitality, but that if I would let him contribute a share towards the household expenses from his small income, my home would be a Godsend to him.

George arrived with two trunks and a little brown dog. He stood in the doorway and gravely introduced me to the dog.

He had always been a handsome child; now having grown up to his former boyish length of neck and limb, he was startlingly beautiful. He and the little brown dog both looked at me with the same merry, earnest expression of—"Here we are,—you're *very* good to us." Then Old George laughed, and the dog opened its mouth and bounded indoors, and the trunk-men brought in the trunks,—the same muddy-footed trunk-men that took them away.

For the first few months, George relaxed into a leisurely existence which we both agreed was his just due. He said that he wanted to think, and write a bit, and get things straightened out in his own mind. He intimated, in his eager way, that it was a great responsibility to be an orphan, and more of a one to be an author. He wasn't very strong, either, college had been too strenuous. So he wandered about the little fishing village, deserted in the winter except for the natives, an old brown hat on his curly head, and an old, rank pipe stuck firmly in his mouth, and wherever he went a little procession of Toby and the brown dog trailed after him. On snowy days you could see them tramping along the wharves, pausing here and there to talk to an old sea-dog, poking his head out from his smoky little hut. On windy March days you could see them on the western cliffs, silhouetted against the sky, the tall blown one that was George in a flapping overcoat and scarf, and the two scurrying dots that were my Toby and the dog. On those days I always had Mary bake an extra big pie for dinner.

But when the spring came, Old George seemed to show no inclination to do anything more than wander about and "think and write a bit." I hinted that it was time for him to begin and look about him. Looking about him was perhaps the best thing George did. In fact, he seemed to find so much of absorbing interest about him that he seldom looked very far. True, he went to New York for several days at a

time, but he always returned with an enthusiasm that meant no job.

Meanwhile the summer came and with it, the swarms of people that turn a quaint little fishing-village into a smart little summer resort.

These flanneled and sweated friends at once discovered George and gave him a run for his existence. They welcomed him with open arms into their play. They lent him roadsters, and gold-tipped cigarettes, and waged open warfare for his favor. Every evening a carful of sleeked young men and fluffed young women bore him off triumphantly to a dance. At first they politely urged me to come, too. But after a while they gave that up and only honked at the door.

Old George took them calmly enough, and didn't encourage their advances—which is perhaps the greatest encouragement of all—and let them talk to him, and beat them all at tennis, and was amused. On the whole, however, he admitted to whom it might concern, that he preferred me and Toby and the dog.

Winter came, and the summer folk left, but Old George stayed on. People in the village began to talk. After all, here was an able young man supposedly continuing to accept the hospitality of a widow with a child to support. Rumors reached me that I must turn him out, or people would think untold things.

Old George and I had a long talk about it. By this time his writing was bringing him in an occasional payment. He assured me that he was "getting there," that he had given up all idea of anything but writing, and that success, like a flighty bird, was perching just ahead and must not be startled off. The talk finished, as these talks always did, by my becoming as full of enthusiasm as he was.

After all, I told myself, it wasn't as if he were living directly off me. He never dreamed what a little way his small contribution went toward covering his expenses. So I stopped my ears to the rumors of criticism, and broadcast it that he paid me amply for his board, and that consequently what he did or did not do, was no business of mine. A defiant statement for me to make about my own nephew.

The following summer, however, the situation became more strained. Old George was now more engrossed in his work and more bored by his swarm of summer followers. He drew, for my amusement, pictures of himself, with his would-be friends trailing abjectly after him. He called these pictures "Chased by the Loves," and was not too careful to hide them. He made me make his excuses when they swooped down in the evenings to collect him for a dance. Altogether he was downright rude to them. Consequently, they flocked more and more. And while the all-year folk pitied me for having to put up with a shiftless young nephew, I knew that these people pitied *him* for having to live with *me*.

Last fall, he had been with me nearly two years. Except for an occasional article accepted for a magazine section, he had accomplished nothing! I felt that it was not right to him to allow him so much ease. It warped his outlook. He must learn that a courting of chance success is all right for those who have the means; but that a poor young man must work. I was convinced that it was my duty to turn him out. And coloring my conviction at every turn was the knowledge of the disapproval which the winter folk and the summer folk both held for me—though for different reasons.

We had one horrible, heart-breaking evening which I won't describe. Two days later, he was whizzed off in the baggage car of a New York bound train, his dog in his arms, his debonair smile doing its best to efface any strain that came between us. I drove home briskly and polished the tea-kettle till it shone to radiance.

Crunching the little raisin cookies, the Ladies' Sewing Circle sniffed in unison, and agreed that it had all been very trying for me. I had done my best. I sighed efficiently over the tea-kettle. I could almost see my convictions mirrored in its bright surface. But just then Toby rushed in, roaring frightfully that he would *not* eat his supper without Old George there to finish the story.

II

At first there was just a horrible loneliness. I soon came to realize that all the tea-parties and opinions in the world couldn't cover up this loneliness. Toby was quite unman-

ageable that whole winter; he tagged around after me, whining for amusement or, baffled at my inability to take George's place in his play, he went off by himself and sulked. Even Mary was perturbed, because she no longer had cause to grumble over an extra large pie on windy days.

So the glamour and substance of my convictions were finally worn away and all that rose to take their place was a feeling of intense remorse. After all, he had only asked of me what, if he had had a home, would have been his natural right. And he *was* working toward something definite.

I felt now, that I had been offered the privilege of vitally helping someone towards the attainment of his success and that I had miserably spurned it, and all for the sake of opinions.

Old George had left without giving me an address, saying he would let me know as soon as he found a foothold. He had never written. The one frantic letter that I sent in care of a magazine with which he had been connected was returned unopened. I would have given anything in the world for a sight of Old George, and a chance to explain.

It is spring now. Spring in a little sea-coast town is quite different from spring anywhere else. It is cold, and the trees are still bare. But the winter-cloaked village is suddenly freed of its burden, almost as if it gave a great heave, and caused the accumulated ice and snow of months to roll off in torrents down towards the harbor. And the crude, new smell of the sea in the early spring is quite different from the sea-smell at any other time.

The other day Toby startled me with a question. "Mother, what is a conviction?"

Toby had become more contented in his little mind lately. I noted with relief that since the spring had set in, he trotted around the neighborhood with all his old alacrity, and seemingly forgot to ask for Old George. Today, however, he looked worried as he asked his question.

I explained, as best I could, what convictions stand for.

He looked more puzzled, and said, "Does everyone have them? Why does Old George say I must never have them?"

"Toby! When did he tell you that?"

He said, impatiently, "Oh, about yesterday," and prattled on about his convictions.

About yesterday! I looked at the child in amazement. He had always been quite truthful. Now the very carelessness with which he uttered the statement proved its truth to him. Eight-year-old Toby could never have feigned that candid manner. I caught his shoulder and almost shook him.

"Toby! What do you mean? Where did you see Old George?"

"Let go, Mother. I see him all the time."

"But where?"

"Oh, out there. I think I see him on the wharves, mostly."

"Toby! It must be some mistake! When did you last see him? Think, Toby?"

Toby looked up at me, and screwed up his eyes, ruminatively.

"I think I saw him about yesterday."

And I never could get any more explicit details out of Toby. Whether the child's imagination was affected or whether he had a new friend whom he mistook for George, I could not decide. Whoever it was, he continued to see him however. He never spoke about these meetings unless I asked him; and then he only answered vaguely that he had seen Old George—"I think to-day," and "I think out on the wharves," or "upon the cliffs."

Yesterday afternoon, Toby spoke of his own accord about Old George. We had driven down to the Point to watch the sunset. It was a swift and flaming one. The spray of waves that splashed high against the rocks was tinged with rainbow colors just before it spattered our faces. Under the serenity of this scene, all disturbing ideas seem to lose their significance, and the only realities are rocks and flame-streaked sea.

Toby sighed contentedly, and said, "Mother, Old George finished the story today."

I didn't answer, Old George's nearness seemed so real and unsurprising just then—so closely interwoven with this particular scene.

And though at the moment my heart stopped beating, I think now that I was not surprised to see a tall familiar figure

with a flapping coat and scarf, and windblown hair come towards us over the rocks. A little brown dog was scampering at his heels.

He looked at me in a queer, puzzled way, as if he *had* met me, but couldn't quite remember where; and then he walked past.

I watched him swing along over the rocks. Then I called "George!" At once he wheeled around and came back, his hand outstretched. He laughed merrily, in the old familiar way, as I clutched his hand, and the dog jumped joyfully about us.

"Hello, Auntie," he said, and kissed me; "My, it's a long time," and he laughed again. He and Toby looked at each other and said nothing. "But then, of course, they've seen each other so recently," I thought.

"George," I asked, "what are you doing here? Have you been here long?"

"Well," he said, "to tell you the truth, I have been here some time, but I thought I'd—You see I have an old farmhouse back up in the country a way—I'm doing a bit of writing out there, you know."

And with that, all the doubt and mystery of the past weeks was gone, and I saw things, in a flash, as they were. Old George had some plan—something that he wanted to write, and he had naturally come back here because it was quiet and familiar. But of course he hadn't wanted to let me know until he had accomplished what he was doing. Just like Old George! And here I had been having all kinds of weird ideas.

We decided to drive up to George's place and make some tea—Old George said ruefully that he had learned to kick up tea and things for himself. So we climbed into the front seat of my car, Toby, strangely silent, squeezed between us.

But I didn't notice then how silent he was. I can remember that now, as I can remember that Old George spoke little but laughed often. If I had only questioned him—if I had only told him how fine he was and what a selfish fool I had been. If I had only asked him about his work——

But all that came to me, as I drove, by his directions, over

the fast darkening wooded roads, was a great feeling of relief and peace—that relief and peace which come with the appeasing of conscience. Here I had a chance to explain to Old George—but the only words that would come were, “I’m so glad—so glad”; and they were well answered by the old, merry smile in his eyes. I hadn’t realized till then what perfect hell those years had been, since I had made him go. Now that it was all over, I knew, and felt that he understood.

Once Toby spoke. As I repeated fatuously, “Oh, I’m so relieved—so glad!” Toby turned and said petulantly, “What does *that* matter?” and then stared moodily away.

I didn’t answer, but smiled at George. It was getting quite dark, now, the only light was an occasional flash from the setting sun filtering through the western trees. Silently, I watched it fade, and was perfectly, blissfully happy.

I must have driven on a long time in that way, for all at once I was startled, as if from a coma, to hear a dismayed cry from Toby.

I looked around. Toby and I were alone in the car. It was quite dark, and the road was unfamiliar.

“Mother,” cried Toby in a heart-broken voice, “didn’t you *see* Old George?”

“Yes, yes,” I said. “Where has he gone?”

“Gone? Why, we just passed him back there, walking along the road,” said Toby. “Mother, didn’t you see him? I think you might have given him a lift—he looked so tired.”

Sonnet

JEAN LEONARD, '27.

I do not know how many years will turn
Their faces wearily away, before
You can be made to see my thought as more
Than tarnishable sophistries, to learn
The dearness of slow courage, and to earn
The dignity that honored ten times o'er
Your name, to have repentance for my store
Of unforgotten fears and words that burn.

Before the knowledge comes time will atone
For anger with new anger, and in vain,
As the years pass unsought, this day, like one
Among unnumbered waves, to lash and lull,
Recurrent, meaningless, will come again,
Bring pain to fill each heart and find it full.

Sonnet

ELEANOR FOLLANSBEE, '26.

'Twas no ephemeral, childish love I sang
When last I praised the ground beneath your feet,
And if in time my language grows discreet
Think not my former anthems falsely rang.
'Tis true my passion's seething fire has changed
To stuff more bearable beneath the heart,
But all my temperance cannot impart
The fear that our two souls are now estranged.

And yet with distant words you intimate
That stubbornly I've chosen different ways
From yours and sacrificed my heritage;
And I who would reject this unbought fate
Am armored by a pride that now delays
The swift recapture of my privilege.

The Elusive Illusion

A Teacup Comedy

By ELIZABETH NELSON, '27.

Persons, as they appear

DALLAS LEONARD, A Widow

JANICE, Her Maid

VERA NEVILLE, An Acquaintance

ARTHUR HANSEN, A Distinguished Bio-chemist

This is rather a trivial play, so that trivial things count in it. You are asked first to notice the scene. The curtain rises on the drawing-room of Mrs. Leonard's apartment, one afternoon in May. The room has, in the center-back, a doorway, hung with portières, opening on an entrance-hall, in which one sees a telephone. In the right-back, folding-doors, now nearly wide-open, leading to Dallas's sitting-room. On the left, downstage, a sofa, with an end-table, containing one or two bits of bric-a-brac, a rather large book, and an unusual ash-tray of carved wood. Notice especially the ash-tray. It has a holder for matches in the center, so that all persons in the play who smoke will turn to it for assistance. Also it is slightly top-heavy, and liable to turn over (which it once does). To the right of the door leading into the hall hangs a Florentine mirror. The room is beautifully furnished.

As the curtain rises, Dallas enters from the sitting-room, casts an eager, careful glance around, straightens a rose (there must be roses somewhere), and turns to pat her hair before the mirror.

She is dark, and lovely, with beauty of expression rather than feature, except perhaps for her eyes, wide-set, and exquisitely shaped. Though past thirty, she seems younger—essentially a simple person, with the lucid charm of a child. You suspect that she has never grown up—probably from her enthusiasm about life. Or perhaps it is because just now she is visibly excited over some approaching pleasure. You see it in the quick motions of her fingers about her hair, which needs no attention at all.

As she enters, the telephone rings in the hall. The maid, having answered it, comes to the doorway.

DALLAS (*at the mirror*): Oh! Janice, I forgot to tell you.
I'm expecting someone to tea at five. . . Mr. Hansen.
I'm not at home to anyone else.

JANICE: It's a lady downstairs, to see you, ma'am. Mrs. Neville.

DALLAS (*surprised*): Neville? I don't know a Mrs. Neville!

JANICE: She says she just wants to see you a minute, ma'am.

DALLAS (*looks at her watch. With a half-sigh*): Oh, all right.
tell her to come up.

She crosses to the right, half-closes the door of the sitting-room, and is standing by the tea-table when Mrs. Neville is shown in.

Mrs. Neville is tall and fashionable—rather extremely. She has once-auburn hair, now suggestive of expert tinting, and her beauty, flower-like in youth, has crystallized into something resembling hardness. Her voice, too, bears out the impression, with its artificial tone-color, and at times a slightly insolent drawl. Yet, with the hardness, she is also transparent and shallow, the kind of woman who talks easily of her personal affairs.

She and Dallas stand silent, looking at each other. Then Vera smiles, and holds out her hand.

DALLAS (*slowly recognizing her*): Vera! Vera—Neville!

VERA: How do you do? You're clever to recognize me, after all these years.

DALLAS: But—why, I thought you were in China! When did you get back? How wonderful to see you. . .
Won't you sit down? (*She is making up for not having remembered her, but is also sincere.*)

VERA: I've just been back here, in town, a few days, collecting my scattered acquaintances. It doesn't pay, I find, to stay away so long—people forget one entirely.

DALLAS (*inwardly embarrassed*): It has been long, hasn't it?
Let me see; you and Dirk left in nineteen——

VERA (*quickly*): It's been nine years. No one forgets *that*—fancy trying to appear youthful in Old Home Week. (*Raises imaginary lorgnette*). "My dear, she went to school with Dallas Leonard, and Dallas's last birthday"—

DALLAS (*laughing*): Never mind. I'm sensitive on that subject, too. Won't you have some tea, to change the subject?

VERA: I'd love to, thanks. (*Dallas rises, and rings a bell in the wall by the door. As she comes down, Vera continues*) Heavens—speaking of changes, how many there've been, since I left. . . . People divorced and married again, people born and died! (*The last word reminds her of something. Embarrassed*) Oh! It was—we were so sorry, Dallas—about Brand. . . .

DALLAS (*calmly*): You wrote me a very sweet letter, I remember. It was the last I had from you, six years ago.

Janice enters with the teapot.

VERA (*as Dallas pours*): You don't look like a widow, Dallas. I can't feature it, somehow. Widows always strike me as people dried up and wrapped in crêpe, to be laid away on a shelf. (*The telephone rings in the hall.*)

DALLAS (*smiling*): I'm not quite laid away, thank you. My friends have kindly seen to that. Two lumps? And cream?

VERA: Lemon, thanks. Your friends weren't particularly Brand's, either, I remember. He always seemed so much older than you.

Enter maid.

JANICE: Mr. Gardiner on the phone, ma'am.

DALLAS (*serenely*): Tell him I'm out.

VERA: Gardiner? Did I ever know anyone named that? Wasn't there once a Herbert Gardiner around town?

DALLAS: This is his nephew, Bobby. Nice child, but I feel sometimes like his grandmother.

VERA: *He* doesn't feel that, I fancy! (*Drawls*) The same old Dallas, I see—candle to the moths.

DALLAS (*still serene, meeting her eyes*): Oh, no, not now. Merely an electric bulb—no danger of singeing them, even. And a light to guide their feet.

VERA: Brand never seemed to object, I must say, and you certainly had hordes of them.

DALLAS (*quietly, without bitterness*): Brand never noticed. He spent his whole life writing text-books. If I'd ever divorced him, I should have named chemistry as co-respondent.

VERA: Oh, by the way—"divorce" reminds me—you can tell me of some of the people I've been wondering about.

The old crowd seems to have melted away—hear the exile!
But what's all this about Alie Lawrence and George Buchanan? They're not making a go of it?

DALLAS (*reluctantly*): We-ell, perhaps not. I don't really know.

VERA: Oh, come now, you're bound to have heard. Don't be stingy—I'm ravenous for gossip.

DALLAS: But there really isn't much to tell. They don't seem very happy—seldom go out together.

VERA: I hear Alie stays mostly at her mother's.

DALLAS: I believe she does.

VERA (*with sympathy*): What a pity. After all that rumpus, too—a divorce apiece, in order to marry each other. And now they're not satisfied.

DALLAS: Some more tea for you?

VERA: Thanks. (*going back to her topic with relish*) I wonder sometimes what people really want—one thing life has taught *me*, it's a fatal mistake to get what you go after.

DALLAS: Oh, come, what do you mean?

VERA: Just that. Who's ever wanted something desperately, gone after it, gotten it, and then—wanted it even half as much?

DALLAS: But . . . it depends upon what you want.

VERA: No, it doesn't. Take anything you like—marriage, or business, or success in some special field. People may set their whole hearts on it—think it's the only goal in the world. And then, when they've achieved it, they find they've been deceived, undone. "It wasn't so much after all. . . ."

DALLAS (*humorously*): That's rather a blasting creed—inclined to discourage any hope in *this* life, at least. Besides, I don't believe it at all. If one wants the right person, or the right kind of success, achieving it brings an end to the *desire*, of course, but it has its satisfaction.

VERA: Pollyanna!

DALLAS (*spiritedly*): Not at all! How dare you? I merely think—I *believe* it's possible to want something, to get it, and live happily "even after". . . .

VERA: Well, my creed may be "blasting," but it's the one that's been pounded into me by experience. Look at the

mess I've made of my own life, solely by getting everything I thought I wanted. Dirk, first of all—and over my family's dead body. . . .

DALLAS: Oh! How *is* Dirk? I've been meaning to ask you.

VERA (*indifferently*): Oh, well enough, I suppose. He's still in Peking—we're not on the best of terms. . . . And, after Dirk, dozens of other things—all of them calculated, I thought, to bring me the perfect felicity. And, of course, none of them ever did. Isn't it life?

(*Here she comes nearest to being pathetic. You think she must have been nicer, perhaps, before starting in pursuit of her heart's desires.*) Nothing but a cheat, I call it. What's that expressive French word?—about the only French I know. . . . "L'irréalisable"—the unrealizable, the unattainable. . . . It's what we all crave; it's like tomorrow, never here. (*Her words die away in a drawl.*)

DALLAS (*trying to speak lightly*): Vera, my dear, what a mournful notion. Surely you overdo it. Perhaps something will change your mind.

VERA (*with scorn*): Hardly. . . . It looks, though, from the way you talk as if *you* had some particular castle in Spain. That might account for the optimism.

DALLAS (*perhaps a trifle self-consciously*): Oh, no. I haven't. . . . I wonder if you'll mind my saying it—I think you've changed, Vera, rather a lot.

VERA: Why mind? You wouldn't be the first to tell me. That's one of the pleasures of coming home—the frankness of old friends. (*Shrugs*). Oh, well, what's the use? . . . Mind if I smoke?

She takes out a cigarette-case, and offers it to Dallas.

DALLAS: No, thanks, but what a pretty case! (*Inspects it a moment.*) With your initials, too.

VERA: Nice, isn't it? (*Seeing the ash-tray on the end-table, she crosses and sits down on the sofa.*) Tony Sargeant gave it to me—lad I met in Italy, last winter.

DALLAS (*who has looked at her watch*): Ah, you were in Italy last winter?

VERA: Mostly. And Egypt the year before. Peking's awful in winter. And I—oh, I've lost my taste for Peking.

It isn't especially fun, to feel one's self talked about. . . .
You've heard, perhaps?

DALLAS: I heard nothing. You haven't written to me—or to anyone I know—for years, and I'd lost track of you.

VERA: Oh, well, there was an . . . affair—a foolish boy—a hot head—got himself into a row—was shot. He—it was all right—he got well. But people talked frightfully; gossip makes me sick, anyway, and so—I more-or-less, chucked it. Dirk was rather glad, I believe. He's had enough of me. . . . You're shocked, perhaps? I told you we didn't get on.

DALLAS (*slowly*): No, I'm not shocked. I'm . . . sorry, that you were unhappy.

VERA: Oh, my dear, I wasn't unhappy. One can't afford that, for one's looks! I've been frightfully *not*-happy, for years. . . . But real misery's a luxury not allowed to a lady who lives on her face.

DALLAS (*in protest*): Vera!

VERA: It's perfectly true—society tolerates me because I've got a straight nose. So few people have them these days.

DALLAS (*squints at her own not-too-straight one, and laughs*): Something in that, too. I couldn't claim much immunity from sorrow. (*Then seriously*). But how about little Dirk—Dirk Junior? I've always envied you him.

VERA: Oh, he's at school in France—came to Italy last year for his holidays. Boys are queer beasts—I don't make them out, until they're grown. And Dirk's rather a young savage—perhaps I'm not very adequate maternally. (*She muses for a second, then knocks off her ash so violently that she upsets the little tray.*) Oh, my dear, how stupid of me—I do beg your pardon. And all on a nice book, too.

DALLAS (*concerned for the book, but polite*): That's all right. It blows off.

VERA (*blowing*): What *is* the book? (*Stops to read the title*) "Science for the Future," by Arthur Frederick Hansen. Why . . . *Arthur!* That's the book that's made such a sensation, isn't it?

DALLAS (*surprised*): Er-yes. It's very distinguished. . . . You—I didn't remember you knew him?

VERA: Knew him? Oh, quite well. I met him here, in fact. He was a friend of Brand's, wasn't he?

DALLAS (*more surprised*): Why, yes.

VERA (*dreamily*): He—your celebrity—was very fond of me, once.

DALLAS (*forgetting herself*): You! (*If Vera were less self-absorbed, Dallas would have no secret from this moment. But as it is, the secret is now between Dallas and the audience.*)

VERA: You're hardly flattering, dear. Yes, me. Quite gone on me, to be candid. I was just beginning to be bored with Dirk, in those days—the novelty had worn off. I admit I flirted a little, perhaps encouraged him. He was such a cold creature, "Arthur Frederick"—so absorbed in his everlasting old chemistry, or what not. I was tempted to wake him up, just for the fun of it. But then, when he showed signs of waking up—of growing warm, in fact—I lost my nerve.

DALLAS (*very pale*): Ah, really? . . .

VERA (*not seeing her*): It was rather nice, in all—quite a delicate, tacit little affair, mostly spoken in the eyes, and the tones of the voice. I think he hardly ever made love to me in words, but a blind man could have read his face. I've thought of it, sometimes. . . . queer . . . as my very best romance, so beautifully unspoiled. Ali a might-have-been, all ended when we went to China.

DALLAS (*sitting very still and straight*): Ended?

VERA: Oh, of course. We didn't correspond—that would have ruined it. I haven't seen him or heard from him in nine years.

DALLAS: That, then, bears out your theory quite wonderfully, doesn't it?—of the most perfect things as the "unrealizable". . . . You have one romance, at least, intact.

VERA: Yes, that's true. And yet—quaintly enough—I've always had a sneaking desire to see old Arthur again—to see what he turned out to be, chemistry incarnate, or a real man.

DALLAS (*with a quick glance at her watch, speaking very carefully*): I . . . somehow think you wouldn't care to see him . . . now. He's not a—not a very heroic figure, for all his celebrity.

VERA: Heroic? He was quite good-looking once, if that's what you mean—distinctive looking, anyway.

DALLAS (*the same*): He's . . . lost his looks. I'm afraid you'd say . . . that's just what he's become, chemistry—bio-chemistry, rather—incarnate. (*Speaking faster now*). He's grown rather fat—doesn't attend to his clothes. He's even (*recklessly*)—he's quite bald!

VERA: How disgusting! I abhor men without hair. That, at least, was never one of Dirk's difficulties. . . . O Arthur, what a falling-off. . . . He needs someone to look after him, I suppose. Thank God I didn't acquire the honor. . . . I suppose he sticks most of his time in the old laboratories.

DALLAS (*watching her with a smile, but guardedly*): Most of the time.

VERA: Well, far be it from me to drag him out. I'll keep my illusions, as you say, intact—or what you've left of them. . . . And now I must be trotting. (*Rises*). Thanks for the tea—it's delightful to have seen you.

DALLAS (*with characteristic impetuosity, makes up her mind to a sporting venture*): Vera, why don't you stay a moment? I think perhaps Arthur might drop in—he sometimes does, on Wednesdays, just as he used to do, to see Brand.

VERA: Arthur—here?

DALLAS (*with a twinkle*): He gives me a look, every now and then, you see—for Brand's sake. I have to hear all about the chromosomes, or worse.

VERA: Not really! What are *they*?

DALLAS: We needn't go into that—if we could. But supposing you want to air your little suppressed desire to see Arthur, you might have the chance, if you'd stay. (*She smiles winningly.*)

VERA: Well, fancy that. . . .

DALLAS (*realizing how much is at stake, grows frightened*): I've warned you, of course, that he's changed—even Brand thought him rather going to seed, six years ago.

VERA: This *is* testing my theory, isn't it? (*Stands irresolute.*) Oh, well, why not keep one thing unspoiled? I've made so many messes—I might sacrifice my curiosity for once. No, thanks, I won't stay.

(*The telephone rings.*) Ring me up sometimes, won't you?
I'm at the Belgravia.

DALLAS (*who never will, and never lies about trivial things*):
Thank you.

(*Enter maid.*)

JANICE (*with tact*): Gentleman to see you, ma'am.

DALLAS: Send him up. (*To Vera*). That's Arthur.

VERA (*dismayed*): Dear me, how can I get out, and avoid him?

DALLAS (*instantly*): You can go into my sitting-room, if you like, and when Janice has shown him in here, she can let you out through the sitting-room door into the hall. This way. (*She opens the door.*) Looks like hiding the guilty lover, doesn't it?

VERA (*drawling*): I shall be horribly tempted to peep through the keyhole. But there isn't much of one, is there? Good-bye, my dear. (*Her voice dies away, as Dallas says "Good-bye," and closes the door.*)

Dallas then goes to the mirror, once more, pats her hair, and takes quick glance around the room. She sees Vera's cigarette-case on the end-table, cries "Oh! The cigarette-case!" picks it up, and starts toward the sitting-room door, just as Janice appears in the doorway, with a gentleman. Dallas drops the case back on the table, and, with a quick effort to collect herself, comes forward to greet Arthur.

He is about forty, tall, with dark eyes, and dark hair, barely touched with grey. He is not at all fat, is dressed with taste, and altogether presents an engaging appearance. One sees instantly that his charm lies in an irresistible boyishness, of which he is, of course, unconscious. Over his subject, bio-chemistry, he shows the solemn eagerness of a little boy with a new train, and speaking of no-matter-what, is usually absorbed exclusively in ideas. This gives him sometimes the air of being unaware of his surroundings.

ARTHUR (*in a pleasant, deep voice*): Awfully nice of you to ask me here to-day.

DALLAS: Nice of you to come. I never see you these days, unless I haul you up by a written invitation.

ARTHUR (*sits down in the easy chair she motions to*): I'm pretty busy now—we've got some experiments down at

the University that need watching all the time. (*Maid comes in with fresh pot and cups.*)

DALLAS: But can't the assistants watch them?

ARTHUR: Oh, yes they *can*—and they do, of course. They're good fellows. But reading their notes doesn't give one the satisfaction of being on the spot. It's wonderful stuff—Lord, I can't drag myself away. You (*lamely*)—you wouldn't understand.

DALLAS (*sadly*): I'm afraid not. Brand never thought me worth explaining things to. And my education included nothing more scientific than drawing.

ARTHUR: But you *could* understand, if you'd let me explain. I think Brand—unawares, of course—fostered an inferiority complex in you. (*Terrifically serious*). Do you realize that, if this thing works out as we think, it will mean—Oh, ye gods! There I go, forgetting science isn't talk for a lady's tea-table.

DALLAS: Anything you're interested in is talk for my tea-table, Arthur. . . . You take one lump? And no cream?

The telephone has rung. The maid comes to the door.

JANICE: Mr. Gardiner, ma'am, to know if you're in yet.

DALLAS: No!

JANICE: Certainly, ma'am.

DALLAS (*handing Arthur his cup*): O Arthur, you're such a blessed relief—a man who's nice to me, and yet doesn't make love. . . . (*This is said with all the significance of her lovely eyes, but to an Arthur absorbed in his beverage.*)

ARTHUR: This is delicious tea. The porter makes tea for us sometimes when we work late in the laboratories. You should see the foul stuff.

DALLAS (*sighs*): What was it we were talking about? Chemistry?

ARTHUR: Yes, but I didn't mean to. Some day I'll tell you about it—you might come down and see our works. But this is to be a holiday, when you've been kind enough to invite me to tea.

DALLAS (*mournfully*): But do you want a holiday? I wonder sometimes if you've ever really cared for anything, besides your blessed laboratories.

ARTHUR (*rather surprised*): Why—why, yes! Of course.

DALLAS (*leading him on*): You've had success, of course—distinguished success, and all the lionizing you'd allow. I know you've hated that part of it. And I've wondered sometimes—not that it's any business of mine—what you *would* most like to have. . . .

ARTHUR: I think perhaps the most distinguished success is in *not* getting what one wants.

DALLAS (*starts—the words are so like Vera's own*): Arthur!

ARTHUR: Why not? That's one of my notions. May I smoke while I tell you about it? (*Crosses to light his pipe, talking as he fills it.*) Didn't know I was a philosopher, as well as a scientist, did you? Versatile man. . . . (*Dropping the match in the tray, he sees the cigarette-case. Picks it up.*) Hello, what's this—a new trinket? (*Sees the initials—with a sudden change of tone.*) "V. N." Why—who's that?

DALLAS (stammering a little): That's a friend of mine, who dropped in this afternoon. She—she left it here.

ARTHUR: So it seems. What's her name?

DALLAS (*nerving herself to the point*): She's just back from the Orient—used to live here ages ago. You knew her, I think. She's . . . Vera Neville.

Arthur does not move. Dallas, afraid to look at him, hears herself chattering to cover the silence.

DALLAS: You met her here, I believe. She played in my frivolous crowd—the people you and Brand always looked down upon. But—perhaps you remember her?

ARTHUR (*puts the case down, and sits on the sofa*): What were we talking about a minute ago?

DALLAS (*poor Dallas*): Success, I think. Getting what one wants.

ARTHUR: Oh, yes, getting what one wants. . . . Odd, to be talking of that.

DALLAS (*without his hearing*): Yes, rather. . . .

ARTHUR: Well, about a thousand years ago, what I most wanted in this world was something I could have had, and didn't. . . . And somehow it was the best thing that's happened to me.

DALLAS: Meaning?

ARTHUR: Well, you see, it gave me an idea to live by—the business of duty and work (excuse me if I sound like a sermon), and, besides that, the image of one perfect person, for a kind of luxury throughout life—a dessert, so to speak, after a dinner of duty.

DALLAS: A—you say, “a perfect person”?

ARTHUR: Well, as near that as human nature can approximate. Say, the most perfect I’ve ever seen. There was nothing I’d change about her; she was beautiful—God, she *was* beautiful! . . . And straight—true as a die to what was cut out for her, though it must have cost her . . . something.

DALLAS (*remembering Vera*): Ah. . .

ARTHUR: I haven’t seen her for years. Or heard from her—best that way, of course. But I’ve seen her every year, in my mind, as she would be, changing, growing lovelier—if possible. She had the kind of beauty that matures gorgeously. And herself, she’d be—what’s the word?—*mellowed*, developed—all that sort of thing.

DALLAS (*gallantly*): It must be a comfort to you—to keep up with her, as it were.

ARTHUR: Rather. . . It keeps me going. . . I’ve always wanted, though, to see her once more, just for the pleasure of *looking* at her—seeing how marvellous she’d be.

DALLAS: But you—you *do* see her, you said.

ARTHUR: ‘Mm, yes, in imagination. . . People would say, I suppose, that I’m an idealist—funny thing for a scientific fellow to be. No doubt, if I’d go raving around like this, some cynic would crop up and say, “You’d better thank your lucky stars you *haven’t* seen her!” . . . But I *believe* in her—I *know* she’d be . . . what I think.

DALLAS (*gently*): Of course.

ARTHUR (*gratefully, suspecting no irony*): Thanks. A man’s got to have something to live by, you know—some dream, or something, to keep him going. Some delusion, my friend the cynic would say. Maybe so. I think our chief difference from the animals is our power of enhancing the facts of life.

DALLAS (*with a great dread upon her*): Yes, I agree with you, and yet, Arthur, I think we can carry it too far. We can put too heavy a demand upon the dream. . . . Very few women can stand comparison with the idea of them, in the minds of the men who love them.

ARTHUR (*looking at her attentively for the first time*): You believe, then, that I shouldn't see her, if I had the chance?

DALLAS (*steadily*): I do. (*Earnestly*). O Arthur, don't see her! You have your idea of her—be content with that. After all, what good would it do?

ARTHUR (*his eyes on Dallas*): No good, perhaps. Sometimes, I've thought it might be a kind of refreshment of the spirit. . . . But I get that when you ask me up here.

This is almost the first compliment he has ever paid her.

DALLAS (*hardly believing it*): Oh!

At this idyllic moment, the telephone rings, and Janice enters, a moment later.

JANICE: Mrs. Neville downstairs, ma'am. She says she left her cigarette-case.

Dallas rises slowly, and stands, thinking. Arthur, transfixed, rises with her. Perhaps she is putting him to some desperate test, for, casting a half-glance at the sitting-room door, she says, evenly: Send Mrs. Neville up.

Janice goes out. The two stand facing each other. Then Dallas calls, Janice, I'll show her in.

JANICE (*in the hall*): Yes, ma'am.

DALLAS (*to Arthur*): Excuse me a moment. (*Goes into hall*).

Janice comes in to remove the tea-things. Arthur has stood as one paralyzed. Then his eye wanders to the living-room door.

ARTHUR: Janice, that room used to be Mr. Leonard's study, didn't it? Hasn't it got a door leading into the hall?

JANICE (*surprised, but always the lady*): Yessir, it has.

ARTHUR (*speaking very fast*): Janice, I'm in a terrific hurry—

I've just remembered an important engagement (drags out his watch but forgets to look at it), and I'm late already. Will you tell Mrs. Leonard, when she's alone, that I had to rush to meet a man I'd forgotten, and hadn't time to say good-bye? I'll slip out when they've gone past.

He hurries into the study, and closes the door. Dallas and Mrs. Neville enter just as he leaves, Dallas taking in his absence at once. Janice goes out with the tea-things.

VERA: It does seem absurd, to come tearing back after a cigarette-case, but—of all things—Tony Sargeant's in town—just called up, and asked me to dinner. And, of course, it looks well to carry the thing with me.

DALLAS: Of course. Here it is.

VERA: Thanks so much. Arthur gone? Have a nice time?

DALLAS: Oh—medium.

VERA: You don't sound thrilled. He must have talked chromosomes, or whatever it was.

DALLAS (*smilingly*): That was it.

VERA: Well, I must be gone. See you again, my dear.

DALLAS: Don't hurry.

VERA: I've got to beautify myself for his highness. The woman pays, you know—at the beauty-shop. And, oh—when you see him, give old Arthur my best!

DALLAS: I will, indeed. . . Good-bye to you.

VERA: Good-bye. (*Goes.*)

Janice enters a second after she leaves.

JANICE (*giving Dallas a note*): The gentleman left this for you, ma'am. He was in a big hurry.

The note is very brief. As Dallas reads, a smile illumines her face, and slowly the curtain falls.

Sonnet

PAMELA BURR, '28.

You think when you have gone upstairs, and I
Have left you with a commonplace good-night,
That in a comfortable bed I lie
And rest in vacant dreams until daylight.
What would you say if you should really know
That all night long I'm racing through the dark,
Straight down a passage where the roof sags low,
Straight down a passage where the walls are stark?
And I pass doors, some shut, some just apart,
Where lurk those things one never wholly sees,
That one recalls but by the thrilling heart,
That one forgets but for the trembling knees.

Then, with the morning, you come crisp and bright:
"I'm glad you slept so soundly, dear, last night!"

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Vanity

MARY ADAMS, '28

The west wind is blowing and the valley track is fair—
Let us leave this musty church with its incense-laden air,
Where the preacher cries to Heaven in the manner of his
 kind
That all is vanity,
Vanity,
And a striving after wind.

We'll wander in the meadow and lightly we'll go
Where the orchard sifts upon us its crown of drifted snow,
And we'll seek the painted rainbow and care not if we find
That all is vanity,
Vanity,
And a striving after wind.

For sweet is the Maytime in greenwood and wold
And little we care for the preacher of old,
Though truly he cried from the darkness of his mind
That all is vanity,
Vanity,
And a striving after wind.

Engaged

WINIFRED TRASK, '29

IT COULDN'T be real, she thought, as she lay watching it. No, it couldn't be real, the way it caught the mild sunlight in huge indefinite sparks and sent out long shoots of flame from its edges as she turned her hand.

A real ring was quite different from that; a ring was some fine old relic of Great-Aunt Julia, entrusted to you as you reached years of discretion, a relic whose burnished surface and blackened inset, whose minute fret-work, whose tiny teeth, some bent, yet clinging the tighter to the faded stones, all bespoke that muted glory that was Great-Aunt Julia, that would be Millie, that would, in a hundred years, be Great-Aunt Millie. Such a ring you put away in the little cabinet on your dresser, along with toy-like earrings and jewelled flowers; and occasionally, in its turn, you brought it forth and wore it to school where you could count on its arousing satisfactory publicity for Great-Aunt Julia.

But this was not a ring at all; it—it was a state of mind that had enveloped Millie as calmly and completely as a birthday, or company-in-the-garden. And she had accepted it with as nice-mannered grace as she was wont to assume toward those other not unwelcome states of mind.

Yet now, as she lay by the window, alone for the first time, it seemed, in years, she began to wonder what would happen next. After all, birthdays were over in a day, with only stale cake to remind you that they had ever been, and company-in-the-garden went home after a polite interval and left you to your peace. There was no peace to being engaged. Even lying down was not your own. Ladies who were engaged always went up and lay down when they were engaged—she had noticed that. And so when her mother said, "Millie, dear, don't you think you had better go up and lie down for a bit?" she went obediently, though she had rather have been playing tennis, or showing her ring to the other girls, or walking in the woods alone. But

this was all part of the game. Just as you took care never to let pass a cross word on birthdays; just as you smiled and smiled and pointed out the campanulas to company-in-the-garden, so, it seemed, you seized every opportunity to come up and lie down when you were engaged. And everywhere that ring followed you, stuck fast there on your finger, and caught every placid and real thing, like sunlight or the rose lamp on the dresser, into great sparks of flame.

Millie must really have fallen asleep for a few moments. for quite suddenly she was aware of voices under her window. Her mother and some friends must be having tea on the terrace; the clank of bracelets and the chatter rose, with the scent of cigarettes, to where she listened.

"Of course, we're all *so* excited for her, Mrs. Kane!" That was Mrs. Stanton speaking. She was always *so* excited over everything; in fact, she lived in such a state of perpetual excitement that one wondered how she survived it.

"Oh, yes." Mrs. Yorke, Millie felt, was leaning back with eyes half shut. "Oh, yes. It must be *splendid* to feel that Millie is all settled. She's so sweet and natural, the way she does everything just as you'd expect her to. Only wish Carol were more like her! Can't do a thing with Carol—not a thing——"

Oh, yes! Mrs. York wouldn't have Carol settled for the world! Millie turned rather hot.

"She must be excited herself," sighed Mrs. Phipps. "And he's so utterly charming. *Oh*, how well I remember ____"

Oh, how well she remembered. The memories seemed quite to choke her. Millie wondered vaguely what she herself would remember forty years from now. Lying by the open window listening to gossip? Turning the ring as a child turns a prism?

Of course, she should be thinking of James—James who was so kind and so good, who had promised to take care of her forever and ever. Yet why think of James? She'd have him to think of for the rest of her life. She'd rather

think just of her room, and her garden, and the way the woods would be now—that soft muddy place by the brook where the shelving bank had broken away and you could see down all along the edges where the tiny crayfish scuttled under the sun-flecked water.

James liked that, too. He always listened very kindly.

“Of course, they’re not quite *absolutely* settled,” Mother was saying apologetically. “They’re still not quite sure where they are going to live. James’ business, you know——”

Yes, she knew all about James’ business. He was a broker, whatever that meant. She still clung in secret to some childish association of “broker” with “broke.” Funny that she shouldn’t understand more about those things. But James had asked her before she finished school, and what could you expect?

“They’ll have the Kane dining-room set, of course,” said Mrs. Stanton. “Oh, my dear! Of course, they *must*!”

Ts-ts-ts! Absurd that they shouldn’t have it! But should they?

“Oh, yes,” said Mother, “they’ll have that, and they’ll have the mahogany bedroom set of Aunt Mary’s, and I haven’t decided whether to give them that little old nursery set of Aunt Lou’s now, or——”

“Oh, splendid!” said Mrs. York again. “Such a relief, my dear. And then Millie is so appreciative of nice furniture—knows its value and comfort. Carol wouldn’t have a stick of mine around the place. I’m sure some day she’ll furnish her house with packing-cases painted a bright cherry color!” She laughed.

“Well, Millie, to be sure, likes nice *things*,” said Mother easily. “She knows the responsibility she has in keeping up a good home, and she takes it all quite calmly, as if she’d been used to it all her life—which, of course, she has. You know,” confidentially, “Millie will have a good deal of money—but I’m not a bit afraid of its turning her head, accustomed as she is to fine old things. Money could buy nothing more lovely than that dining-room set! And then, how she’ll take care of it! Millie’s such a sensible girl——”

Again Millie turned hot. Mother, don't! Wasn't it perhaps a little bit vulgar to be quite so sensible?

"Where did you say they'd live?" screamed old Miss Trumbull.

"They don't know yet," mother screamed back. "They'll have to settle that soon."

"Carol"—Mrs. York laughed again. "But how *splendid* Millie is to be so tolerant about that. Carol, I believe, swears that she'll marry the first man that will live at Capri——"

Millie sat up with a bounce. Well! She would decide this minute where they were going to live. Let's see, now let's see——

Just how did you decide where you were going to live? It *was* a question. But she could decide it—yes, she could! How did Carol decide on Capri? Where she wanted most in the world to be, of course. Millie wouldn't be so crazy-headed as to choose Capri— And besides, Capri had been reserved by Carol. Well, let's see, now—let's see——

Her mind wandered back over the places where she had been. It would have to be somewhere James could commute. And, too, it would have to have a garden, and a wood—a wood with a brook. . . .

Not Long Island. She and James on the beach, in white, with the other young marrieds? And a shining car? No, not Long Island. And not New Jersey. Too many grocery stores. Connecticut, perhaps? A little farmhouse in New Lebanon. A little farmhouse back in the country with a garden and a wood— Oh, heaven! She pictured herself and James walking hand-in-hand through the wood, she showing it to him, telling him all about it, and he listening kindly, adoringly. They would come to the brook, to a soft muddy place where the shelving bank had fallen away, and they could peer down, down along the edge of the dappled water——

"Hello, James." Her mother was calling to a tall figure in blue serge just crossing the lawn.

"James, I want you to meet my friends. This is Mrs.

Stanton. Delia, tell Miss Millie that Mr. Crawford is here—she's lying down. James, this is Mrs. York"

But Millie did not wait for Delia. With an alacrity not quite appropriate to an engaged lady, she was skipping down the stairs.

In the parlor she paused. "How do you do, Mrs. York?" she would say. "Yes Thank you Thank you James and I are going to live in Connecticut, Mrs. York. Yes, I've always said I wouldn't marry a man unless he lived in New Lebanon——"

Her mother caught her arm as she stepped out onto the terrace.

"Mother, I've decided——"

"You remember Mrs. Stanton, dear. Yes, she *does* look sweet. My little girl! And Miss Trumbull, dear. Talk to her, Millie, she's quite deaf."

"Yes, I do remember you, Miss Trumbull," screamed Millie. "Yes, I am happy! No, I haven't grown a bit! Yes, I—I do remember you, and I've decided——"

She looked across at James. He was coming toward her, with hand outstretched in playful formality. Suddenly she felt quite shy.

"And where are you planning to live, Mr. Crawford?"

Strange how Mrs. York's voice always made people pause. James stopped, and half turned toward her.

"Why, I've been looking at houses today," he said. "As a matter of fact I found just about what we want in Ridgewood, New Jersey. I practically signed the contract—splendid location—splendid train service. But, of course, Millie must see it first. We'll go and look it over with Mother tomorrow, eh, Millie?"

And again he came toward her with that kindly, adoring light in his eyes.

Forsworn

MARY EMLÉN OKIE, '28

FOR two hours the friar had been preaching to a multitude that crowded into the cathedral, packed the aisles and transepts and spread vaguely back into the long stretches of the nave. One of the great reform movements that swept over Europe now and then during the middle ages had reached that quiet corner of England; and the friar, a famous preacher, was earnestly pleading for repentance. He depicted so vividly the horrors of the hell awaiting the unregenerate that his listeners shuddered, terrified; and then he described the glories of heaven and the fair grace of God so tenderly and persuasively as to make the faces of his audience shine with rapture.

The sermon was done, the friar pronounced the benediction, and the multitude pressed out of the church. The men all looked grave, and some of the women were in tears.

After the last bits of bright clothes had fluttered through the doorway and vanished, only one man remained in the church. On his knees, he was gazing forward through the long central aisle at the cross above the high altar. A ray of crimson sunlight from the western rose window fell upon his back and illumined his curled brown locks, his scarlet cloak, and his embossed scabbard. The dimmer light upon his boyish face showed the fine, proud, aquiline curve of his nose and the dark flash in his eyes, but the promise of his upper features was betrayed by a vague weakness and looseness in his mouth and chin.

During the sermon, he had had a sudden conversion. At first a violent conviction of sin had staggered and overwhelmed him, and then a sweet soothing sense of trust and penitence had stolen over him and brought him comfort. Filled with spiritual exaltation, he seemed to see heaven in a vision, and pictured himself received among the blessed saints, no longer a gambler, a libertine, a haunter of taverns, but cleansed and forgiven, a worthy member of the Church

triumphant. In the haste of his ardor he determined to renounce at once and forever the contamination of the world. Alone in the cathedral, he swore solemnly by all the saints to go to the nearest monastery and become a monk.

He crossed himself, rose, and left the cathedral, pausing to drop all his money into the alms basin at the door, and then strode through the crooked town streets, meditating on his vow and the consequences of it. His lady mother, he knew, would be overjoyed to learn that her youngest son was exchanging his dissolute career for a cloister. His father would be angry for a while, and his elder brothers incredulous and derisive, but he did not care what they said. Nothing could turn him from his vow.

He came to the eastern gate of the town just before it closed at sunset. As he was passing through, a girl's voice hailed him.

"Hey, jolly boy, where'rt going?"

He knew the voice, but ignored it, shivering and quickening his pace. It called again.

"Not so fast, good Oliver. Stay a bit and keep me company on my way home."

Swift feet ran after him, overtook him, and danced in front of him. The girl was coarsely handsome, with a shock of unkempt black hair, a graceful figure, and a low-cut dress of rags. She lived with her drunken father in a hovel half-way along the road to St. Peter's monastery, and, though she was very young, she was already notorious in the town. Oliver was alarmed and disgusted at being pursued by this relic of his repudiated past, and realized uncomfortably that there would be no getting rid of her until he passed her cottage. He tried to ignore her, but she cried,

"Nay, what's thy sudden virtue this fair evening? Art thou not coming to visit me? Father's safe at the ale house. He sent me home to care for the kine. Come, Oliver, let's see thee smile."

"Away, woman!" cried Oliver hoarsely.

"I'll not go away. Why is thy face so long, Oliver?"

She caught his arm and hung on it; but he pushed her off savagely.

"Out of my sight, thou witch, thou fiend, thou—" He paused abruptly, choked with his own vehemence.

She looked at him with vast amusement.

"Well, what am I? I remember I was thy pretty sweet chuck not so long since."

He trembled and turned hot at the recollection. "Moll," he cried imploringly, "let me go!"

"Tell me where thou'rt going," she insisted.

"To St. Peter's, to become a monk."

Moll stared in astonished derision. "Thou turn monk? *Thou?* Our jolliest comrade be buried alive in a stone wall! Good Oliver, thou'rt mad."

"I'm not mad. I have made a vow unto— Nay! Unhand me."

Frantic, he burst from her grasp and ran long the road. But all the time he heard just behind him the soft easy patter of her bare feet, and occasionally a half-suppressed laugh. For nearly a mile they ran thus, until Oliver, for sheer want of breath, was forced to halt in front of a small squalid cottage. He perceived, with dismay, that it was Moll's home. She danced before him and jeered.

"Well, now that we are here, Oliver, thou'lt never refuse to sup with a friend. The holy abbot will be as glad to see thee tomorrow as now, lad, and morning is time enough for those dark walls to swallow thee up. Cannot thy vow wait?"

She stood there in the twilight, dim, seductive, poised lightly as a harebell on her swaying feet. Oliver could not take his eyes off her. After all, what she said was true. He could go to the monastery in the morning and still keep his vow. Meanwhile, since he was so soon to renounce the pleasures of the world, might he not have one last taste of them?

The next day, when he presented himself at the monastery gate, a snuffling brother showed him into a cell, told him to wait for the abbot, and left him alone. Oliver inspected the cell. Like all others of its kind, it was small and narrow and very clean, with bare stone walls, a hard, chilly-looking

bed, and a crucifix. The window, a mere slit high in the deep north wall, revealed a tree-top outside blowing in the morning breeze. In such a cell as this he was to pass the rest of his existence, cold, comfortless, sunless, cheerless, closed in by gray stone, with only that glimpse of the green tree-top to remind him of the life and freedom he had given up. And all for a vow made in a moment of unnatural excitement! Oliver would have given all he possessed to be free from that vow. But he had sworn it solemnly, awfully, by all the saints, and he dared not break it.

The door opened softly and the abbot stepped in—a meagre ascetic with the eyes of a saint.

He inquired, "Well, my son?"

"Holy father," Oliver blurted out, "I have sworn to come hither and be a monk. Wilt thou take me as a novice?"

"Was thy vow made freely, from a wish to lead a life of holiness? Canst thou swear by the blessed Virgin that thou repentest truly of thy sins past, and desirest hereafter to live only in the service of God, in fasting and prayer and meditation, and in good works?"

"Yes, father," said his lying lips. And he realized sickeningly that it was useless for him to have kept his vow, because now he was forsworn.

Poem

ELEANOR FOLLANSBEE, '26

There are two kinds of loneliness that hold
Our solitary hearts: one when we've found
A precious thing to share and find no sharer,
And when a grief has come that must be hid
Away and we can find no hiding place.

Sonnet

BEATRICE PITNEY, '27

From what wise men and wiser poets say
Of love, I think it is not love I feel
Towards you. Into my mind no torments steal
To burn and ravish all my peace away;
And soft new-visioned beauties do not play
About the self-same stars and moon that wheel
Sedately through the night, do not reveal
More need of words than ere you came my way.

I only stand amazed that there should be
So little to describe, explain, or sing,—
As though there closed around us and above
The void of some untimed eternity,—
So very little need of anything,
Of thought, of speech, of gesture,—even of love.

Poem

ELEANOR FOLLANSBEE, '26

If blossoms did not fall nor perfect things
Decay, spring would not come nor love renew
Itself through changing forms endeared again.
For life ensures its immortality
By holocaust. Because the phoenix dies
It lives forever. That fire may pass from strength
To strength nor know a diminution, death
Will take romance's brightest flower, the young
Adonis as its sacrifice. Our lives
Are shortest when most full, for ecstasy
And power destroy the theatre of their wrath
That no dead stock arrest the birth of gods.

Mrs. Lee

WINIFRED TRASK, '29.

EVEN upon her arrival at Minton, before anyone had really seen her or found out very much about her other than the jovial reports of the express-man and the community furnace-man, Mrs. Lee created a stir. Of course, the arrival of any prospective addition to Minton society creates a stir, politely suppressed though that stir may be. The only real difference between the gossip of Minton ladies and the gossip of their grocers' wives is that the wives, leaning over the fence into their neighbor's yard, frankly nudge each other: "What's she like?"—while the ladies, clothing their vulgar interest in human nature by discussion of the outlook for Minton real estate, surmise the changes in the old Smith house under the hands of a new occupant. But I can remember discerning a difference in the stir over Mrs. Lee. I felt that she was to be a more interesting character than the regular run of ladies who antiqued and motored and bridged their way into the hearts of the community. There were whispers about this lady, and a persistent one caught my attention—that she had come here to "quiet down." "Quieting down" meant to me, in those days, that flat feeling after a party or a race or a burst of temper. I was anxious to see Mrs. Lee, and wondered vaguely why and from what she was quieting down. In this project, it seemed, the ladies of Minton had resolved to help her—had resolved it with almost the same expression of grim righteousness with which, yesterday, they conveyed to me that her name was no longer to be mentioned among them.

The first glimpse I had of her was at a dinner party at our house. I was standing on the porch staring through the screen door into the lighted room. The guests stood around fanning themselves, taking tiny sips at their cocktails and then stretching them at arm's length and nodding to each

other. As I watched, a woman with a red Spanish shawl came running into the room. She was a tall, dark woman with broad shoulders and heavy black hair. She held her shawl from her shoulders with one hand; with the other she clutched the coat sleeve of her husband. He, too, was tall, with a high forehead and a childish smile.

"We're sorry—we're late," she said, and stopped in the middle of the room, releasing the coat sleeve. Her voice was deep and sweet, with a surprising Irish roll. Then she stood quite still, looking strangely cool in that brilliant, crimson shawl.

Everyone turned and smiled politely. My father stepped toward her and shook her hand, playfully severe.

"Oh, my ring—you're hurting!" she cried, and stepped back, hugging the hurt hand as if she had been stabbed.

All during that summer I watched Mrs. Lee. She rode through our grounds on her way to the wood road almost every day, sometimes with her husband, sometimes with her little girl, but generally alone. She always sat very straight in her saddle, and wore her heavy hair clubbed below a tri-cornered hat. I thought the hat looked like Napoleon's, and asked my mother if it didn't; but she said no, that it looked like the movies, and that was why Mrs. Lee wore it. I was impressed by that, and sympathized perfectly with Mrs. Lee's ambition, so frankly did it coincide with my own. In fact, I think it was my sympathy for what I felt to be a make-believe streak in Mrs. Lee that made me like her. I used to wave at her when she passed, and was delighted when she stopped; nor was I in the least annoyed when she patted my head and called me "little one." Occasionally I found some excuse to go to Mrs. Lee's house. On my plump little pony I rode up her driveway, trying to sit as straight as she did, to where she lay on the porch, stretched languidly on a long wicker chair. My mother said that when she lay back in that way she was playing Mme. Recamier; but I was sure that she got the idea from cigarette advertisements. She let me tie my pony to the porch pillar, a convenience which was never

allowed at home, and she gave me very sweet iced tea, in a tall, green-lipped glass.

Inside, her house was my ideal of comfort. The stiff antiques of the Smiths had been replaced by soft, spongy chairs and rugs, and vari-colored lamps. Sometimes Mrs. Lee's mother was there, sewing placidly by the window. She was stout and wheezy, and when she spoke, which was seldom, she sounded like our cook. Mrs. Lee adored her, and used sometimes to sit on her lap. She teased and petted her in all sorts of ways. She used to put on a particularly raucous Victrola record and dance a sort of cakewalk to it, round and round her mother's chair till the old lady must have been bewildered, but she never said a word, only smiled and watched everything over her sewing. Only once did I hear her speak sharply. Mrs. Lee smoked long black cigarettes which I had a secret longing to try. One day I asked her, "Could we pretend that we both were grown up and could smoke those?"

Mrs. Lee smiled, and was handing me the box, when her mother called out suddenly, "Bell! Don't be giving that to the child!"

Mrs. Lee dropped the box on the floor, and we hung our heads and looked at each other as comrades in crime.

That fall we left Minton, and did not go back for several years. Then one winter I was sick, and was sent out there to stay with my aunt. I was old enough by now to want something more than to watch people; and it was that winter that I really got to know Mrs. Lee as a friend.

She welcomed my friendship and no longer patted me upon the head. In fact, it seemed to me that she had changed in a good many ways. She no longer cantered up the wood road, or lay stretched lazily out in a wicker chair. Her children were going to school now, and she dressed them and delivered them herself, like daily prize packages done up in fresh paper and twine. Then, returning in her shiny Ford station wagon, she mended stockings and wrote checks, and was off again for the groceries in the station wagon before she would have been out of bed in the old days. Her

house, too, was admirably neat—though I no longer admired the squashy wicker and leather furniture nor the florid lamps in that would-be colonial living-room. She seemed contented and interested in her home as she had never been before, however; she dusted each Victrola record with the same puzzled frown that Minton ladies wore for dusting their bibelots. She even developed the curt Minton greeting over the telephone: "Mrs. Lee speaking." And one surprising day when I had luncheon at her house and the plates for the soufflé were cold Mrs. Lee held up a soothing hand toward her husband and pleaded, "I'm *so* sorry, Peter; it shan't ever happen again." I could tell by Peter's amazed expression that he had never expected hot plates, much less an apology for their absence. And now it seemed that he was supposed to grumble and fuss and act the bear.

Peter had never been the bear before. He was a silent, fantastic man, with charming manners, and that nerveless sense of proportion which only sticks by idlers. Peter had always been an idler. He never held a job for very long, and indulged his whims in horses and fishing to the exclusion of much outside interest. And he had always been encouraged to indulge; "Peter can't paint, you know, but he has an awfully artistic temperament," Mrs. Lee had told me. His name wasn't really Peter, it was Walter; but Mrs. Lee called him Peter for that occult reason which prompts a certain type of woman to dub something "Peter"—a husband or a child or a dog—and to derive a strange comfort therefrom. But now this Peter of Peters was expected to assume the dignity of a Walter, and grumble about hot plates! Mrs. Lee was certainly quieting down.

The following summer I spent a few weeks with the Lees. Mrs. Lee's mother had died since I had last seen her, and though Mrs. Lee did not wear mourning I felt that she was almost bewildered by the absence of the old lady. She scarcely ever played the Victrola, now, and seemed to find nothing to take its place for her amusement. The children's school was over and the children went barefoot, which eliminated the occupation of darning stockings.

While I was there Mrs. Lee bought and started five new books, and was frankly bored by all of them. She found little to interest her in light literature, and apparently had not enough education to understand deeper books. Poetry, especially poetry with strange broken rhythms, she enjoyed, and found in it a meaning without the medium of intellect. She, whose impetuosity when she wrote a letter could not wait for correct spelling, or any punctuation other than a breathless dash, would read and derive an almost sensual pleasure from the poems of Marianne Moore.

But one may not read Marianne Moore all day without incurring brain fog; and even jobs about the house fail surprisingly when most needed. Mrs. Lee would start to tidy up the room, and then stop and turn petulantly to me.

"What's the use of tidying it," she said, "when it's tidy already?" And she went and stared out of the window.

Oh, yes; she had quieted down, all right; I felt that she was ominously quiet. She was welcomed in every home, now; she played bridge and drank tea, and entered avidly into plans for improving the condition of Minton. She agreed blindly and heartily that thus and so must not be, and that such and such was absolutely necessary for the good of the community. Her stand in the case of the Jones girl was sound to the point of hard-headedness. She knitted little shoes for community babies, and could decorate the church more elaborately than the clergyman's wife. Then, too, she had a sound head for politics; and when they found that she was really only north of Ireland, which, of course, is almost English, they gave her a leading rôle in the Current Events Club.

All this, indeed, should have kept her busy. But there was something reckless in the way she drove home from those meetings, turning her head to laugh at my gasp as she cleared the gatepost by a scant inch. Peter, too, noticed her discontent. He must obviously look for a new cue. He had tried one night at dinner to fuss about the cold soup, just to cheer her up. But Mrs. Lee said, "I know it's cold; what does it matter?" in the tone of a child who says, "I don't want to play any more."

It was toward the end of my visit that she began to go over to Wyckoff in the evenings. The Wyckoff crowd seemed to me stupid enough to be harmless. They drank a little more, and read a little less, and played for higher stakes than the Minton group. They spent most of their evenings standing around waiting for something to laugh at. This Mrs. Lee could provide. She had a ready answer for their every sally, and could send them into roars of laughter by the way she entered the room, so they welcomed her with open arms; and she, in turn, gave them a running vaudeville comment all evening. I could see how she enjoyed it; I might have, myself, had I had nothing else to do. Peter, too, was pleased to see her refreshed. Once more he was dragged by the coat sleeve, smiling, into a room.

So, when I left, they both seemed more contented than they had been for months.

It wasn't until after it was all over that I heard a word of the scandal. Then my aunt told me—with reluctant, though dutiful, slurring of detail—so that I might realize the necessity of dropping the name of Lee from my index of acquaintances.

Mrs. Lee, it seemed, had become more and more intimate with “that Wyckoff bunch,” much to the disapproval of Minton. There was one man in particular—a Mr. Onativia, married, with three dear little girls. He and Mrs. Lee saw too much of each other; there were hints, which I mustn't follow up too closely, of their lunching in town together. Then one night there was a party at the Carltons'; Mrs. Lee and Onativia didn't turn up; Peter stormed up the road with a pistol threatening to shoot Onativia at sight. I had to smile at that—poor, earnest Peter out hunting seducers with his pop-gun! Someone had telephoned Onativia and warned him about Peter, and told him to stay away from the party and to send Mrs. Lee home. Onativia left the town that night, and Mrs. Lee came home and confessed that she had intended going with him but had thought better of it at the last moment.

The other day I went to see Mrs. Lee. She was lying on the long wicker chair on the porch and watching the field at the side of the house where Peter was trying out his new colts. They were skittish, still, and as he raced each in turn up and down the field, Peter's white shirt bellied above and behind him like an immense balloon.

Mrs. Lee lay back, as I approached, and held out her hand limply, as is befitting in times of tragedy.

"You've heard about my mess," she said. "What do you think of me?"

"I think," I said brutally, "that you never intended to go through with it."

"I would have!" she purred indignantly. "I would have! But just at the last minute I came to my senses and knew what was right. And now they won't speak to me! Have you heard? I might just as well have gone ahead . . . But I deserve it. I deserve every horrid thing that they can say, just as if I had."

"Why?"

She sat up, at that, and looked at me, and on past me at the white balloon.

"Oh, my dear!" She clasped her hands behind her head, and her long amber necklace rolled from one shoulder. "Oh, my dear; you don't understand! I nearly wrecked my life and Peter's—and the children's—and I've left a scar that nothing can heal—nothing . . ."

The last "nothing" had such a ring of triumph in it that I laughed aloud; but she leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes luxuriously.

How a Fancy Came to the Sieur De Chegnie

FREDRIKA CHASE, '26

THE mockery of her laughter still echoed on the air; wherever I turned I saw the faces of the group in the garden—the gently contemptuous look of Madame and the quiet amusement in the eyes of Monsieur. I strode across the court beneath the eyes of a thousand stars and I heard the echoes still; I paced down the solitary corridor and could not fly their sound; I closed the door and double-locked it. But in the darkness of my room the faces rose again before me—a sea of faces infinitely multiplied. They were beside me; they were all about me; they hung above me; they were swaying continuously, swaying like false faces, hung on threads of darkness; swaying derisively to the tune of their own laughter. And now their glee grew louder, their cries were close beside me; there was no shelter from their eyes.

I flung myself on my couch, and in the bitterness of my soul, I groaned aloud.

At the sound of my voice, there was stillness; in the stillness, I heard a step at my door. I started, listening, tense. Who at the hour of midnight dared approach the door of the Sieur de Chegnie? The handle was turning slowly; quietly the door swung open; and framed against the darkness of the corridor I saw a man. He was tall, and angular I judged, although a long cloak of black velvet partially disguised his figure; and his face was masked.

He came swiftly into the room as though he had not seen me—as though I were not there. He went, as one who knows his way, to the tinder-box on the table and lit the candle in the old bronze lantern that hangs by a chain from the beam overhead. As he struck the flint, I saw by the flame the line of his lips, thin, delicately curled, with something cruel in the curve of them, something vaguely familiar. But it was only a glimpse I had, for he turned his head from

me; and I was not quite sure, until I saw his long, thin hands and the curious, yellow hue of their skin; then, I knew without doubt that I had seen those hands not once, but many times before. Amazement had held me silent at first, and now curiosity bade me continue to hold my tongue; but my hand crept softly to the small knife in my belt and closed about the handle.

My visitor knelt before my old oak chest, pushed up the heavy, resisting lid and drew out something from within. Then he closed the lid. It fell heavily, but he did not seem to mind the sound; he might have been in his own room for all the care he took. He chuckled, looking at the object in his hand; and, as he turned partly around, I saw that he held the silver cross of the d'Aubignies. Did he know its secret?

It was my most precious treasure, a sample of the school of Cellini, the gift of a Cardinal to an ancestor of mine. There was engraven on it the d'Aubignie coat-of-arms, an adder about to strike and the motto *Qui pellit, vincit*; and, entwined about and along the stem of the cross, leaves and cherub heads had been elaborately designed, curiously and quaintly as the whim of the craftsman had suggested. As the masked man turned it with loving hands in the light, I half imagined that the cherub in the center was leering at him in answer to his chuckle.

"A pretty bit of work, is it not?" I said.

"Yes," he answered softly.

He had not started at the sound of my voice; it was I, who started at the sound of his, for again the sense of long familiarity had come vividly upon me.

"It will serve my purpose very well," he continued. And it was then I learned that the secret of the d'Aubignie cross was not mine alone, for, holding it in the way of an archer who shoots his arrow, he pressed upon the short end of the cross, pressed down a seraph's head; and at once, from the opposite end, a thread of steel lept forward. Swiftly and silently as an adder's tongue it slid, then held, its thin blade glittering in the lantern light.

"A nice point," he said. "It would leave a very small mark on the skin."

A burst of rippling, mocking laughter shattered the silence behind me; her laughter, the laughter I had heard in the garden! I half turned, the perspiration broke forth on my brow; then, recalling myself, I answered him, echoing his words, unconsciously:

"Yes; it would leave a very small mark on the skin. It is an excellent stiletto."

And I stood, staring into space, for I had caught a glimpse again of her eyes deriding me. Then, with an effort, I turned to the long, low table beside me with its gold-embroidered cloth and its scattered books, and I saw a spray of the mimosa plant that she had given me. And beside it I saw the stiletto.

He had placed it there for a moment, my nocturnal visitor, while he unfastened the lantern from its chain.

"Her laughter bothers you," he said. It was more of an assertion than a question; he held my eyes for half a second; then, with his cloak half blinding the lantern, and the silver cross in his hand he stepped to the doorway, "Good-evening," he said.

I stood alone in the darkness, and I heard the tread of his feet go down the hall and stop outside her door. He would have no need of the lantern, I knew. Through the heavy pall of the curtains about her bed, the moon would send its livid light and reveal the blue veins on her arm; and her half-open hand would dazzle with an even brighter white against the crimson robe, flung, carelessly, across the bed. He would have to be very quiet, she was so light a sleeper. Then, I saw, in my mind, a swift shadow that stood dark by the side of her bed, and I heard a faint click against the silence. Somewhere I heard laughter die away.

And I fancied that her hand had turned; that it was lying motionless, and that along the white curve of her arm a fine thread of deep crimson was serpentine slowly, almost black in the moonlight; when it reached the tip of her finger, it collected for a moment in a distending drop. Then it fell upon the crimson robe, flung, carelessly, across the bed. And I heard the steps of the stranger returning up the corridor.

He hung the bronze lantern on the chain that hangs from a beam overhead, and his long, thin hands with their

skin of yellow hue were curiously familiar. He wiped the blade of the stiletto on the gold-embroidered table-cover. It left a crimson stain. Then he closed the blade and put the d'Aubignie croix back into its chest. He picked up the half-withered spray of mimosa that she had given me that morning; and slowly, meticulously, he tore it into bits. A sudden shuddering seized me, a cold chill crept into my heart, and I leapt forward with a cry:

"Sire, have you no human feeling whatever? Or are you some monster incarnate from the mind of one in delirium? You who have lost your soul to-night, how can you stand there and smile? You who are damned and accursed, have you no fear of your God? By Jesus, Maria, and all the saints I bid you unmask that I may stab you!"

"Gently, gently, good friend," he said, "you are a little late, I fear me; you forget, perhaps, your desire to put an end to the laughter and the mocking faces."

Then he brushed the mimosa dust from his hands and he turned to go. But with my dagger lifted, I leapt upon him and I tore the mask from his face.

When I opened my eyes the room was empty. The faint fragrance of mimosa lingered on the air of early morning. "A curious fancy," I said. Then I reached forward my hand for a broken piece of mimosa that lay beside me on the floor. And I noticed, as I had never noticed before, how long and thin my hand was, and how curiously yellow was the hue of my skin.

And then, I turned my eyes to the gold-embroidered table cover, brought to me from Spain, where the first rays of sunlight were playing sportively—they froze on a faint crimson stain.

By the Seven Churches

DEIRDRE O'SHEA, '26

SIX days ago as Jim Peele and Rufus Rourke had knelt at mass together, Peele had passed the familiar whisper of warning to his friend. In the time of a bird's breath, Rourke had decided that now he'd give the state troopers the final slip. He'd not go again into the Black Valley, that misty, sunless slit in McGillicuddy's Reeks where he had always found sanctuary among people like himself whose one conviction rested upon a free, imaginary Ireland. He'd go this time north into Wicklow where no man, not "Mick" Collins himself, would think to look for Rufus Rourke. He could work from there unharried.

Before now, except on certain quick trips into the Limerick Hills to see his chief, Rufus Rourke, even when he was hunted, had always stayed in the Killarney country. To the Free State authorities, he was, no matter what his conduct, always a suspect—and he was truly a hard-headed, single-purposed visionary to whom the olive green of the Free State uniform meant treason. He'd been in prison and out of prison seven times since the treaty; he had not been caught; no discipline had schooled him; they had never found his price. More dangerous than any plot he had made, or anything that he had done was his influence among the men about him. Distinguished physically by his low, rich voice, his sombre eyes, and his hair, red like the mountain clay, Rufus Rourke had become, for Killarney, almost the symbol of the cause.

After hearing that he was wanted once more, according to his moment's decision he had left Killarney hurriedly, but with his ideal high up in his heart, and a reckless determination well in his mind. That had been six days ago. Such a six days Rourke had never known. This business of being "on the run" through a strange piece of country was new to him—and very different from the "in and out," "here today and gone tomorrow" he had practised at home.

There he had friends at every turn; now he could not tell through what house he might be allowed to pass secretly by the simple raising of his right hand. Food had become harder to get—he'd had only two eggs and a loaf of bread in thirty-six hours—and the June days were as long to hide through as the nights were short to travel in.

Besides it had rained steadily since he had left his mother's cottage in Killarney. He was used enough to that too, but rain had always had strange magic in it for Rufus Rourke. While it was on, the rain either made or marred him. He believed that sometimes it was sent by the "good people"; other times he knew that it came evilly. The wet spraying of summer rain had often comforted and cheered him, but now the very sound of the rain beating on the ground seemed to him the banshee-keening of desperation. The caressing softness of it had gone; the mildest evening shower was for him made of sharp whips of cold and of wet. The rain kept on and on; Rufus Rourke made his night-way along the road; the further he got from home, the deeper into a self-made inner gloom his hope sank. As he drew near to the heart of Wicklow, worn down by discomfort and nostalgia, he turned apostate to his cause. "The life of a dog—this patriotism," he thought, that last dank, dripping night before he reached Glendalough.

"This rain, this rain! Oh, God, this evil rain— Nothing was worth this— Loyal son of Ireland"—he swore to himself and then aloud: "No, rather a bastard of a cursed land with no heritage but madness and suffering."

When morning came after that dark hopeless night of walking, Rourke found himself by one of the seven churches of Glendalough. His clothes were soddenly hanging from his body, his lumpy brogues oozed heavily inside, his stomach beneath the damp shirt ached like an old wound, but most of all he was uncomfortable in his heart. The fact that he had escaped, that he was safely away had no joy for him. Rourke was leaden in spirit, his reactions were sullen, he looked and felt a discouraged tramp with no single, desultory hope.

As he came up to the cross-road tavern at Glendalough

two men went in before him. He paid little attention to them, only noticing that the smaller had a south-of-Ireland lilt to his voice. Thinking no more of it Rourke ordered his first glass of porter, then another, and still another. The two men also stood up at the bar, drinking and talking together in rather subdued tones. Rourke looked about the tavern room for some one to talk with as his porter had put his heart up a bit and he was feeling like spinning a story or two. The room was, however, empty except for these three. The two companions ignored Rourke and continued to talk. Leaning now rather heavily on the counter-rail, Rourke caught snatches of their talk—just disconnected words—full of significance in any country save Ireland; but here “troops,” “killed,” “run” and “get” were common enough in every man’s vocabulary. It was not until he heard his own name mentioned by the tall man, whose accent said he was a Dubliner, that Rourke became interested.

“I’m after hearing that Rufus Rourke is not in the Black Valley this time.”

“Aw, naw, we’ll know wherever he’s at, the devil’s evil to him,” the Limerick man replied. “Surely now that he’s gone perhaps we’ll be after settlin’ with that Jim Peele—Oh, the black heart of that spalpeen! He’s the man to get”—and lowering his voice till Rourke could barely hear it—“Tim Thomas was telling how they’ve Peele’s house and that of his sister’s marked—by Tuesday there’ll be never a way out of Killarney for him—and he, the great Samochann, never thinkin’ for a moment that we’re on to him at all—Ha, good; he’ll never be forgivin’ himself the day when he refused to join the state——”

Rourke listened to this and found his heart beating fast. The rage that rose to his temples could hardly be controlled. They’d get Jim Peele, would they? He started for the door of the tavern, on fire to send word to Killarney. As he swung the door open a lashing sheet of cold rain struck him in the face—and as by a single stroke of the devil’s broom all resolve was gone from him. He was more than half drunk now and suddenly a belligerent carelessness for everything filled his mind as the high purpose had a moment before.

"Damme, what does it count for after all?" he thought. "He'd as well get it now as later on—'tis a hopeless mess of a thing altogether. Jim's a good fellow enough—but I'm through with this scuttlin' and hidin'; to hell with Ireland—she's been the cause of more sorrow than any one thing in the world. I'll have nothin' at all to do with it."

As he was muttering his new credo to himself, Rufus Rourke turned into the woodland road that leads south from the cross-roads. He stumbled along the muddy path for a few minutes, not noticing the thickening of the woods on either side of him. He was tired out; he was sodden; he stood still quite angrily, then all at once felt out of place. What was he doing blundering through this damp green? He sniffed the air like a pointer. There was a smell of secrecy and of candor in that pale green wood that made Rufus Rourke wonder why he was there. The spot had magic in its intensity. There was heard no sound except the muttering of the damp trees, and the heightened burble of the rippling water that came down the hillside. Stunted plane trees, their spotted bark softened with grey moss, bowed like the outstretched arms of Hertha over the pathway. The rain had lost its severity, and settled upon the ground in a slow-descending shower. There was nothing here except the growing ferns and mosses, the grey ruin of St. Kevin's kitchen, and this great man still half stupefied with drink and rage.

The banks curved up from the path where Rufus Rourke stood, like the sides of an earthly chalice. The surface of fertile ground was covered with strange little plants, and honeycombed with the holes of small living worms and grubs.

Rourke, physically discontented as he was now, was still so irreconcilably bound to his soul that he desperately felt these woods about him, quietly, sacredly alive. Losing all his animal rage at fate, he crouched there, simply, even primitively, against the bank. He put his hand carefully into a hollow left by a fallen stone, and found comfort in its lining of soft moss and fern shoots. He let his hand stay contentedly there, and laying his ear softly against the ground,

he listened for tiny noises a far off. He breathed the sweet, damp air, he closed his eyes; he did not sleep, but somehow gathered strength into his heart.

Suddenly with a guttural, soft exclamation in Gaelic, he rose to his feet. He plucked a bit of moss from a stone and turned back toward the cross-roads.

"I'll get word to Jim somehow this day— Surely to God 'tis Saturday already; 'tis the good people that will have to be helpin' me, too."

Consolation

ELEANOR FOLLANSBEE, '26

What matters it you were not worth my love?
I do not weep the sorrows I have sung;
I kissed the god of love upon your lips—
'Tis something to have kissed a god so young.

Epitaph

JEAN LEONARD, '27

Here one in armor lies,
The grey dust in his eyes;
Against fool's truth he wrought
And on himself he brought
The folly of the wise.

Book Reviews

LOLLY WILLOWES or THE LOVING HUNTSMAN
Sylvia Townsend Warner.

(The Viking Press)

LOLLY WILLOWES is the story of a woman who was marked out in her early childhood, by Satan, to be his follower. She lives an ordinary old maid's life, first with her father at Lady Place in Somerset, and then with her brother and his wife in London. Finally, some inspiration leads her to buy a bunch of chrysanthemums at a greengrocer's shop. The smell of the beech leaves that come with them is a call to her. She buys a map, and after studying it for a while lays her finger on a name. The rest of the story is occupied with her rural life and with the loving huntsman.

The book is rich in atmosphere; the feeling of damp, sodgy air, and falling darkness in well-loved country places. London seems to be less known to the author and is described more timidly—as a place where the country dies in greengrocers' shops, and such weeds as Henry and Caroline Willows are allowed to flourish. Laura's life there is a long exile relieved by such dreams as this:

"She seemed to be standing alone in a darkening orchard, her feet in the grass, her arms stretched up to the pattern of leaves and fruit, her fingers seeking the rounded ovals of the fruit among the pointed ovals of the leaves. The air about her was cool and moist. There was no sound, for the birds had left off singing, and the owls had not yet begun to hoot. No sound, except sometimes the soft thud of a ripe plum falling into the grass, to lie there a compact shadow among shadows."

The characterization is delicate but very clear; Sybil and Titus, Caroline and Henry, and their two disagreeable children, are like startlingly sharp pen-drawings. They are

simply in black and white; the faint tinting of colors is kept for Laura and her master, the loving huntsman. It is the long chase of the latter that forms an insistent, if muffled, undercurrent through the first part of the book; and comes into the open, shameless and triumphant in the last. The first, faint echo of his horse sounds in Laura's early days at Lady Place, where she used to dye her cheeks with geranium petals and look into the greenhouse tank and see a dark, pale face gaze up at her. The cry of the hounds is behind her during the arid years in London, and they are at her heels when she buys the chrysanthemums and the fan-like clusters of beech-leaves.

At Great Mop, which wasn't really great at all, she came under the direct influence of the loving huntsman. Great Mop was a witches' village, where it was not unusual to hear the faint, pagan blowing of pipes in the small hours of the night. There witches and warlocks behaved in the traditional way; kept the Sabbath with mad and abandoned dances, stuck pins into people, and had ghoulish feasts. But Laura Willowes found other aspects more in keeping with the dreams that had haunted her in London. She is encouraged and helped by Satan, who wanders about the wood like a sort of respectable English Pan, dressed as a gamekeeper, with a sweet, ferny smell on his clothes and boots.

FOUR NOVELISTS OF THE OLD RÉGIME. John Garber Palache.

(The Viking Press)

CÉRÉBILLON, Choderlos de Laclos, Diderot, and Restif de la Bretonne, wrote at the time when the old régime was being undermined by the restlessness of a new age. In the works of each are manifestations of the spirit of the time, widely though they differ from each other. In his foreword, Mr. Palache states that:

"A tale of Crébillon, fils, is the comedy of a corrupt and brilliant society in its last phase.

"The novel of Laclos is the tragedy of that society.

"Crébillon, fils, et Laclos belonged to the old France. Diderot and Restif de la Bretonne belonged to the new. Their separate paths were among the many that led to the Revolution."

The plan of the book is, roughly, to devote one chapter to the man and his life, and the following to his work. In the case of Restif this rule is necessarily broken, since his most important work is autobiographical. The lives of the novelists are written briefly and surely and their characters are delineated with extraordinary vividness. Scenes and incidents taken from contemporary memoirs and letters, are used with great skill to give colour to their individualities, and to characterize the age in which they lived. In the same way, the spirit of the novels was the spirit of the time. Little space is given to style and to the consideration of excellencies and defects and much to the philosophy. The novels and tales of Crébillon deal with the froth that lay at the top of the seething ferment of France. He does not strike through it to touch upon deeper things, but describes it as light and shallow, ready to be blown away. *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*, the one significant work of Laclos goes deeper. The pettiness of the intrigue which was the life of the nobility is exposed mercilessly. Diderot deals more seriously and consciously with the problems of society, particularly those lower layers whose existence was just becoming evident.

The chief criticism of the accounts of these three novelists is that they are too carefully planned. The separation of the work from its authors takes away from the impression of both. Even within the chapters the plan is too obvious; the different topics follow each other in a too orderly fashion. The skeleton of the original outline shows through the body of the finished work.

The account of Restif de la Bretonne escapes this fault almost entirely. His life and his work are so bound up that they cannot possibly be separated, both being in *Monsieur Nicholas*. The plot of the work is given, everything being

suppressed except those details which bring out his extraordinary character and show the drift of his life. His futility and his self-delusion are not spared, but the fascination of his morbidly unhealthy personality is clearly felt. At the same time he is distinctly a product of his age; his imagination, morals, emotions, and manners, are contrasted with those of his contemporaries, with the result that the background of revolutionary France has a vividness and an insistence that few have given it.

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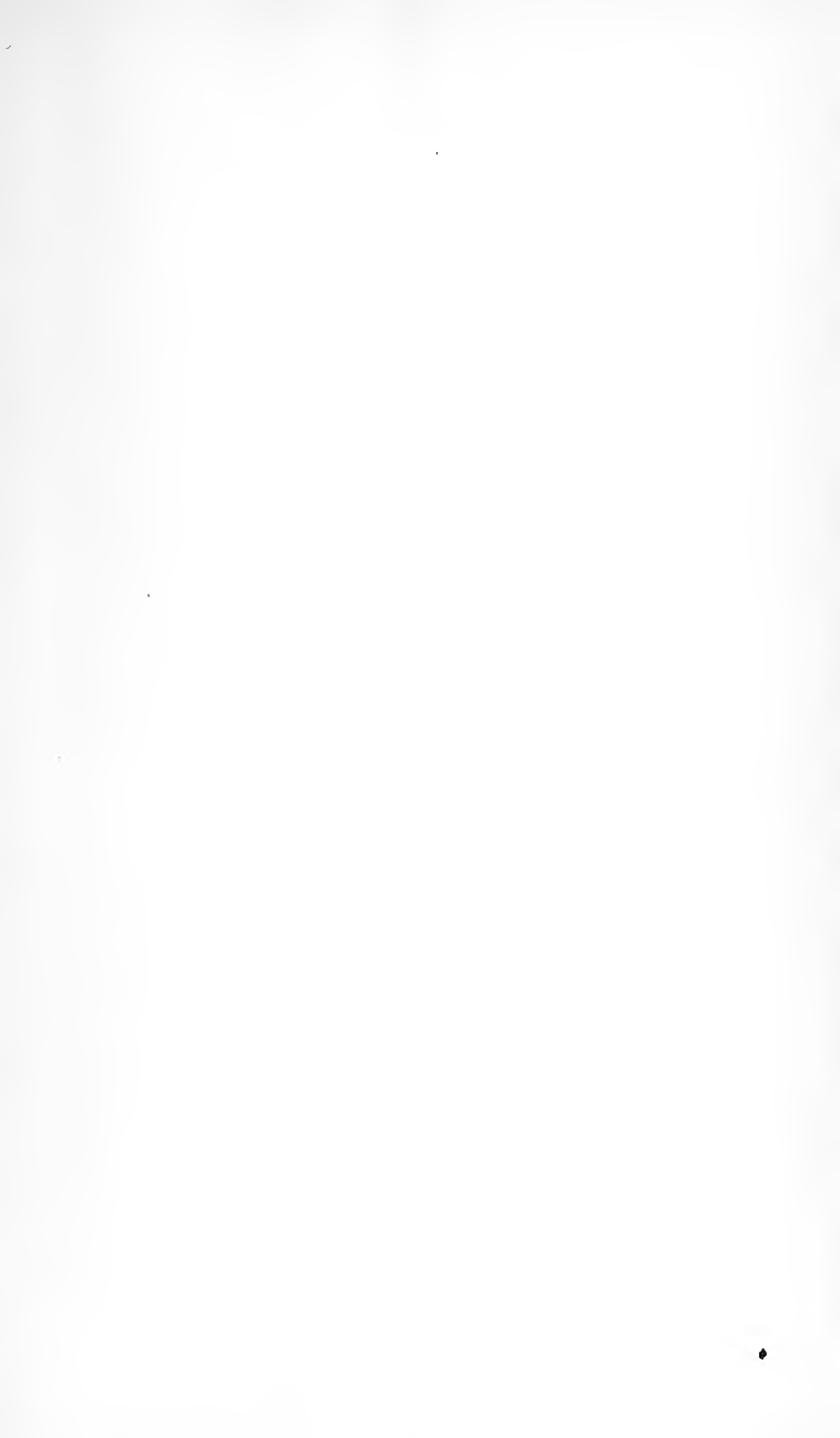
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